FRONTISPIECE, VOL. II.



Ach, [illegible] [illegible] men! I feel,
I know myself Achilles!

[illegible] Act II Sc IX

[illegible] by Cadell & Davies Strand

DRAMAS

AND

OTHER POEMS;

OF THE

ABBÉ PIETRO METASTASIO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN

BY

JOHN HOOLE.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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MDCCC.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

ERRATA.

p. 22. bottom of the page,
for "human life" read "human deeds."

p. 48. for "doner" read "donor."

p. 76. line 9, for "these," read "the."

ACHILLES IN SCYROS.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

LYCOMEDES, King of SCYROS.

ACHILLES, in a female dreſs, under the name of PYRRHA, in love with DEIDAMIA.

DEIDAMIA, the Daughter of LYCOMEDES, in love with ACHILLES.

ULYSSES, Ambaſſador from Greece.

THEAGENES, Prince of Chalcis, the deſigned huſband of DEIDAMIA.

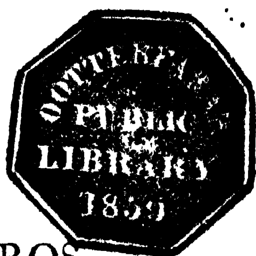
NEARCHUS, Governor of ACHILLES.

ARCAS, the Confident of ULYSSES.

CHORUS of BACCHANALS.

CHORUS of SINGERS.

SCENE in the Iſland of SCYROS.



ACHILLES IN SCYROS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The outside of a magnificent temple dedicated to Bacchus. *Between the pillars of the temple is discovered on one side the wood sacred to the Deity, and on the other side the sea coast of* Scyros. *The piazza is filled with Bacchanals celebrating the festival of the God, to the sound of various instruments. A numerous company of the noble dames of* Scyros *descending the steps from the temple: with these are seen* DEIDAMIA *and* ACHILLES, *the last in a female habit.*

CHORUS OF BACCHANALS.

While each, O father Bacchus! pays
To thee this hymn of grateful praise,
Descend our raptur'd souls to raise
With thy celestial fire.

PART CHORUS.

O! source! from whom our blessings flow,
Oblivion sweet of human woe!
By thee we scorn this life below,
And to the skies aspire.

B 2 CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Defcend our raptur'd fouls to raife
With thy celeftial fire.

PART CHORUS.

By thee, the blood, that fcarce maintains
A fluggifh courfe through freezing veins,
With warmth renew'd frefh vigour gains,
And glows with young defire.

CHORUS.

Defcend our raptur'd fouls to raife
With thy celeftial fire.

PART CHORUS.

Henceforth deceit fhall fly the breaft
That owns thee for its chofen gueft,
And lips, before with falfehood dreft,
The words of truth acquire.

CHORUS.

Defcend our raptur'd fouls to raife
With thy celeftial fire.

PART CHORUS.

Thou mak'ft the coward Fame revere;
Thou dry'ft from weeping eyes the tear;
Thou bid'ft the blufh of modeft fear
From lovers' cheeks retire.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

O! ſource! from whom our bleſſings flow;
Oblivion ſweet of human woe!
By thee we ſcorn this life below,
And to the ſkies aſpire.

[*here the Chorus is interrupted by the ſound of trumpets from the ſea.*

Deid. [*to* Ach.] Didſt thou not hear?

Ach. Princeſs, I did.

Deid. Who dares
With ſounds profane thus raſhly to diſturb
The ſacred rites of our myſterious orgies?

Ach. 'Tis ſo; I am not deceiv'd; from yonder ſeas
The ſounding clangour comes, and yet I know not,
Nor can divine the cauſe—but now methinks
I ſee two veſſels, with extended ſails,
Swift making to the ſhore.

[*two ſhips appear at a diſtance.*

Deid. [*alarmed.*] Ah, me!

Ach. What fear'ſt thou?
As yet they're diſtant far.

Deid. O! let us fly.

[*all fly but* Ach. *and* Deid.

Ach. And wherefore fly?

Deid. Haſt thou not heard theſe ſeas

Are

Are fill'd with impious pirates? Thus were borne
The wretched daughters from their mourning fires,
The kings of Tyre and Argos—Know'st thou not
The recent loss which Sparta has sustain'd?
That Greece indignant claims, but claims in vain
The faithless consort from her Trojan spoiler?
Who knows but these deceitful vessels now
Again may bring—O! Heaven! I sink with terror!

Ach. Fear not, my love, is not Achilles here?

Deid. O! hold——

Ach. And if Achilles——

Deid. O! forbear;
Some one may hear thee: should'st thou be discover'd,
I am lost myself, and thou to me art lost.
What will my father say, deluded thus?
Thou know'st he thinks, in thee he views a maid,
And oft, with smiles, has witness'd to our loves.
But what must chance, (I tremble at the thought)
Should he e'er learn that, veil'd in Pyrrha's name,
I love Achilles?

Ach. Pardon, Deidamia,
I own your caution just.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter NEARCHUS.

Near. [*entering.*] Behold the lovers.
And muſt I ever tremble for your ſake? [*to them.*]
Imprudent pair! a thouſand times I've warn'd you,
But warn'd in vain. All eyes obſerve how ſtill
You ſhun ſociety, and court the ſhades.
Your conduct is the theme of every tongue.
Go—ſeek the king; the palace now is throng'd,
And only you are abſent.

Ach. [*not attending.*] Sure that ſound
From yonder ſhips beſpeaks them freighted deep
With arms and warriors.

Deid. [*aſide to* Near.] Heavens! what martial ſpirit
Flames in his looks! Each art muſt be employ'd
To draw him hence.

Near. [*to both.*] And ſtill you linger here.

Ach. This inſtant I'll depart: but let me, princeſs,
Behold thoſe veſſels enter firſt the port.

Deid. What! ſhall I leave you thus beſet with perils?
But this thou heed'ſt not—O! I ſee too well
Thou lov'ſt not Deidamia: from thy heart

I know

know thou judgeſt mine, too cruel man!

Ach. Then let us go: appeaſe thy gentle ſpirit,
A look of thine ſubdues me.

Deid. No, ingrate!
Thou but deceiv'ſt me, thou art falſehood all.

Ah! no, ingrate! thou know'ſt not love,
Or if thou feel'ſt his dart,
Thou ne'er for me the cares wilt prove
That rend a gentle heart.

Love at thy choice—thy wayward will
Can raiſe, or quench the flame;
Nor heed that truth which lovers ſtill
From faithful lovers claim.

[*Exit.* Achilles *follows her, then ſtops at the entrance, and turns again to obſerve the ſhips, which are now ſo near, that on the deck of one of them is diſtinguiſhed a warrior completely armed.*

SCENE III.

NEARCHUS, ACHILLES.

Near. The olive branch that decks thoſe gliding prows
Proclaims them friendly veſſels.

Ach. See, Nearchus,

Obſerve

Obferve that warrior clad in fhining arms,
Of port majeftick.

Near. —Hence: it ill befits
That thou, a feeming virgin, wrapt in weeds
Of female foftnefs, ftill fhould'ft linger here
Alone, without defence.

Ach. But fay, Nearchus,
Am I not deem'd thy own? Does not the voice
Of general fame declare thee for my father?
What wonder then a daughter fhould converfe
With him who gave her birth?

Near. But well thou know'ft
Thy ftay offends the princefs.

Ach. True, Nearchus. [*looking towards the fhips.*

Near. [*afide.*] How hard to keep Achilles long conceal'd!

Ach. O! did yon fplendid helmet deck my brows,
Yon falchion grace my fide—no more, Nearchus,
I'm weary of difguife—this fex's weeds
Of floth inglorious—time demands—

Near. What time?
O! Heaven! remember that this fex's weeds
Have won and ftill preferv'd the fair one thine.

Ach. 'Tis true, but yet—

Near. Depart.

Ach. O! let me now

But

But for a moment view thoſe dazzling arms,
And kindle at the ſight.

Near. [*aſide.*] What courſe remains?
[*to* Ach.] Yes, ſtay; indulge thy wiſh, but know meantime
Thy rival dwells on Deidamia's charms.

Ach. What ſay'ſt thou, ha!

Near. The prince of Chalcis comes
To Scyros' court, and Lycomedes wills
With him to join his daughter's hand.

Ach. O! Heavens!

Near. 'Tis true, her heart is thine; but ſhould thy rival
Aſſail her youth with all the arts of flattery,
Alone and unobſerv'd—who knows, Achilles,
He may, perchance, prevail and win her from thee.

Ach. What mortal dares my wrath excite,
Or hope to win my ſoul's delight,
While ſtill to guard a lover's right,
I breathe this vital air?
What though the power of beauty's eyes
Has cloth'd theſe limbs in ſoft diſguiſe,
My breaſt a hero's warmth ſupplies,
I feel Achilles there. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

NEARCHUS *alone.*

Great is the taſk that Thetis has enjoin'd:
I fear each moment may reveal Achilles.
Tis true the force of potent love reſtrains
His native warmth; but when perchance he hears
The trumpet's ſound, or ſees a warrior clad
In plate and mail, his genius takes the alarm:
He raves aloud and ſcorns his feeble dreſs
Of powerleſs woman. Should he learn that Troy
Can never fall without his fateful arm;
That now all Greece combin'd require his aid,
What were his feelings then? Forbid it, Heaven,
That any Greek ſhould ſeek him on this ſhore—
[*looking out.*] O! Gods! am I deceiv'd? Is that Ulyſſes?
What cauſe has brought him hither? Not by chance,
He ſeeks the port of Scyros—What were beſt?
He knew me once, and knew me at the court
Of aged Peleus, young Achilles' ſire.
'Tis true, ſince then a length of years has paſs'd.
At all events I would remain conceal'd,
Nor own myſelf the ſame he ſaw in Greece.
—Ho! ſtranger! paſs no further; firſt declare
Thy name and lineage: ſuch is here the law,
And ſuch my ſovereign's will.

SCENE V.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyſ. The law be reverenc'd:
Behold Ulyſſes here.

Near. Ulyſſes, Heavens!
Forgive, O! generous chief, my haſty ſpeech:
I fly to tell the king theſe welcome tidings. [*going*.

Ulyſ. Yet one word more: art thou not here a ſervant
Of royal Lycomedes?

Near. Rightly ſpoken,
I am his ſervant.

Ulyſ. And thy name?

Near. Nearchus.

Ulyſ. What country claims thy birth?

Near. The town of Corinth.

Ulyſ. Why didſt thou quit, for this, thy native land?

Near. I came—O! Heavens!—I tarry here too long;
Forgive me, ſir, the king meantime impatient,
Knows not as yet what ſhips have reach'd the port.

Ulyſ. Go then, my friend, diſpatch.

Near. [*aſide.*] How well I feign'd!
Yet ſcarcely could eſcape his wiſe detection. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter ARCAS.

Ulyſ. Heaven favours, Arcas, now our great deſign.

Arc. Whence ſprings this hope?

Ulyſ. Didſt thou not hear our converſe?
Thou ſaw'ſt who parted from me: know I met him
At Peleus' court, now many years elaps'd.
With me feign'd his country and his name:
But when I queſtion'd him he ſeem'd confus'd.
No—fame has not deceiv'd us: here diſguis'd
In female garb, Achilles lives conceal'd.
Fly, Arcas, and purſue his ſteps, who late
Amus'd my ear with falſehood: ſeek to know
His real ſtate; why ſettled here, and where
He now reſides—by whom accompanied;
The ſlighteſt hint may guide us.

Arc. I am gone. [*going.*

Ulyſ. Yet hear, take heed that not the leaſt ſurmiſe
Be given to make it thought we ſeek Achilles.

Arc. Such caution to a follower of Ulyſſes
Were ſurely needleſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

ULYSSES *alone.*

With a profperous wind
Thus far our veffel fails. To fome, perchance,
This well-tim'd meeting, this confus'd difcourfe,
Thofe troubled looks were little; but to thofe
Who like Ulyffes judge they promife much.

A flender gleam in dreary night
Can guide the fkilful pilot right,
Till foon he finds the polar light,
And fafely ploughs the watry way.
Full oft a fingle track has fped
The pilgrim loft, and furely led
No more fallacious paths to tread,
That lure the heedlefs feet aftray. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

The apartment of DEIDAMIA.

LYCOMEDES, DEIDAMIA.

Lyc. But if thou fee'ft him not, then wherefore think
The prince muft prove ungracious in thine eyes?

Deid. Already have I heard and much, my lord,
Of

Of prince Theagenes.

Lyc. And wilt thou judge
By others' eyes? O! raſh and unadvis'd!
Go to the royal garden, there expect me,
I'll join thee ſoon, and with me thither bring
Thy plighted ſpouſe.

Deid. My plighted ſpouſe?

Lyc. He comes
Relying on my faith: all is prepar'd.

Deid. At leaſt, my lord, my father! hear—

Lyc. No more:
The ambaſſador from Greece expects an audience.
No more oppoſe my will: embrace the counſel
A king and father gives.

Deid. Then, dear my lord,
You counſel, not command me.

Lyc. When a father
Gives to a daughter counſel, he commands.

To inexperienc'd minds that know
Few fickle turns of human woe,
The advice that faithful lips beſtow
Will oft like harſh decrees offend,
Confounding raſhly praiſe and blame,
Who mildly rules, they tyrant name,
And cruel him, who proves a friend. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter ACHILLES.

Deid. And ſhall I break my faith to him I love?
No—ere another ſpouſe——

Ach. [*entering.*] And may I then
Preſume to intrude on Deidamia's preſence?
I would not come unwiſh'd for—ha! alone!
Where is thy plighted lord? I hop'd to find
The prince of Chalcis breathing ardent vows
At Deidamia's feet.

Deid. And have you heard——

Ach. All, all is known; but not from thee—
O proof!
O wondrous proof of thy unſullied faith!
From me, inhuman, haſt thou well conceal'd
This treaſon to my hopes—from me who lov'd thee
Far more than life; from me, who thus inglorious
In theſe vile weeds diſhonour'd for thy ſake—
—Falſe Deidamia!

Deid. O! eternal Powers!
Reproach me not; believe me, till this day
I never heard of theſe deteſted nuptials:
But now my father urg'd the fatal union;
Trembling I ſtood, and ſenſeleſs at the ſhock,
Felt all my blood congeal'd within my veins.

Ach.

Ach. What canſt thou now reſolve?

Deid. To hazard all,
But never to forſake thee. Prayers and tears
Shall be employ'd to ſoften Lycomedes:
Sure he will yield, if nature's voice can bend
[illegible]er's heart to ſave [illegible] darling child:
[illegible] he ſtill purſue his cruel purpoſe,
[illegible]er, never muſt he hope to ſhake
[illegible] conſtant [illegible]th. Achilles was the firſt,
The firſt dear [illegible]ject of my virgin heart,
And my laſt dying breath ſhall ſigh Achilles.
Yes, thou may'ſt ſee me dead, but never ſee
Thy love betray'd by Deidamia's change.

Ach. Tranſporting ſounds! How, how ſhall I repay
Such unexampled goodneſs?

Deid. Grant but this:
Preſerve, if poſſible, with greater heed,
[illegible] from diſcovery.

[illegible]h. [illegible]hat are elſe
[illegible] oman's veſtures?

Deid. But can theſe avail,
If every action, every look belies them?
Thy free and manly ſtep but ill beſeems
The timorous maid; thine eyes too boldly dart
Their wandering glances: every little cauſe
Excites thy temper's warmth, nor ſeems thy anger
Such anger as a female boſom breeds.

If but a helm or javelin meet thy ſight,
Or let them but be nam'd, thy look is chang'd,
Thy glaring eye-balls flaſh with living fire,
Pyrrha is loſt, and all proclaims Achilles.

Ach. Hard is the taſk for nature to reverſe
Her firſt deſigns.

Deid. And ſure as hard the taſk
To oppoſe a father's will. With ſuch a plea
May Deidamia wed the prince of Chalcis?

Ach. O! never, never! I ſubmit—O! pardon—
Whate'er thou bidd'ſt Achilles ſhall obey.

Deid. But now you promis'd, yet——

Ach. O! no—this once
I yield to thee: I'll rein my ſtruggling paſſions.
Nor ſpeak again of war: if I forget
Thy bidding more, to puniſh my neglect
Fly to my rival's arms, and I forgive thee.

Deid. Be ſilent—hark! ſome ſtranger is at hand
To catch the unguarded ſound.

SCENE X.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ach. [*meeting* Ulyſ.] And who art thou
That raſhly haſt preſum'd to invade theſe ſeats
Of ſacred privacy? What wouldſt thou? Speak.
Speak, or this inſolence——

Deid. Pyrrha! forbear.

Ulyſ. [*aſide.*] What ſtern demeanour in a female form!

Deid. [*aſide to* Ach.] Didſt thou not promiſe—

Ach. [*to her.*] True, my Deidamia;
I ſtand reprov'd.

Ulyſ. Say, are not theſe the apartments
Of royal Lycomedes?

Deid. Lycomedes
Reſides not here.

Ulyſ. If I, a ſtranger, err'd,
Forgive the intruſion. [*going.*

Deid. Yet vouchſafe a word:
What ſeek'ſt thou with the king?

Ulyſ. From him the Greeks
Requeſt a warlike aid of ſhips and men,
All Greece aſſembling with confederate arms
To avenge the general wrong.

Ach. [*aſide.*] How happy thoſe
Who quit the dwellings of enfeebling ſloth
To join this hoſt of heroes!

Deid. [*aſide.*] See! already
His placid features change.

Ulyſ. Behold a path
Is open'd now to every daring mind
That pants for valiant deeds: the vileſt breaſt
Muſt catch the kindling ſparks.

Ach. [*aſide.*] And yet Achilles

Still loiters here!

Deid. [*aſide.*] Such converſe muſt not be:
I tremble at the danger—[*to* Ulyſ.] Yonder way
Will lead thy ſteps to Lycomedes' preſence.
Stranger, farewell—Come, Pyrrha, let us hence.
[*going.*

Ach. [*returning.*] Say, friend, what port receives the Grecian fleet
United for this glorious enterprize?

Deid. [*to* Ach.] Why, Pyrrha, this delay?

Ach. Behold I follow——
O! tyrant, tyrant love! [*Exit with* Deid.

SCENE XI.

ULYSSES *alone.*

Or fond deſire
To find this youth preſents in every place
His imag'd form, or Pyrrha is Achilles.
I well remember ſuch were Peleus' features
In manhood's ripening years—that ſpeech, thoſe looks—
It muſt be ſo—but yet Ulyſſes' caution
Will not too ſoon confide: who knows? Appearance
May ſtill deceive me. Should this prove Achilles,
I will be wary ere I ſpeak: the time,
The place, each circumſtance muſt all be weigh'd.
That

That pilot rarely ploughs the waves with ſafety,
Who ſounds not firſt the depth. We yet muſt
 pauſe
Till all is ripe before we ſtrike the blow,
Then make it ſure.

SCENE XII.

Enter ARCAS.

Arc. Ulyſſes.

Ulyſ. Arcas here?
How haſt thou found admittance in theſe walls?

Arc. I ſaw you enter, and purſu'd your ſteps.

Ulyſ. What haſt thou learn'd meantime that may
 import
Our great deſign?

Arc. But little, good my lord;
That to this land ſince firſt Nearchus came,
A year is now complete: with him he brings
His only daughter, grac'd above her ſex
With more than female gifts: for her the princeſs,
The royal Deidamia, bears a love,
A wondrous love, beyond a woman's friendſhip.

Ulyſ. How doſt thou name this virgin?

Arc. Pyrrha.

Ulyſ. Pyrrha?

Arc. And for her ſake Nearchus holds a place
 Among

Among the royal train of Scyros' court.

Ulyſ. And think'ſt thou this is little thou haſt learn'd?

Arc. Why what imports it?

Ulyſ. O! my truſty friend,
In one ſhort moment we have travell'd far.
Hear me, and then confeſs.

SCENE XIII.

Enter NEARCHUS.

Near. My lord, delay not;
Even now the king expects you.

Ulyſ. Say, which way
Leads to the royal preſence?

Near. Yonder paſſage
Conducts us to him.

Ulyſ. Lead, I follow thee.
[*aſide to* Arc.] Some other time ſhall tell thee.
[*Exit with* Near.

SCENE XIV.

ARCAS *alone.*

Like Ulyſſes
What man can pierce the veil of human life?
What ſeems to others dark, to him is light

As

As Sol's meridian beam: nor art, nor nature
E'er form'd his equal. Where is he, who knows
Like him to mould his looks to every paſſion,
Yet keep his heart a ſtranger to them all?
Who can, like him, with ſoft perſuaſive ſpeech
Enchain the yielding ſoul? With every moment,
Can change his genius, language, form, and likeneſs?
Such have I never known; ſtill, day by day
I watch Ulyſſes, ever at his ſide,
And every day I find Ulyſſes new.

When ſummer ſhowers refreſh the plain,
And ſkies a changing aſpect ſhow;
When Sol returning ſhines again;
Thus Iris dyes her various bow.

The gloſſy dove, in open light,
Thus ſhews her many-colour'd plumes;
And when ſhe ſpreads her wings for flight,
A thouſand different hues aſſumes. [*Exit.*

SCENE XV.

The gardens belonging to the palace.

ACHILLES, DEIDAMIA.

Deid. Achilles, no; I can no longer truſt
Thy oft-forgotten promiſe; ſhould'ſt thou ſtay,
I know, in preſence of Theagenes,

Thy

Thy rage would know no bounds: thy looks, thy ſpeech
Might ſoon diſcover all. If yet thou lov'ſt me,
Leave me, in pity leave me.

Ach. Yet permit me,
Retir'd apart, in ſilence to behold
The rival of my love.

Deid. O! Heavens, I tremble
To think what danger waits thee—but he comes.

Ach. [*looking out.*] Is that the man whoſe raſhneſs has preſum'd!
And ſhall I tamely bear——

Deid. Is this thy faith?
Already thou forget'ſt—

Ach. A haſty impulſe——
No more, my love—'tis paſt, and I am calm.

Deid. Again thy warmth will ſpeak.

Ach. O! no, by Heaven!
Forgive me, Deidamia.

[*he retires to the back of the ſtage.*

SCENE XVI.

Enter LYCOMEDES *with* THEAGENES; ACHILLES *behind.*

Lyc. Deareſt daughter,
Behold thy huſband; thou, Theagenes,
Illuſtrious

Illuſtrious prince, behold thy deſtin'd ſpouſe.

Ach. [*behind.*] Still, ſtill, my ſoul, repreſs thy ſwelling rage.

Theag. Whoe'er, O princeſs, hears what Fame relates
Of Deidamia's charms, may deem ſhe flatters;
But when he ſees you thus, will think her tongue
Has paid but ſcanty praiſe. Lo! I ſubdu'd;
Your happy priſoner, yield my freedom here,
And give my life in dowery with my love.

Ach. [*aſide.*] Unheard of inſolence!

[*looking diſdainfully at* Theag. *advancing nearer.*

Deid. [*to* Theag.] My merits, prince,
Have ne'er aſpir'd ſo high; nor ſhould you now
So far extol them. [*ſees* Ach. *near* Theag.
Pyrrha! hence! what mean'ſt thou?

Ach. I ſpeak not, princeſs. [*retires again.*

Deid. [*aſide.*] O! what terror ſhakes
My every ſenſe!

Theag. [*to* Lyc. *obſerving* Ach.] What virgin-fair is that
Of lofty mien?

Lyc. That virgin is your rival.

Deid. [*aſide.*] I ſink with apprehenſion.

Ach. [*aſide.*] Ah! too ſurely
He pierces my diſguiſe.

Lyc. [*to* Theag.] Her name is Pyrrha,

Sole

Sole partner now of Deidamia's love;
Nor yet the world, from eaſt to weſtern Ind,
E'er ſaw ſo conſtant, or ſo fond a pair.

Deid. [*aſide.*] He ſpeaks in ſportive vein, but little thinks
How well he paints two faithful lovers' vows.

Lyc. What thinks my daughter of the noble conſort
Her father's care provides?

Deid. Alas! my lord,
My inexperience knows not yet to prize——
But if I durſt——

Lyc. Thou bluſheſt, Deidamia,
I read thy heart, and ſeek to know no further.

The bluſhes, kindling on thy cheek,
Thy virgin-wiſhes prove:
Before thy ſire thou canſt not ſpeak
The tender words of love.

'Twere cruel then thy preſence here
Should but increaſe thy pain:
Farewell, and, freed from every fear,
No more thy thoughts reſtrain. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE XVII.

DEIDAMIA, THEAGENES; ACHILLES *behind*.

Ach. [*aſide.*] O! that I now could free theſe coward limbs
From hated female weeds, the weeds of ſhame!

Theag. Permit me, faireſt princeſs, thus before you
To paint the warmth that glows within my breaſt,
To tell you all——

Deid. O! ſpeak no more of Love——
I muſt not hear—In me behold his foe.

I hate the boaſt of love-ſick fires,
And every plaint of fond deſires
The train of lovers I deſpiſe,
And liberty alone I prize.
If all, like me, were thus ſincere,
The truth would leſs offend our ear;
And falſehood then would rarely prove
The bane of thoſe that truſt in love.

[*Exit* Deid. Achilles *following, ſtops at the entrance.*

SCENE

SCENE XVIII.

THEAGENES, ACHILLES.

Theag. [*to himſelf.*] Almighty powers! Does Deidamia thus
Receive my vows? In what have I offended?
And wherefore then—let me purſue her ſteps.
[*going.*

Ach. [*meeting him.*] Forbear——ſay whither would'ſt thou go?

Theag. I go
To Deidamia: let me once again
Renew my ſuit.

Ach. [*reſolutely.*] It is not now permitted.

Theag. Who ſhall forbid me?

Ach. I.

Theag. Doſt thou forbid me?

Ach. Yes, I forbid thee, prince, and know yet more,
That when I ſpeak, I never ſpeak in vain.
[*going ſlowly.*

Theag. [*aſide.*] The nymphs of Scyros ſure are wondrous ſtrange:
Strange in their ſpeech, in their demeanour ſtrange.
And yet there's ſomething in this haughty maid
That

That pleases while she threatens—[*to* Ach.] Hear me, fair-one,
Declare what cause——

Ach. No more—let this suffice. [*going.*

Theag. And can you think your words alone will strike
A terror here: that you alone have power
To shake the purpose of Theagenes?

Ach. [*sternly.*] Such power is mine—believe and tremble.

Theag. [*aside.*] Heavens!
That fierceness kindles here a new commotion.

[Achilles *going meets* Deid. *at the entrance.*

Deid. False to my hopes!—And art thou yet content
To fail in every claim of love and honour?

Ach. Alas! 'tis true——I own my warmth betray'd me. [Deid. *leaves him.*

Theag. Hear, beauteous nymph! I will obey your mandate;
But, in return, indulge my sole request:
Give me to know what this resentment means,
And why on me are bent your angry eyes—
And, ah! that sigh—that look—you seem confus'd—
Whence is this change? O! speak.—Why are you silent?

Ach.

Ach. I ſtrive to ſpeak, but ſtrive in vain,
My frozen lips each word deny:
'Tis Love can iſſuing words reſtrain,
'Tis Love can words at will ſupply.

That Love who, at his choice, can raiſe
The vile to deeds of high deſert:
That Love, who in a moment lays
Beneath his yoke the firmeſt heart. [*Exit.*

SCENE XIX.

THEAGENES *alone.*

Where am I? Sure I dream! In ſuch a face
Anger itſelf can pleaſe—perchance ſhe loves me,
And hence forbids me to purſue a rival.
And can it be? So ſoon to yield to love;
So ſoon to feel the pangs of jealous paſſion!
Such words of menace from a virgin lip;
Such bold deportment from the ſex that ever
Is bred in timid ſoftneſs? Wondrous all!
I know not how; ſhe pains, and yet ſhe charms me.

What eye before has ever ſeen
Such winning fierceneſs, pleaſing pride,
That love inſpires with haughty mien,
And gains the heart by threats defied?

To

To her the ſword, the lance reſign,
  And o'er her brows the helmet place;
Her form with Pallas' ſelf may ſhine,
  For female charms and martial grace.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

An apartment adorned with statues representing the labours of HERCULES.

ULYSSES, ARCAS.

Arc. All, all, as you have will'd, is now prepar'd.
The gifts are ready to present the king:
With these I've plac'd a coat of shining mail,
And military weapons. To your followers
'Tis given in charge to feign a sudden tumult,
With warlike clangors. Tell me now what mean
These mysteries unexplain'd? Or what can these
Avail our great design?

Ulyſ. To find Achilles
Amidst a thousand virgins.

Arc. How distinguish
The youth disguis'd in vestments of the fair?

Ulyſ. Mark well and thou shalt soon behold him, Arcas,
With eager eyes devour the dazzling helm
And corselet's plates: but when he hears the din
Of clashing arms, and trumpets' brazen sounds,
That rouze, with generous notes, the warrior's soul,
Then, Arcas, shalt thou see the smother'd flame
Burst forth resistless and proclaim Achilles.

Arc. Too flattering are your hopes.

Ulyſ.

Ulyſ. I know Achilles,
His warlike genius; from his infant years
Arms were his ſole delight; and well I know
'Tis vain to oppoſe the powerful bent of nature,
Confirm'd by early habit. Midſt the enjoyments
Of downy reſt, ſcarce ſav'd from ſtormy ſeas,
The pilot vows to quit the land no more;
But when the ſtorm is huſh'd he leaves again
His downy reſt, and ploughs ſecure the waves.

Arc. You ſure have other ſigns that might di-
rect
Your preſent ſearch.

Ulyſ. All other ſigns are doubtful,
But theſe are certainty. Remember, Arcas,
No proof can rank with this, when nature ſpeaks
With impulſe undiſguis'd.

Arc. But if Achilles
(As thus you deem) for Deidamia feel
Such ſtrong affection, grant him now diſcover'd,
What art ſhall win him from the fair he loves?

Ulyſ. With every caution firſt ſecure diſcovery:
Diſcover'd once, Ulyſſes undiſguis'd
Will prove all means to aſſail his fiery temper;
Rouze in his breaſt the latent flame of honour,
And kindle on his cheek the glow of ſhame.

Arc. But how to gain the means of converſe
with him,
Defended thus from all acceſs?

Ulyſ. The occaſion
May yet be found, and heedful let us watch
The wiſh'd-for time, which, ſhould we fail to find,
It muſt be haſten'd—yes, the trial—

Arc. See
Where Pyrrha comes: now ſeize the moment—

Ulyſ. Peace:
And look ſhe comes alone: myſelf will ſeem
Intent on other thoughts: meanwhile do thou
Obſerve her every geſture. [*they retire behind.*

SCENE II.

Enter ACHILLES.

Ach. [*entering.*] See the chief
Whom Greece has ſent—But that my fair forbids it,
How gladly would I join in converſe with him.
Yet, ſure without offence to Deidamia,
In ſilence I may here indulge my eyes
To gaze with rapture on his godlike form.

Ulyſ. [*aſide to* Arc.] What now, my Arcas, ſay?

Arc. His looks on thee
Are bent with fix'd attention.

Ulyſ. [*examining the ſtatues.*] In this palace
All ſpeaks a kingly ſoul. This ſculptur'd marble
Seems warm with life: behold Alcides there
Subdues the hydra: ſee in every feature

His martial ſpirit, while the artiſt's hand
Informs the ſtone with all a hero's fire.
[*to* Arcas.] Mark if he hears.

Arc. [*to* Ulyſ.] He dwells upon your words.

Ulyſ. [*turning to the ſtatues.*] Lo! where he lifts
Antæus from the ground
To hurl him headlong down: the artiſt here
Excels himſelf. O! how the great example
Of godlike virtue, nobly thus expreſs'd,
Should warm the generous breaſt! O! would to Heaven
That I could boaſt Alcides' mighty deeds!
Tranſcendent hero! yes, thy name ſhall laſt,
From age to age, to far-ſucceeding times!

Ach. O! mighty Gods! what tongue ſhall thus foretel
Of loſt, deſpis'd Achilles!

Ulyſ. [*to* Arc.] Arcas, ſpeak
How ſeems he now?

Arc. He communes with himſelf,
As ſtrongly agitated.

Ulyſ. Mark him ſtill.

[*turning again to the ſtatues.*

What do I ſee? Behold the ſame Alcides,
The terror late of Erymanthus' woods,
Diſguis'd in female weeds, and plac'd beſide
His favourite Iole.—How much he err'd,
(Ill-judging ſculptor!) to debaſe his art

With

With ſad memorials of a hero's fall!
Alcides here, alas! excites our pity,
No more Alcides ſon of thundering Jove.

Ach. 'Tis true, 'tis true—O! my eternal ſhame!

Ulyſ. [*to* Arc.] What think'ſt thou, Arcas, now?

Arc. He ſeems to rave
With conſcious feelings.

Ulyſ. Let us then accoſt him.

[*advancing to* Ach.

Arc. [*to* Ulyſ. *aſide.*] The king's at hand, take heed, leſt aught too ſoon
Reveal our chief deſign.

Ulyſ. [*to* Arc.] O ill-tim'd meeting!
The work was near complete.

SCENE III.

Enter LYCOMEDES.

Lyc. [*entering.*] I ſought you, Pyrrha,
Attend my will. Ulyſſes, look the ſun
Declines already to the weſtern waves;
Vouchſafe, illuſtrious gueſt, with Lycomedes
To ſhare the pleaſures of the feſtive board.

Ulyſ. Your will, O mighty king, to me is law.

Lyc. At dawning day, Ulyſſes, ſhalt thou ſee
The

The ſhips and arms the Greeks requeſt from Scyros:
Then mark how theſe exceed thy utmoſt hopes,
And learn from theſe how Lycomedes honours
His brave allies, and how eſteems in thee
The generous meſſenger of Greece combin'd.

Ulyſ. The ſoul of Lycomedes, ever great,
Still holds her wonted tenor: yes, from me
The Achaian princes, whoſe confederate powers
Now threaten faithleſs Troy, ſhall learn the friend-
ſhip
Of royal Lycomedes: generous proofs
I bring; theſe arms and veſſels which your care
Has nobly furniſh'd for the common cauſe.
[*aſide.*] But deeper aims are mine; a mightier aid
I mean that Greece ſhall win from Scyros' ſhore.

When Troy ſhall learn the glorious aid
I bring from Scyros' ſhore,
Even Hector's ſelf will ſtand diſmay'd,
And dread the Grecian power.

This ſingle aid he more ſhall fear,
Than all that rang'd in arms appear
To ſwell the Grecian hoſt:
Than all the fleet's unnumber'd ſail
That ſpread their canvas to the gale
For Phrygia's diſtant coaſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

LYCOMEDES, ACHILLES.

Lyc. Would'ſt thou believe it, Pyrrha? Yes, on thee
Depends the future peace of Lycomedes.

Ach. What mean theſe words?

Lyc. Yes, deareſt maid, 'tis thou
Canſt make at will a grateful monarch happy.

Ach. What power is mine?

Lyc. My daughter Deidamia,
Repugnant to a father's will, rejects
The proffer'd union with the prince of Chalcis.

Ach. And wherefore this to me?

Lyc. Thou rul'ſt at pleaſure
Her every thought, and all her heart is thine.

Ach. And would you, Lycomedes, aſk from me—

Lyc. Yes, teach her to reſpect a father's choice;
Teach her the virtues of a noble huſband,
And kindle in her breaſt a flame for him
Who merits all her love: ſo may ſhe meet
His fond addreſs with equal fair return,
And all a wife's endearments.

Ach. [*aſide.*] Yes, to you,
To you, ye weeds of ſhame, I owe this inſult.

Lyc.

Lyc. What ſays my Pyrrha?

Ach. Think'ſt thou then with me
Such miniſtry may ſuit? Ah! Lycomedes,
Thou little know'ſt me—I? Eternal powers!
Shall I?—O! ſeek ſome better advocate
To enforce a father's will.

Lyc. What fears my Pyrrha?
Perchance ſhe deems Theagenes a lover
That merits not the hand of Deidamia?

Ach. [*aſide.*] What ſhall I ſay? No longer can I bear
Such cruel ſufferings.

Lyc. Tell me, can my daughter
E'er find a nobler union?

Ach. [*aſide.*] 'Tis too much.
[*to* Lyc.] Hear me, my lord——

SCENE V.

Enter NEARCHUS.

Near. [*to* Lyc.] The banquet is prepar'd,
And all, O Lycomedes, wait your preſence.

Lyc. Then let us hence. [*to* Ach.] Remember thou haſt heard
My deareſt wiſh: to thee I truſt, my Pyrrha;
Then to thy friendſhip let me owe my peace.

Thy words the ſtubborn maid may move
Her laſt reſolves to own:
To embrace a father's tender love,
Or meet a father's frown.

Tell her within this breaſt I bear
The heart of king and ſire:
Then let her eaſe a parent's care,
Or dread a monarch's ire. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

ACHILLES, NEARCHUS.

Ach. No more, Nearchus, no, I'll hear no more
Of temper or diſguiſe—my ſoul is fix'd.
No longer hope to abuſe my yielding nature:
Let us depart.

Near. And whither?

Ach. From theſe limbs
To ſtrip theſe woman's weeds—Shall I, Nearchus,
Thus baſely paſs my life, my prime of years?
And muſt I bear it tamely, while I ſee
My threats deſpis'd; and to complete my ſhame,
Charged with a haughty lord's imperious mandate?
I ſee, I ſee by others' great example
My own reproach; nor will I feel each moment
The conſcious bluſh——

Near. The conſcious bluſh——

Ach. Be ſilent:

I've

I've borne too long thy counſels: different thoſe
The ſage Theſſalian taught: theſe feet could then
Outſtrip the winds: this arm, in ſavage wilds,
Would dare the fierceſt beaſt, and ſtem the tide
Of roaring torrents.—Now—did Chiron now
Behold his pupil in theſe ſlothful veſtures,
Where ſhould I hide? How anſwer, when with looks
Of ſtern reproach he cries: "Where, where, Achilles,
Is now thy ſword, with all the warrior's arms?
No mark of Chiron's ſchool, ſave yonder lyre,
Debas'd from heroes' praiſe to ſtrains inglorious."

Near. Enough, Achilles, I contend no longer,
But yield to reaſon's force.

Ach. Think'ſt thou, Nearchus,
This life is worthy of me?

Near. No—I own
The generous truth: 'tis time to rouze thy ſoul
From drowſy ſleep; ſhake off that baſe attire,
And haſte to ſcenes where honour calls to prove
Thy dauntleſs heart.—'Tis true, that Deidamia,
Depriv'd of thee, muſt taſte of peace no more;
Nay, grief perchance may waſte her gentle frame
Till friendly death—but pauſe not thou, Achilles,
In glory's courſe: the triumphs thou ſhalt gain
May well outweigh the life of Deidamia.

Ach. The life of Deidamia! think'ſt thou then

He

Her conſtancy will not ſupport our parting?

Near. Her conſtancy? Ah! what can that avail
A tender maid who mourns her lover loſt,
The ſole dear object of her fondeſt wiſhes,
Her comfort and her hope?

Ach. [*aſide.*] O! Heaven!

Near. And know'ſt thou
That if thou ſteal'ſt a moment from her ſight
A thouſand fears diſtract her? All repoſe
Is baniſh'd from her breaſt: with eager warmth
Of each ſhe meets ſhe ſeeks her boſom's lord.
How thinks Achilles now ſhe brooks his abſence?
She knows no peace, but trembling——

Ach. Let us ſeek
The lovely mourner.

Near. Art thou then prepar'd
To quit the port of Scyros?

Ach. No, Nearchus,
No, let us now return to Deidamia.

What lover, though his harden'd breaſt
A tiger's heart contains,
Can leave his deareſt maid oppreſt
With love's afflicting pains?

The pity now that rends my ſoul,
And all the pangs I prove,
Muſt ſure a tiger's rage control,
When tigers yield to love. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

NEARCHUS *alone.*

O! miracle of all-commanding love!
Surpaſſing our belief! When anger fires
His daring ſoul, Achilles, terrible,
Nor art nor force reſtrains: his fury then
Would naked ruſh through circling fires, and meet
Alone a thouſand foes: but let him think
On Deidamia once, the fierce Achilles
Forgets his rage and ſoftens to a woman.

The lion ſtern, whoſe proud diſdain
With lordly roar rejects the chain,
Whene'er his keeper's voice he hears,
At once ſubdu'd his rage appears;
He yields ſubmiſſive to command,
And mildly licks the chaſtening hand. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

A great hall, a table in the middle: above are placed musicians and numerous ſpectators. LYCOMEDES, THEAGENES, DEIDAMIA *and* ULYSSES *ſeated at the table.* ARCAS *ſtands by* ULYSSES, *and* ACHILLES *by* DEIDAMIA. *Courtiers, damſels, and pages.*

CHORUS.

Far, far be hence! unwelcome here,
Intruding thought and jealous fear;
Nor let a moment's gloom appear
To cloud this happy feſtive day.
While Love inſpires and Peace invites,
Affection's mild and calm delights,
Let Joy, that rules o'er ſocial rites,
In every breaſt exert his ſway.

Far, far be hence! unwelcome here,
Intruding thought and jealous fear;
Nor let a moment's gloom appear
To cloud this happy feſtive day.

Lyc. Let every goblet now be circled round
With Cretan wine.

Deid. [*to* Ach.] Thou know'ſt, my deareſt Pyrrha,
Unleſs thy hand ſhould miniſter the cup

That

That heavenly nectar to my lips would prove
A tasteless beverage.

Ach. I obey. Ah! judge
From that obedience if your Pyrrha's heart
Is true to Deidamia.

Theag. [*observing them.*] Strange effect
Of unexampled passion! [*aside.*

Ach. [*aside, going to take the cup.*] Tyrant love!

Lyc. Say, great Ulysses, when your country's fleet
Will loose their anchors from the Grecian shores.

Ulys. At my return.

Theag. Are all the ships assembled?

Ulys. There only want the friendly aids from Scyros.

Lyc. O! wretched, feeble state of hoary age,
That keeps me now from such a glorious sight.

Ulys. [*aside.*] This is the time for trial. [*to* Lyc.] Mighty king;
The thought is worthy thee. What eyes again
Shall view such arms, such leaders, such a host
Of gallant warriors, countless steeds and vessels,
Spears bristled, banners streaming to the wind;
All Europe there assembled. Woods and cities
Are deserts now: encouraged by their sires,
Their reverend sires, who mourn their useless age,
The

The impatient youth rush forth and fly to arms.
[*to* Arc. *aside.*] Observe him, Arcas, now.

[*during this speech a page brings the cup to* Achilles, *who, instead of taking it to* Deidamia *stands listening to* Ulysses.

Deid. Pyrrha!

Ach. Forgive me:
My mind estrang'd awhile——

[*takes the cup, then stops again to listen.*

Ulyss. None, none remain
Whose bosoms ever felt the stings of honour,
Or knew a wish for glory: scarcely virgins,
Or tender brides escape the general flame;
And those, whom hard necessity detains,
Rave at their fate and call the Gods unjust.

Deid. What dost thou, Pyrrha?

Ach. I attend your will. [*presents her the cup.*

Deid. [*aside to* Ach. *taking the cup.*] Ingrate! are these thy boasted signs of love?

Ach. [*to her.*] Be not displeas'd; forgive me, Deidamia.

Lyc. Go, place the wonted lyre in Pyrrha's hand.
Now, daughter, urge her with accustom'd skill
To raise her voice and join the sounding chords:
She nothing can deny thee.

Deid. [*to* Ach.] If thou lov'st me

Attend

Attend my father's wiſh.

Ach. If ſuch your will
I ſhall obey—O! tyranny of love! [*aſide.*
[*a page gives him the lyre, and a ſeat is placed for him near the table.*

Theag. [*aſide.*] I am bewilder'd whilſt I ſee two maids
Thus knit in ſtrange affection.

Ulyſ. [*aſide to* Arc.] Arcas, hear:
Now is the time—thou know'ſt—

Arc. I know it well. [*Exit.*
[Achilles *takes his ſeat and ſings, accompanying his voice with the lyre.*

When love has firmly bound the ſoul,
And bid the heart obey,
He rules the will without control,
And rules with tyrant ſway.

His cruel frauds, on every hand,
He ſpreads alike for all;
Not valour can his power withſtand
And wiſdom's ſelf muſt fall.

If Jove, of gods and men the ſire,
In ſnowy plumage dreſt,
Eſſay'd with tuneful notes to fire
The tender Leda's breaſt:

If once amongſt the herds he pac'd
For fair Europa's ſake;
'Twas Jove who thus the god debas'd
Such borrow'd forms to take.

Whoe'er betray'd by female ſmiles
Would join the train of Love,
Too late ſhall find his cruel wiles,
And laſting ſorrow prove.

The tyrant wills that every ſlave
Should kiſs the galling chains;
Should boaſt the ſufferings Beauty gave,
And triumph in his pains.

[*here the ſong is interrupted by the followers of* Ulyſſes *bringing in the preſents for the king.*

Lyc. Say, who are theſe?

Ulyſ. My followers, mighty prince,
Who humbly lay before your royal feet
Theſe ſlender preſents brought from Ithaca.
Forgive the freedom, if in theſe I offer
The accuſtom'd thanks of no ungrateful gueſt.
If I preſume too much, my country's uſage
Muſt plead forgiveneſs for me.

Lyc. Gifts like theſe
Speak well the generous doner.

2 *Ach.*

Ach. [*approaching observes the armour.*] Heavenly powers!
What do I see!

Lyc. [*looking at the vest.*] Not even in princely Tyre
No purple ever glow'd with brighter hue.

Theag. [*looking at the vases.*] I ne'er till now beheld the sculptur'd vase
So fram'd and fashion'd by a master hand.

Deid. [*looking at the jewels.*] And never sure on India's wealthy shore
Were seen such dazzling gems.

Ach. [*goes nearer.*] What eyes till now
Have e'er beheld such glorious splendid arms?

Deid. [*aside to* Ach.] What would'st thou, Pyrrha? Go, resume the lyre,
And tune again thy song.

Ach. [*returning to his seat.*] O pain to suffer!

Cry within. To arms! to arms!

[*a noise is heard of arms, and warlike instruments: all the guests rise with looks of astonishment and fear except* Achilles, *who remains seated with an intrepid air.* Arcas *re-enters with seeming terror.*

Lyc. What sudden tumult's this?

Arc. Ulysses, haste
And curb thy followers' fury.

Ulyſ. What has chanc'd?

Arc. I know not why, but with the royal guards
They mix in cruel fight: expect this moment
To ſee a thouſand threat'ning falchions drawn.

Deid. Aſſiſt me, Gods! O! whither ſhall I fly
To ſave me from their fury? [*runs out.*

Theag. Princeſs, ſtay—— [*follows her.*

Within. To arms! to arms!

[Lycomedes *draws his ſword and runs to the tumult. Noiſe of arms continues. All fly but* Ulyſſes, Arcas *and* Achilles. Ulyſſes *and* Arcas *ſtand apart to obſerve* Achilles, *who ſtarts from his ſeat with great emotion.*

SCENE IX.

Achilles, Ulysses *and* Arcas *apart.*

Ach. Almighty powers! where am I?
What did I hear? Methinks I feel my hair
Upſtart with frenzy! Ah! what cloud is this
Obſcures my ſight! What ſudden fire now glows
Within my boſom!—I can hold no longer—
To arms! to arms!

[*walks to and fro with a furious air, then ſuddenly ſtops and obſerves the lyre ſtill in his hand.*

Ulyſ. [*to* Arc.]. Obſerve him, Arcas, well.

Ach. And is this lyre a weapon for Achilles?
No, fortune now provides me nobler arms

More

More worthy of me—Hence! to earth, to earth!
Vile instrument of shame!

[*dashes it on the ground, and goes to the table to take the arms from the presents brought by* Ulysses.

This hand debas'd
Shall wield the ponderous buckler's honour'd weight,
And this the gleaming sword.

[*takes the shield and sword.*

Ah! now I feel,
I know myself Achilles—Lead me, Gods!
To meet the glorious labours of the field,
And dare with single force a thousand foes.

Ulys. If this be not Achilles, tell me, Arcas,
What hero shall we name him? [*coming forward.*

Ach. Heavens! Ulysses!
What would'st thou say?

Ulys. Exalted youth! Achilles!
Offspring of Gods! at length permit Ulysses
To clasp thee to his breast: 'tis now no time
For vain dissimulation—thou art he,
The hope, the glory of exulting Greece,
And Asia's terror. Wherefore then suppress
The great emotions of thy generous heart?
Are they not worthy of thee? O! indulge,
Indulge them, noble youth—I see, I see
Thou canst no more disguise them——Come, I'll guide thee

To victory and triumph. Greece, in arms,
Awaits but thee, and Asia's hostile sons
Shall tremble at thy single name—away!

Ach. Then lead me hence; conduct me where thou wilt—
But yet, Ulysses—

Ulys. Whence this sudden pause?

Ach. And what of Deidamia?—

Ulys. Deidamia
Will see thee on some future day return,
With laurels crown'd, more worthy of her love.

Ach. But whilst, alas!—

Ulys. Yes, whilst the earth is fill'd
With war's destructive flames, would'st thou, conceal'd
From every eye, here linger out thy life
In vile repose? Remotest times shall tell
How fierce Tydides sapp'd the Dardan walls;
How Hector from Idomeneus obtain'd
His arms and spoils; how Sthenelus and Ajax
Laid Priam's throne in ashes; whilst Achilles,
(What did Achilles?) he, in female garb
Amongst the maids of Scyros dragg'd his days,
Lull'd by the distant sound of valiant deeds.
Forbid it, Gods! O! rouse at length—efface
This blot of honour—O! permit no longer
That any eye should see that vile disguise.
O! could'st thou in thyself behold a prince,

A warrior

A warrior thus disgrac'd with all the mockery
Of female trappings!—In that shield reflected
Thou may'st contemplate—Know'st thou there Achilles? [*points to the shield.*

Ach. O! treble shame! off! off! ye foul disguises!
Reproach to manhood! [*tears his vests.*] How have I endur'd them?
Ulysses, hence to sheath these limbs in arms,
Nor let me longer pine in shameful bonds.

Ulyſ. Follow me then—[*aside.*] The day at length is ours.

[*as they are going on one side* Nearchus *enters on the other.*

SCENE X.

Enter NEARCHUS.

Near. Where goest thou, Pyrrha? Pyrrha.

Ach. [*turning.*] O! thou base-one!
Let not that name again escape thy lips,
Nor dare henceforth remind me of my shame.

Near. Hear me——and wilt thou thus depart? Thy princess—

Ach. Tell her from me——

Ulyſ. Achilles, let us go.

Near. What can I say from thee to Deidamia?

Ach.

Ach. O! tell her, midſt her cruel woes,
To love me ſtill, nor vainly mourn:
To her Achilles conſtant goes,
And conſtant will to her return.

Tell her thoſe lovely eyes alone
Shall ever rule my faithful heart:
She ever there maintain'd her throne,
And thence ſhe never ſhall depart.
[*Exit with* Ulyſſes.

SCENE XI.

NEARCHUS *alone.*

Eternal powers! what ſudden ſtorm has wreck'd
My deareſt hopes! And ſhould Achilles go
Where ſhall I fly? Ah! who will ſave me then
From angry Thetis? After years of care,
Such toils, ſuch watchings, every art employ'd?
O! Heavens!

SCENE XII.

Enter DEIDAMIA.

Deid. [*entering.*] Where is he? Lead me, lead me to him—
Where is my life, my love?

Near. Ah! Deidamia,

Achilles

Achilles is no longer yours.

Deid. Nearchus,
What mean thy fatal words?

Near. Alas! my princefs,
He leaves you, he forfakes you.

Deid. Oft before
Thy vain fufpicions have alarm'd my fears.

Near. Would I were ftill deceiv'd!——Alas! Ulyffes
Has now difcover'd all; has found Achilles,
And forc'd him hence.

Deid. And could'ft thou thus, Nearchus,
Permit him to depart? O! hafte, purfue him—
Ah! wretched Deidamia!—hear me yet—
This ftroke indeed was death!—why doft thou tarry?—
Did I not fend thee hence?

Near. I go, my princefs;
But all I fear in vain. [*Exit.*

SCENE XIII.

DEIDAMIA *alone.*

Achilles leaves me!
Achilles then forfakes me!—Ah! ingrate!
And could he harbour fuch a thought and live?
Is this his promis'd faith? Are thefe the fruits

Of-

Of long proteſting love?—But while I rave
In fond complaints, the traitor ſpreads his ſails—
O! let us haſte to ſtop his treacherous flight.
My ſorrow knows no bounds—away—ſhould all
Avail me nothing, let the perjur'd man
See Deidamia on the ſhore expire,
Then ſail in triumph from the port of Scyros.

SCENE XIV.

Enter THEAGENES.

Theag. O! princeſs moſt belov'd—

Deid. [*aſide.*] Ill-tim'd intruſion,
To break on my diſtraction!

Theag. Ah! permit me
To learn the ſoft emotions of your heart,
If yet your love——

Deid. It is not now a time
To talk of love.

Theag. Yet hear me.

Deid. O! forbear——

Theag. But for a moment.

Deid. [*impatiently.*] O! Immortal powers!

Theag. At length, my plighted bride, at early day—

Deid. For pity's ſake diſtract me now no more—

See'ſt

See'ſt thou not, cruel, how diſtreſt,
A thouſand torments rend my breaſt,
That all I aſk is laſting reſt,
Which only death can give?
And ſee'ſt thou not my tortur'd mind
Deteſts itſelf, deteſts mankind,
And longer loathes to live? [*Exit.*

SCENE XV.

THEAGENES *alone.*

Myſterious all! what wiſdom can explain
The wonders of this day? What means the princeſs?
What can her words import? She ſurely raves,
Or ſeeks to ſhake my reaſon. Do I dream?
Wake, wake, Theagenes—How art thou loſt,
Without a clue to tread this various maze!

Did ſhe in truth, or ſportive ſtrain
Addreſs my wondering ear?
I ſeek to explore her ſenſe in vain,
And doubt of all I hear.

By ſympathy, in ſorrow join'd,
We others' ſighs partake;
Then ſure another's frantic mind
In ours may frenzy wake.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Porticoes of the palace adjoining to the sea. Ships near the shore.

ULYSSES, ACHILLES *in a military dress.*

Ulyſ. Achilles, I confeſs the hero now;
I ſee thee all thyſelf. O! how the dreſs
Of female weeds obſcur'd thy godlike mien!
Behold the warrior now. The ſerpent thus
Forth iſſues to the ſun, with youth renew'd,
And as he rides on golden ſpires, or trails
His lengthen'd curls, rejoices in his ſtrength.

Ach. To thee, O mighty chief, Achilles owes
A life reſtor'd: but like a captive ſcarce
Releas'd from bonds, I doubt my freedom ſtill;
Still ſeem to view the dungeon's dreary gloom,
And hear the clanking of inglorious chains.

Ulyſ. [*looking out.*] Why comes not Arcas yet?
[*aſide.*

Ach. Are theſe, Ulyſſes,
Thy ſhips that ſail'd from Greece?

Ulyſ. They are: nor leſs
Will theſe with pride exult, than Argo once,
To bear their glorious burthen, while Achilles
Can ſingly weigh againſt that band of heroes,
And all the treaſures brought from Phryxus' ſhore.

Ach.

Ach. Then wherefore this delay?

Ulyſ. Ho! mariners,
Approach the land—[*aſide.*] And yet I ſee not Arcas.

Ach. Why are not theſe Scamander's hoſtile ſhores?
There, there it ſhall be known how ſoon Achilles
Will cancel every fault, when glorious toils
Of fighting fields ſhall waſh my ſtains away.
This ſword ſhall plead forgiveneſs for the hours,
The ſlothful hours of Scyros: then perhaps
My trophies gain'd may ſwell the trump of fame,
And leave no time to blaze my follies paſt.

Ulyſ. O! glorious warmth! O! godlike ſenſe of ſhame!
That well befits Achilles: never, never
Such virtue could be hid from human kind,
And buried in the narrow bounds of Scyros.
Too far, O Thetis! thy maternal fears
Betray'd thy better ſenſe: thou might'ſt have known
That here to keep conceal'd ſo fierce a flame,
All arts were vain and every labour fruitleſs.

Enclos'd in earth's capacious caves,
A ſmother'd fire indignant raves,
And burſts at length its narrow bound;
Proud cities, woods, deſtroys and burns,
And foreſts ſhakes, and hills o'erturns,
And ſpreads a ghaſtly ruin round.

Ach.

Ach. Behold the veſſels now approach the ſhore:
Ulyſſes, follow me. [*going towards the ſea.*

SCENE II.

Enter ARCAS *in haſte.*

Ulyſ. [*aſide to* Arc.] Arcas, what means
Thy long delay?

Arc. Let us with ſpeed embark
Leſt aught obſtruct our purpoſe.

Ulyſ. Say what mean'ſt thou?

Arc. Depart, depart, and thou ſhall learn it all.

Ulyſ. Give me at leaſt ſome token.

Arc. Deidamia,
Wild with her love, and blinded with her rage,
Purſues our ſteps: I could no longer ſtay her,
And flew before to bear the unwelcome tidings.

Ulyſ. This dangerous meeting muſt not be, my Arcas.

Ach. [*returning impatient.*] Why do we linger thus?

Ulyſ. Behold me ready.

Ach. [*to* Arc.] What cauſe diſturbs thee thus? ſay, Arcas.

Arc. Nothing.

Ulyſ. Let us depart.

Ach.

Ach. [*to* Arc.] What mean thoſe frequent looks
Caſt back with anxious ſearch? What fear'ſt thou?
Speak.

Ulyſ. [*aſide.*] O! mighty Gods!

Arc. [*to* Ach.] My lord, I fear, perhaps—
The king perhaps may hear of our departure,
And ſeek by force to ſtay us.

Ach. Seek by force?
Am I his priſoner then, and would he thus—

Ulyſ. No—but 'tis prudent we ſhould fly from all
That might detain us.

Ach. Shall Achilles fly?

Ulyſ. Let us not waſte the time in vain delays:
Haſte to the ſea—the winds and waves invite us.

[*takes* Achilles *by the hand, and goes with him towards the ſea-ſhore.*

SCENE III.

Enter DEIDAMIA.

Deid. Ah! whither, whither goeſt thou, O! Achilles?
Yet ſtay and hear me.

[Achilles *turns and ſees* Deidamia: *both remain ſome time ſilent.*

Ulyſ. [*aſide.*] Now indeed I fear.

Arc. [*aside.*] Behold where love and glory both contend.

Deid. Inhuman man! and is it poſſible?
Could'ſt thou then leave me?

Ulyſ. [*aside to* Ach.] If thou mak'ſt reply
Thou art vanquiſh'd.

Ach. [*to* Ulyſ.] Fear me not; whate'er my feelings,
I'll ſtruggle to ſuppreſs them.

Deid. Such reward,
O cruel! doſt thou yield for love like mine?
Could ſuch a form conceal a treacherous heart?
Learn hence, too eaſy maidens, learn from him
To truſt a lover's faith: even now he ſwore
Eternal conſtancy, and in a moment
Forgets it all—departs, forſakes me thus,
Without one tender ſigh, one laſt adieu.

Ach. [*aside.*] My breaking heart!

Arc. [*aside.*] He melts.

Deid. What cauſe could make thee
At once my foe? Alas! what have I done?
What crime of mine can merit thus thy hatred?

Ach. No, princeſs, no——

Ulyſ. Achilles——

Ach. [*to* Ulyſ.] But one word:
I aſk no more.

Ulyſ.

Ulyſ. [*aſide.*] Then all is loſt.

Ach. [*to* Deid.] No, princeſs,
Believe me not a traitor or thy foe:
Eternal truth I've ſworn and I will keep it.
The rigid laws of honour tear me from thee;
But I'll return more worthy of thy love.
If ſilent I depart, think not my ſilence
Was ſcorn or hatred: O! 'twas fear and pity.
Pity for thee, a prey to tender ſorrow,
And fear that conſtancy in me would prove
Unequal to the taſk: the firſt, alas!
I well foreſaw, the laſt I dar'd not truſt.
I know thou lov'ſt me dearer than thy life,
And well I know——

Ulyſ. Achilles.

Ach. See me here
Prepar'd to quit the port.

Arc. [*aſide.*] And yet he comes not.

Ach. [*to* Deid.] Still in my breaſt——

Deid. No more—'tis now too late—
Forgive my tranſports to exceſs of love.
'Tis true, Achilles owes himſelf to Greece,
To all the world, and to his own renown.
Then go—no longer I oppoſe thy purpoſe:
My heart's affection ſhall attend thee ſtill;
But ſince I here without thee muſt remain,
O! be the ſtroke leſs dreadful—leave me not
Thus unprepar'd: allow my feeble virtue

Some

Some time for recollection—but one day—
I ask no more—go then, depart in peace.
Such grace is not denied a wretch condemn'd
To meet his death; and can I doubt Achilles
Will now refuse this grant to Deidamia?

Arc. [*aside.*] If she obtain a day she conquers all.

Deid. Ah! think—Ah! speak—thy downcast eyes are fix'd
In pensive silence still.

Ach. [*to* Ulyss.] What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. 'Tis at thy choice, Achilles, to depart,
Or here abide: to me is not permitted
A longer tarriance here: resolve to quit
The port, or leave me to embark alone.

Ach. [*aside.*] O! cruel state!

Deid. Yet answer me, Achilles.

Ach. Fain would I stay in pity to thy grief,
But heard'st thou not Ulysses? [*points to* Ulyss.

Ulyss. Well—resolve.

Ach. [*to* Ulyss.] I would pursue thy steps, but seest thou not
Who pleads against thee? [*points to* Deid.

Deid. 'Tis enough—I see
Thy choice is made and thou prepar'st to leave me.
Go then, ungrateful man! farewell for ever. [*going.*

Ach. Stay, Deidamia. [*follows her.*

Ulyss.

Ulyſ. I perceive, Achilles,
Thy purpoſe to remain. Irreſolute,
Degenerate youth! I leave thee and depart.
[*going.*

Ach. Ulyſſes, ſtay.

Deid. [*to* Ach.] What would'ſt thou?

Ulyſ. Whither tends
Thy purpoſe now?

Ach. I would, my Deidamia,
Indulge thy wiſh—[*aſide.*] O Heaven! what means this weakneſs.
[*to* Ulyſ.] To thee, Ulyſſes, would I yield my guidance—
[*aſide*] But this were ſurely cruel—If my glory
Exact obedience here, there love denies it.

Arc. [*aſide.*] 'Tis doubtful which will conquer.

Deid. Since to grant me
So light a boon excites ſuch painful ſtruggles,
I preſs no further—yet one grace I aſk
More worthy thee: depart, but ere thou goeſt,
Deep in my boſom plunge thy glorious ſword,
This will avail us both: for thou, Achilles,
Wilt thus begin to inure thy ſoul to ſlaughter,
And Deidamia ſhun a lingering death:
So may'ſt thou gladly go, and go unqueſtion'd.
I die content, if he, whom ſtill my heart
Muſt ever love, dear maſter of my fate,
If he, alas! who has refus'd me life,

At leaſt in pity thus concludes my woes. [*weeps.*

Arc. [*aſide.*] Were I Achilles I could hold no longer.

Deid. Thy laſt beſt gift——

Ach. Ah! ceaſe—lament no more:
Ulyſſes, longer to reject her ſuit
Were uſeleſs cruelty.

Ulyſ. So thinks Achilles.

Ach. She aſks but for a day; a ſingle day
May ſurely be indulg'd me.

Ulyſ. Not a day.
I go to tell the aſſembled Argive chiefs
The glories of Achilles; yes, from me
Each ear may learn what generous toils have cleans'd
His fame; what great amends his ſword has made
For all his ſloth at Scyros, and by him
What numerous trophies fill the mouth of fame.

Ach. But valour loſes not——

Ulyſ. Talk not of valour.
Strip off thoſe arms, a uſeleſs load for Pyrrha.
What ho! bring forth the hero's ſilken robes,
And let him reſt awhile: his fainting brows
Enough have felt the helmet's maſſy weight.

Arc. [*aſide.*] How well Ulyſſes proves his every art
To rouſe the latent hero.

Ach. [*to* Ulyſ.] Am I Pyrrha?

To

To me the ſilken robes?

Ulyſ. O! no—thou giv'ſt
Great proofs of manly mind: thou canſt not conquer
One weak, one poor affection.

Ach. [*firmly.*] Better learn
To know Achilles—let us go.

Deid. Achilles:
And wilt thou leave me?

Ach. Strong neceſſity
Compels me.

Deid. Say'ſt thou?

Ach. Longer to remain
Were fatal to my honour—Deidamia,
Farewell!

[*goes reſolutely to the ſhip; is about to aſcend the deck, then ſtops.* Ulyſſes *and* Arcas *follow.* Deidamia *continues ſome time immoveable.*

Arc. [*aſide.*] Ulyſſes' taunts at length have rous'd
His ſleeping honour.

Ulyſ. [*aſide.*] Yet we are not ſecure.

Deid. Barbarian! traitor! wilt thou then be gone?
Is this a lover's parting?—Tyranny
Beyond example!—Hence thou fly'ſt from me,

But

But ſhalt not fly from Heaven—If Gods are juſt,
And pity human ſufferings, all will join
To puniſh thy miſdeeds: my injur'd ghoſt
Shall haunt thy ſight and witneſs my revenge.
Already now my ſoul enjoys the thought!—
I ſee the lightnings flaſh—O! no, forbear,
Vindictive powers!—if one muſt pay the forfeit,
O! ſpare that breaſt belov'd and ſtrike at mine.
If cruel he has chang'd his former ſelf,
Yet Deidamia's heart is ſtill the ſame;
For him I liv'd, for him I now will die. [*faints.*

Ach. Ah! let me fly—— [*to* Ulyſ.

Ulyſ. And whither would Achilles?

Ach. To ſave my Deidamia.

Ulyſ. Then no longer——

Ach. And canſt thou hope that I will leave her thus?

Ulyſ. Are theſe thy proofs of valour?

Ach. [*in anger.*] Thou would'ſt aſk
For proofs of valour, proofs of cruelty.
—Ulyſſes, give me way.
[*breaks from him and runs to* Deidamia.

Arc. [*aſide.*] Then Love has conquer'd.

Ach. My life! my princeſs! hear me—mighty Gods!
She anſwers not—lift up thoſe lovely eyes,
Behold, behold thy own Achilles here.

Ulyſ. I fear, my Arcas, 'tis not now a time
To hope for victory: we muſt reſign
The palm, and ſeek the field with other arms.
[*Exit with* Arcas, *unſeen by* Achilles.

SCENE IV.

DEIDAMIA, ACHILLES.

Deid. Ah! me. [*recovering.*

Ach. The Gods be prais'd! ſhe breathes again.
—O! no, my hope, Achilles will not leave thee.

Deid. Art thou indeed Achilles? Sure I dream—
What would'ſt thou now?

Ach. All peace to thee, my love.

Deid. Could'ſt thou, unkind, refuſe a ſingle day?
And now thou com'ſt——

Ach. It was not I oppos'd
Thy gentle wiſh—behold thy foe—but, ha!
What can this mean? Ulyſſes is not here:
He leaves me then.

SCENE V.

Enter NEARCHUS.

Near. If you would find Ulyſſes,
He ſeeks the king, and with his ſanction means
To bear you, thus [illegible] to his ſhips.

Deid.

Deid. This only wanted to complete my ſufferings:
All muſt be then reveal'd to Lycomedes.

Near. Believe not now your ſecret firſt diſclos'd.
Theagenes, alarm'd at your diſtraction,
Soon found the cauſe, and haſted to the king,
Who holds him now in converſe.

Deid. O! ye Powers!
Unhappy Deidamia! what has fate
In ſtore? If you, Achilles, ſhould forſake me,
Where ſhall I fly for pity?

Ach. I forſake thee
In ſuch a trial!—no—my firſt exploit
Would then be impious treaſon: calm thy fears,
And truſt to me thy fortune and my own.

May heavenly powers thy peace redeem,
And give thy tears relief;
And hope, like ſummer meteors, ſtream
Through tranſient clouds of grief.

Thoſe eyes ſhall point their guiding ray
In love and honour's courſe;
'Tis they that give and take away
My courage and my force. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

DEIDAMIA, NEARCHUS.

Deid. Support me, O! Nearchus, give me comfort.

Near. Alas! what comfort can I give, oppress'd
With doubts and terrors that exceed thy own?

Deid. Ye pitying Gods! if my affections ever
Were innocent and pure, do you protect me:
Dispel the cloud that wraps me thus in darkness.
If love's a crime, I must confess I err'd;
If love like mine be guilt—I lov'd Achilles.

Let all, who now my passion blame,
Those manly beauties trace;
And learn, what best defends my fame,
From that enchanting face.

That face, which seems by Heaven design'd
To kindle Love's alarms,
Bespeaks no less a hero's mind
To dare the field in arms. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

NEARCHUS *alone.*

Go, go, Nearchus, now, and proudly triumph
In all thy prosperous cares: to Thetis tell
How arts, like thine, could tame the fierce Achilles.

Boast

Boaſt every ſtudied ſpeech of fawning flattery,
And all thy ſoothing phraſe of timid counſels.
Lo! how thy hopes are cruſh'd: Ulyſſes ſingly
Has baffled every plan.—What ſtars averſe
Could ſend this crafty Greek to Scyros' ſhore?

I yield to fate, my hopes are croſt;
My ſtrength is gone, my courage loſt:
Againſt me winds and waves prevail;
My oars are broke and rent my ſail,
And nought remains my bark to guide,
That floats at random down the tide. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

The Palace.

LYCOMEDES, ACHILLES, THEAGENES, *attendants.*

Ach. And does not Lycomedes deign to anſwer
When thus Achilles ſues?

Theag. Great king, what means
This doubtful ſilence? Yield, O! yield at length
To my requeſt, and to Achilles' wiſhes.
Why do you pauſe? Perhaps your mind revolves
The promiſe given to me: but think not, ſir,
Theagenes ſo weighs his little merits
Againſt ſuch nuptials. Well I know from theſe
What earth and heaven expect. The Gods themſelves
Have fram'd this union: Fate could never weave

Such

Such ſtrange events but for myſterious ends.
Does love offend you? In a virtuous boſom
Can love be guilt? Perhaps your mind revolts
From ſuch a fraud; but Thetis here is guilty,
And Thetis now is puniſh'd. Thus attir'd,
She hop'd from every eye to hide her ſon,
And made him known to all. Theſe ſpouſal rites
Will glad the exulting earth, that ne'er till now
Beheld ſuch valour, worth and beauty join'd.
On theſe what favouring grace will Heaven beſtow,
Both ſprung from heavenly ſeed! What ſons from theſe
Our hopes may form, when, Lycomedes, you,
And you, Achilles, boaſt for anceſtry
A countleſs line of heroes?

Ach. [*aſide.*] Could I ever
Have hop'd Theagenes to plead my cauſe?

Lyc. Achilles, yes, a name ſo great as thine
Engroſſes all my thoughts. What can I anſwer
To nuptials ſo deſir'd? Theagenes
With generous zeal approves, and Heaven commands them.
Thou aſk'ſt her hand, Achilles, and a father
Confirms the grant. With wonder I contemplate
Such ſtrange adventures, and in theſe, reſpectful
Adore the wiſdom of the immortal powers.

Ach. Ah! Lycomedes, ah! Theagenes——
O! fly and haſten hither to my ſight.

My

My love, my plighted bride. [*to the attendants.*
[*to* Theag.] Ah! prince, to thee
What does Achilles owe? My lord, my father,
How ſhall my ſoul with gratitude repay
This precious gift? [*to* Lyc.

Lyc. Enough for Lycomedes
To be the father of a ſon like thee.

Since thou art mine let Fortune deal
The worſt a mortal fears:
I ſcorn each foe, and leſs I feel
The weight of drooping years.

Thus he, that on ſome ancient tree
Engrafts a tender ſhoot,
Shall ſpringing greens and bloſſoms ſee
Adorn the waſting root.

SCENE IX.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ach. O! come, Ulyſſes, thou perhaps haſt heard
Achilles' happineſs.

Ulyſ. Far other cares
Have brought me hither. [*to* Lyc.] Mighty king, it now
Imports that all diſguiſe be caſt aſide:
I muſt at length declare the will of Greece:
Know then——

Lyc. Already is it known, Ulyſſes,
And every part ſhall meet a fair reply.

SCENE LAST.

Enter DEIDAMIA *attended.*

Ach. [*meeting* Deid.] O! deareſt, beſt, belov'd! and art thou come
To bleſs theſe eyes? Did I not tell thee, ſweet,
That ſtill for us propitious fate would ſmile?

Deid. [*kneels to* Lyc.] My king, my father, proſtrate at your feet—

Lyc. Riſe, Deidamia, 'twere ſuperfluous now
To hear thee further. I already know
The high decrees of Heaven. With me it reſts
To end a mighty conteſt. Hear, my daughter;
Glory and Love with rival power contend
To uſurp their empire o'er Achilles' heart.
THIS ſeeks to make it but the gentle ſeat
Of ſoft affections: THAT would baniſh all
But martial ardors: both alike unjuſt
In either claim. Declare, even thou, Ulyſſes,
What were our hero's praiſe, to breathe alone
Fury and wrath? And ſay, my Deidamia,
What were Achilles ſhould he languiſh ever
In love's enfeebling cares? No, let him go
To where the trumpet's noble call invites him,
But let him go thy huſband: to thy arms
Again returning grac'd with glorious wreaths;
Repoſe ſhall thus relieve the toils of honour,

The

The toils of honour dignify repose.

Ach. What says my Deidamia? Speak. What says
The sage Ulysses?

Deid. When a father wills,
No voice has Deidamia.

Ulys. Greece, O! king,
Shall hear and shall applaud your wise decree.

Ach. Then nothing more remains to crown our bliss.

Lyc. Let now these bands, by either long desir'd,
Unite the illustrious pair, while Love and Glory
Henceforth are one, and join in lasting peace.

CHORUS.

Behold, behold, ye happy pair!
Descending soft through yielding air,
Where Hymen shews his torch from far,
His purple veil expands.
Behold the God with smiles sustain
The links that frame the marriage chain,
For you, on Heaven's ethereal plain,
Prepar'd by heavenly hands.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

DEMOPHOON.

DEMOPHOON.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

DEMOPHOON, King of THRACE.

DIRCE, privately married to TIMANTHES.

CREUSA, Princess of PHRYGIA.

TIMANTHES, privately married to DIRCE.

CHERINTHUS, in love with CREUSA.

MATHUSIUS, a nobleman of the court.

ADRASTUS, Captain of the royal guards.

OLINTHUS, a child, the son of TIMANTHES and DIRCE.

The SCENE lies in THRACE.

DEMOPHOON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Gardens adjoining to ſeveral apartments of DEMOPHOON'S *palace.*

DIRCE, MATHUSIUS.

Dir. Believe me, ſir, a parent's fond affection
But hurries on that evil which you dread:
Why ſhould you hope to ſee your daughter's name
Alone exempted from the fatal urn?
You plead the king perhaps——

Mat. And juſt the plea:
Am I, becauſe a ſubject, leſs a father?
Apollo wills ſome virgin nobly born
Should ſtain his altar every year with blood
On this returning day; but yet excludes not
The maids of royal birth. Let him who ſhews
Such rigid zeal to enforce the laws divine,
Teach others patience by his own example:
Let him recall thoſe daughters kept at diſtance
With artful policy: let him expoſe
Their names in yonder urn; and let him feel
What pangs diſtract a wretched parent's breaſt,
When his heart trembles as the prieſt draws near

The

The dreadful vaſe, while with a ſolemn mien
His lips prepare to ſpeak the victim's name.
So may he bluſh with conſcious ſhame to think
He could till now with cruel pride look on,
The tame ſpectator of another's woe.

Dir. Thou know'ſt the laws are ſubject to the king.

Mat. The laws of man, but not the laws of Heaven.

Dir. Yet theſe a king explains.

Mat. Not when the Gods
So fully ſpeak their will.

Dir. Yet ne'er ſo fully——

Mat. Dirce, no more——I am reſolv'd.

Dir. O ſir!
Reflect awhile; quick runs the flame of wrath
In mighty men, but ſlowly is extinguiſh'd:
'Twere raſhneſs to provoke impending rage
That's arm'd with power. Alas! the king already
Beholds you with an unpropitious eye.
I dread to think, if, now too far provok'd,
He find new matter to augment his hatred,
What miſchief may enſue!

Mat. In vain thou tell'ſt me
Of wrath or hatred in his breaſt: while reaſon
Aſſerts my cauſe, and Heaven inſpires my thoughts.

No

No longer ſhall this boſom groan,
Oppreſs'd beneath its load of woe:
Or the proud monarch on his throne,
With me ſhall equal anguiſh know.

We both are fathers, both confeſs
The fears a father's fondneſs brings:
Paternal love inſpires no leſs
The hearts of ſubjects than of kings.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter TIMANTHES.

Dir. O were my lord leſs diſtant!—Heavens! he comes.

Timan. My deareſt wife!

Dir. Ah! hold, ſome ear perhaps
May catch the unwary ſound. Remember, prince,
A ſubject whoſe preſumptuous love has dar'd
To match with royal blood, muſt yield her life
A forfeit for the offence.

Timan. Fear not, my love!
None hears, nor ſhall—Timanthes is thy guard.

Dir. What friendly power reſtores thee to my arms!

Timan. My father's mandate brings me from the camp;
The cauſe to me unknown. But tell me, Dirce,
Doſt thou ſtill love me? Art thou ſtill the ſame,
As when I left thee at the call of honour;
And are thy thoughts ſtill conſtant to Timanthes?

Dir. And canſt thou aſk me? Canſt thou doubt my faith?

Timan. O Heaven! I doubt thee not; I know thy truth:
But yet forgive me, if my too fond heart
Delights to hear the pleaſing ſound repeated
From thoſe dear lips. How fares my boy Olinthus,
The precious pledge of our connubial joys?
Say, does his beauty with his years increaſe?
Do his young features ſpeak a father's likeneſs,
Or bloom they with a mother's ſofter charms?

Dir. Already have his tender feet begun
To form uncertain ſteps: his looks already
Aſſume the manly ſternneſs, mix'd with grace,
That charm'd me in his ſire: but when he ſmiles
He's all thyſelf; then fondly gazing on him
Methinks I look on thee: how oft deceiv'd
With the dear thought, I ſtrain him to my boſom,
And in the ſon embrace the abſent father.

Timan. Where is he now, my Dirce? Lead me to him;
O let me ſee my boy!

Dir.

Dir. Forbear, my lord,
Awhile ſuppreſs a parent's tenderneſs:
He lives conceal'd; but 'midſt the obſerving eyes
That round us watch, to attempt acceſs to him,
At every hour, were dangerous. Oh! what anguiſh
Attends the myſtery of our loves conceal'd!

Timan. I'm weary of diſſembling thus; no more
I'll bear theſe doubts and fears: this day ſhall yield
Some bleſt expedient to relieve our pains.

Dir. Alas! ſtill greater dangers now impend:
This is the day of annual ſacrifice;
And Dirce's name muſt ſtand the fatal chance.
Such is the king's command, my anxious father
Has dar'd to oppoſe it, and from their contention
My fears increaſe.

Timan. And does Mathuſius know
Our hands are join'd in Hymen's ſacred ties?

Dir. Forbid it, Heaven! for Dirce then were loſt.

Timan. Yet hear me; let us now perſuade the king
To ſeek the Oracle again; by this
At leaſt we gain more time for further thought.

Dir. Already this is done.

Timan. And what ſucceſs?

Dir. Short was the anſwer, and in terms obſcure.

"Beneath the wrath of Heaven your land muſt
"groan,
"'Till time diſcloſe the ſecret cauſe to light;
"'Till to himſelf reveal'd the offender's known,
"Who guiltleſs now uſurps a prince's right."

Timan. Darkneſs and clouds!

Dir. And ſhould my lot be drawn
For this day's ſacrifice, what hopes remain?
I fear not death; no, for her country's ſake,
Moſt gladly Dirce would ſubmit to fate:
But Phœbus' words demand a virgin's blood.
Shall I, a wife and mother, dare approach
His ſacred altars, an unhallow'd victim?
Thus if I ſpeak or not, I ſtill am guilty;
My ſilence Heaven, my ſpeech offends the king.

Timan. In deſperate dangers deſperate means are
needful:
The king muſt know the ſtory of our nuptials.

Dir. But how to evade the ſentence of the law
Impending o'er my head?

Timan. A monarch made,
A monarch can revoke the ſtern decree.
Demophoon, though ſevere, is yet a father,
And I a ſon: full well, my love, we know
By fond experience what thoſe names import;
Nor do I now obſcurely come before him:
I bring all Scythia vanquiſh'd, Phaſis quell'd,

To

To welcome my return: my father ſure
May yield me ſome reward for kingdoms conquer'd.
If theſe ſuffice not, tears at leaſt ſhall move him;
I'll kneel a ſuppliant at his awful throne,
Embrace his knees, and melt him to compaſſion.

Dir. Alas!——I doubt.

Timan. My Dirce, doubt no more;
Commit thy future deſtiny to me:
Go then, but let this fix'd aſſurance ſtill
Dwell in thy mind, and calm thy troubled thoughts;
Timanthes will be ever watchful o'er thee,
And hold thy peace far dearer than his own.

Dir. In thee I hope, my deareſt love!
To thee my fate reſign:
Whate'er for thee I'm doom'd to prove,
With pleaſure ſhall be mine.

When death creeps chilly to my breaſt,
Could I but this obtain,
To boaſt I die of thee poſſeſt,
I ſhould not die in vain. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

TIMANTHES *alone.*

O Fortune! wherefore did thy laviſh hand
Beſtow on Dirce every female charm;

Beauty

Beauty unmatch'd, and virtue ſcarcely human,
Yet blindly place her in a ſubject's rank?
But be it ſo——it reſts on me to amend
The partial error: Thrace, ſome future day,
With joy ſhall view her partner of my throne.
But ſee, my father comes; no longer let me
Conceal the ſecret from him.

SCENE IV.

Enter DEMOPHOON *attended.*

Demo. Prince!—my ſon!

Timan. My lord! my father!
[*kneels and kiſſes his hand.*

Demo. Riſe.

Timan. Behold me here,
Obedient to your royal will.

Demo. I know
Thy warlike genius brooks not peaceful courts;
And thou, perchance, reluctant haſt receiv'd
My orders that recall'd thee from the field.
Thy triumphs, prince, are mine: my ſoul exults
In every deed, and conquers by thy ſword:
I know the worth of all thy arms have won,
But thou art dearer to my heart than all.
Thy toils demand refreſhment: valour gains
New vigour from repoſe; for ever bent,
The bow at length will loſe the elaſtic force.
'Tis

'Tis thine to merit, to reward is mine:
If then the prince and ſon have done their part,
The king and father muſt accompliſh their's.

Timan. 'Tis now the wiſh'd-for time—be bold and ſpeak! [*aſide.*
So well I know the goodneſs of my father,
I dare preſume——

Demo. O no! thou canſt not tell,
How dear I hold thee: little thinks my ſon
How much his peace employs my careful hours.
I read thy thoughts this inſtant: even thy ſilence
I conſtrue for thee: all thy ſoul deſires,
Is to behold thy conſort by thy ſide,
And ſee all Thrace ſpectators of thy love.
Is it not ſo?

Timan. What means he! ſure my father
Has heard the ſecret ſtory of our nuptials. [*aſide.*

Demo. Thou dar'ſt not ſpeak, and this reſpectful ſilence
Perſuades me to fulfill thy utmoſt wiſhes.
I own at firſt I doubted on the choice,
Nay felt reluctance to conſent to ties
My nature ſeem'd to abhor; the father's enmity
Roſe in my mind, and made me hate the daughter.
At length my ſole deſire to ſee thee happy
Prevail'd o'er all.

Timan. I can no longer doubt. [*aſide.*

Demo. What paſſions, my Timanthes, can control
A father's fondneſs pleading for his ſon?

Timan. O royal ſir! you give me life unhop'd;
This goodneſs melts me—let me ſeek my bride
And bring her to your preſence.

Demo. Stay——Cherinthus,
Thy younger brother, ſhall conduct her to me.

Timan. Heavens! what unlook'd-for happineſs is this! [*aſide.*

Demo. A meſſenger, diſpatch'd by my command,
Waits her arrival at the port——

Timan. The port!

Demo. Who when th' expected ſhip appears in ſight,
Will give us tidings ſtrait.

Timan. What ſhip, my lord?

Demo. The ſhip that from the ſhores of Phrygia brings
The fair Creuſa to thy nuptial bed.

Timan. O Gods! [*aſide.*

Demo. I know thou think'ſt it ſtrange, Timanthes:
The hate, devolving from the ſire to ſon,
Between our race, might ſeem to exclude the hope
Of ſuch alliance: but the princeſs brings

A kingdom's

A kingdom's dowery with her love, herself
The only offspring of an aged king.

Timan. My lord—I hop'd—O fatal, fatal error!
[*aside.*

Demo. There is no other partner for thy bed,
Unless a subject born—

Timan. And what imports it,
A subject or a princess?

Demo. No, my son,
The shades of our great ancestors would blush
To see their race demean'd; from them we hold
The statute, that condemns to death the maid,
Who, born a subject, dares to join in marriage
With one of royal blood; and while I reign,
I'm guardian of the law, and will inforce it
Even with severest rigour.

Timan. Sacred sir——

SCENE V.

Enter ADRASTUS.

Adras. The Phrygian ships, my lord, have gain'd the port.

Demo. Then go, Timanthes, haste to meet thy bride.

Timan. Who, I, my lord?

Demo. Yes, thou, my son; myself

Would

Would with thee thither, but the mournful rites
Of ſacrifice demand me at the temple.

Timan. Yet ſtay and hear me, ſir——

Demo. What would'ſt thou? Speak.

Timan. Hear me confeſs——but whither am I driven?
Yet let me aſk you—O my tortur'd ſoul!
O ſir! the ſacrifice!—the law—my wife!
O direful law! O moſt unhappy bride!
O cruel ſacrifice and fatal chance.

Demo. No more——I cannot now prolong the time.
The terms are ſettled, prince, my promiſe given:
A monarch's word is ſacred, he who rules
Muſt guard his faith unſtain'd; and oft we find
Virtue the offspring of neceſſity.

By this, in arms the warrior ſleeps,
The ſailer ſings amid the deeps;
And death we view without affright.
The timorous beaſts that fly the foe,
Can ſtrength aſſume, and boldneſs ſhow,
When by neceſſity they fight. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

TIMANTHES *alone*.

What guilt has Dirce known, malignant ſtars!
That thus you join to heap afflictions on her?
You, who were preſent at the blameleſs union,
Ye powers! protect the love yourſelves inſpir'd.
This ſtroke has chill'd my heart, and all in vain
I ſtrive to call my wandering ſpirits home.

I fondly hop'd to reach the ſhore,
And hear the winds no longer roar;
But find my hapleſs bark again
Expos'd amid the ſtormy main.
And while from one my veſſel flies,
Another rock my fate ſupplies:
In vain, alas! the firſt is paſt,
When greater perils wait the laſt! [*Exit*.

SCENE VII.

A ſea port finely decorated for the arrival of the princeſs of PHRYGIA. *A view of ſeveral ſhips, from the moſt magnificent of which* CREUSA *and* CHERINTHUS, *accompanied by a numerous train, diſembark to the ſound of various barbarous inſtruments.*

CREUSA, CHERINTHUS.

Creu. What means this ſadneſs, prince, that hangs upon you?
Why are you penſive thus? with ſilent gaze
You look and ſigh; and if with friendly ſpeech
I urge your converſe, when you ſeem prepar'd
To tell me much, your faltering tongue is mute.
Where is your wonted cheerfulneſs, the grace
That ſeaſon'd your diſcourſe? Are you in Thrace
The ſame Cherinthus that I knew in Phrygia?
Or is it thus, with melancholy looks,
You Thracians to her lord conduct a bride?
Is this the omen of my future nuptials?

Cher. If my afflictions bear a ſad preſage,
On me, fair princeſs, every evil fall:
My ſtars can little add to griefs like mine;
Nor breathes a wretch ſo hopeleſs as Cherinthus!

Creu. Am I unworthy to be told your ſorrows,

That

That thus you ſlight my counſel and aſſiſtance?

Cher. Muſt I then ſpeak? I will, I will obey you:
From the firſt moment—from that fatal day—
Alas! I dare no more—forgive my ſilence:
My ſpeech I fear would but incite your anger.

Creu. Your diffidence already has deſerv'd it;
'Tis true I am a woman, and your ſecret
Were ill confided to a female breaſt:
I urge no further—lead me to the palace.

Cher. O Heavens! yet ſtay:—be calm and I will ſpeak:
'Tis thou alone haſt robb'd me of my peace:
I gaze with rapture on thy matchleſs charms;
I know my love is vain, and know that death
Alone can fix a period to my ſufferings:
Princeſs, behold the cauſe——

Creu. What means this boldneſs?

Cher. I knew too well I ſhould offend——

Creu. Cherinthus;
From thee at leaſt I hop'd for more reſpect.

Cher. The faults of love——

Creu. Forbear; I'll hear no more. [*going.*

Cher. Since you've compell'd me to reveal my crime,
Vouchſafe to hear th' excuſe.

Creu. What canſt thou ſay?

Cher. That though I love thee, I deſerve thy
pity :
If there's a crime, Demophoon is the guilty.
My father ſhould have found ſome other hand
To bring thee to Timanthes : ſhall he wonder,
Who thoughtleſs ventures fuel near the fire,
If flames are kindled ? Thou haſt charms, and I
Have eyes to view : I ſaw, admir'd and lov'd :
Each day beheld me near thee, while the name
Of kinſman gave a licenſe to my tongue.
Nor did this name alone deceive the world,
I was deceiv'd myſelf : that love which made
Me ſigh for ever for Creuſa's preſence,
Appear'd but duty : and a thouſand times
I thought to paint the affections of a brother,
While my too eager ſpeech betray'd my own.

Creu. Alas ! too plain I ſaw it all——[*aſide.*]
Such boldneſs,
So unexpected, ſtrikes me dumb with wonder.

Cher. And yet ſometimes I felt a flattering hope
That ſecret ſympathy inſpir'd our ſouls.
Methought I oft obſerv'd a tender ſigh
Steal from thy breaſt, view'd in thy eyes a ſoftneſs
That ſeem'd much more than friendſhip——

Creu. Hold, Cherinthus :
Thou doſt begin to abuſe my eaſy nature :
But let me hear thee ſpeak no more of love.

Cher. What can this mean ?

Creu. Attend, and mark me well:
If from this hour thou doſt not learn a converſe
More ſuited to our ſtate, no longer dare
Appear before me—now, thou know'ſt my meaning.

Cher. Ungrateful! yes, thy cruel will
I ſee requires my life,
This hand ſhall then thy wiſh fulfill
And death conclude the ſtrife.

But when I'm dead, review, though late,
The cauſe for which I fell;
And own I found too hard a fate,
For loving thee ſo well. [*going.*

Creu. But whither go'ſt thou?—ſtay.

Cher. Forbear—my preſence
Too much offends you.

Creu. Hear me.

Cher. By my ſtay
I ſhould inſult your patience.

Creu. Say, Cherinthus,
At whoſe command doſt thou depart?

Cher. Too well
I underſtand thee, though thou ſpeak'ſt it not.

Creu. Ah! prince! how ill thou know'ſt me; from that hour—
O Heavens!

Cher. Go on——

Creu. From that ill-fated hour——
What am I ſaying!—leave me if thou wilt.

Cher. Inhuman princeſs! yes, I will depart;
And yet perhaps—But ſee, my brother comes!

SCENE VIII.

Enter TIMANTHES *in haſte.*

Timan. Cherinthus, ſay, is this the Phrygian princeſs?

Cher. It is.

Timan. I would converſe in private with her;
Vouchſafe a moment to retire apart.

Cher. I ſhall obey—O torture! [*aſide, retires.*

Creu. Sir! my lord!

Timan. Imperial virgin! we are both in danger:
And thou alone canſt, if thou wilt, preſerve
Creuſa's glory and Timanthes' life.

Creu. What has befallen?

Timan. Our parents have decreed
An union to thyſelf perhaps ungrateful,
By me unſought: thy regal virtues, princeſs,
Deſerve a God far rather than Timanthes.
But Fate forbids me to become thy huſband;
There is a bar which nothing can ſurmount;
My father knows it not, nor can I ſpeak it:
'Tis yours to avert the ſhame of a refuſal:

Prevent

Prevent—refuſe me firſt—ſay, I'm diſpleaſing—
Enlarge my faults, ſay all thou wilt, deſpiſe me;
And by this only means our fate has left us,
At once preſerve thy fame, my peace and life.

Creu. Indeed!——

Timan. I can no longer ſtay: my brother,
Do thou conduct the princeſs to the palace.

Creu. Tell me at leaſt——

Timan. Already have I told
Whate'er my breaſt conceal'd—reflect—farewell!
[*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

CHERINTHUS, CREUSA.

Creu. Gods! to Creuſa, to the royal heir
Of Phrygia's ſceptre this affront!——Cherinthus,
Haſt thou a heart?

Cher. I had; but thou, fair princeſs,
Haſt now depriv'd me of it.

Creu. If thou lov'ſt me,
Avenge my injur'd honour: all I have,
My heart, my hand, my bed, my throne are thine:
I ſhall not ſet a bound to my reward.

Cher. What canſt thou aſk?

Creu. The blood of bold Timanthes.

Cher. My brother!——

Creu. Art thou pale? Go, coward wretch!
I'll find ſome other will deſerve my love.

Cher. Yet hear me, princeſs!

Creu. Peace; I'll hear no more:
I ſee your mutual purpoſe to betray me.

Cher. Canſt thou ſo far diſtruſt my faithful paſſion?

Creu. I ſcorn thy paſſion whether falſe or true.

The affection of a timorous lover
Ever ſhall my ſoul deſpiſe,
In whoſe breaſt we ne'er diſcover
Generous ſparks of valour riſe;

Who, to glorious deeds a ſtranger,
Fears in fight his ſword to prove;
Only bold, when far from danger,
He can ſafely talk of love. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

CHERINTHUS *alone.*

Ye powers! what means this ſtorm! How could Timanthes
Excite her anger thus?——To bid me ſteep
This hand in brother's blood! the thought alone
Chills me with horror!——with what fix'd reſentment,
And pride ſhe ſpoke! yet even her rage can pleaſe;
I find

I find ftill fomething claim my admiration,
And foften every paffion into love.

Beauty bears eternal arms
In that dear, that lovely face:
Anger gives it ftronger charms;
Pity gives it fofter grace.

When fhe fmiles, from ocean's ftream,
Heavenly Venus feems to rife:
When fhe frowns, I furely deem
Pallas lighted from the fkies. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

MATHUSIUS *in hafte, with* DIRCE *by the hand.*

Dir. Ah! whither, whither muft I go, my lord?

Mat. Far hence, remote to Lybia's inmoft deferts,
To wild Hircania's woods, or Scythia's rocks;
Or to fome land unknown, by diftant feas
Divided from the abodes of human kind.

Dir. Ah me!

Mat. Why, fathers, for your children's fake,
Exert your anxious care? Behold the fruits;
See what refpect the laws of nature find.

Dir. Alas! he furely knows the fatal fecret;
Our marriage is difcover'd: heavenly powers!
[*afide.*

 Pity

Pity me, fir!

Mat. There is no pity left,
Nor faith; all, all is loft!

Dir. See at your feet——

Mat. What wouldft thou?

Dir. Here I'll weep fuch floods of tears—

Mat. Thy fortune calls for fomething more than tears.

Dir. Then learn——

Mat. Await me here; I fly with fpeed
To feek fome veffel to tranfport us hence. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

DIRCE *alone.*

Ah! to what region muft I now be led
To end my wretched life! my child! my child!
Poor innocent! and you, my much-lov'd lord,
O Gods! what torture to forfake you thus
Without one parting look!

SCENE XIII.

Enter TIMANTHES.

Timan. My life! my Dirce!
And have I found thee then?

Dir. My deareft lord!

Farewell,

Farewell, farewell for ever! to thy care
I here commend my child; for me embrace him,
Give him this kiſs, and when his ripening age
Can feel compaſſion, tell him all my ſufferings.

Timan. What ſays my love? Thou mak'ſt my blood run cold—

Dir. Alas! our union is no more a ſecret;
My father knows it all, and wild with rage
Will bear me diſtant hence; I know him well,
There is no hope remains.

Timan. Be comforted,
Compoſe thy troubled breaſt, my love, my wife,
Thou haſt thy huſband with thee.

SCENE XIV.

Enter MATHUSIUS *in haſte.*

Mat. Dirce, fly,
Let us be gone.

Timan. Dirce muſt not depart.

Mat. And who forbids it?

Timan. That ſhall I.

Mat. Indeed!

Dir. O Heaven!

Mat. This ſword ſhall guard a father's right. [*draws.*

Timan.

Timan. And this ſhall vindicate the rights I claim. [*draws.*

Dir. Ah! prince! what would'ſt thou do?— O hold, my father!

Mat. Impious! to oppoſe me when I ſeek to ſave
A guiltleſs maid from cruel ſacrifice.

Dir. O Gods!

Timan. But thus——

Dir. O peace: I was deceiv'd;
All yet is ſecret—— [*aſide to* Timanthes.

Mat. Canſt thou then deſire
To ſee her periſh?

Dir. My unguarded terror
Had near betray'd me. [*aſide.*

Timan. Pardon, ſir, this raſhneſs;
Appearance has miſled me; I beheld
Thy angry geſtures, ſaw her ſtreaming tears,
I had no time for thought, but deem'd it piety
To ſave her from thy rage.

Mat. Obſtruct not therefore
Our purpos'd flight: if longer Dirce ſtays,
She muſt be made the victim.

Dir. Heavenly powers!

Timan. Has then her name been drawn?

Mat. No, but thy father
Has moſt unjuſtly doom'd her guiltleſs life,

Without

Without the ſentence of the fatal urn.

Timan. Why ſhould his anger kindle thus againſt thee?

Mat To puniſh me becauſe I durſt attempt
To exclude my daughter from the lots of death:
Becauſe I durſt produce his own example;
Becauſe the ſtruggles of a father's fears
Made me forget the ſubject.

Dir. Mighty powers!
All has conſpir'd to haſten my deſtruction.

Timan. Doubt not, Mathuſius: nor believe the king
Can prove ſo cruel; though his rage at firſt
Bears all before it, cooler reaſon ſoon
Succeeds and ſoftens all.

SCENE XV.

Enter ADRASTUS *with Guards.*

Adraſ. Guards! ſeize on Dirce.
[*guards ſurround her.*

Mat. Did I not tell thee, prince?

Timan. What means this violence?

Dir. O me unhappy!

Timan. For what cauſe is Dirce
Secur'd a priſoner?

Adraſ. 'Tis the king's command;

 Conduct

Conduct her hence.

Dir. Ah! whither?

Adras. Hapless maid,
Soon shalt thou know.

Dir. O prince!—my father, help——
Have pity on me.

Timan. No; it ne'er shall be—— [*draws.*

Mat. Shall I permit—— [*draws.*

Adras. If either dare approach,
Behold I plunge this poniard in her breast.

Timan. Impious!

Mat. Unfeeling wretch!

Adras. The royal mandate
Shall justify my deeds.

Dir. Ah then——

Adras. Dispatch;
For, Dirce, all thy fond complaints are vain.

Dir. I come. [*going.*

Timan.
Mat. } Barbarian! [*going to attack* Adrastus.

Adras. Hold. [*about to strike.*

Timan.
Mat. } O stay, inhuman!

Dir.

Dir. Forgive—my father—O my heart!
Remember, prince!—thus, thus to part!
Since I muſt die, 'twere ſome relief,
In words at leaſt to vent my grief:
Why ſhould I now ſuch woe ſuſtain,
Yet Fate forbid me to complain?
O ſay, ye powers! what crime unknown,
Has drawn on me your vengeance down?
[*Exit with* Adraſtus, *guarded.*

SCENE XVI.

TIMANTHES, MATHUSIUS.

Timan. O give me counſel, Gods!

Mat. Earth opens not,
Nor lightnings fly to puniſh ſuch injuſtice;
And ſhall we ſay Jove watches o'er mankind?

Timan. Let us not waſte, my friend, theſe precious moments;
Go and obſerve where Dirce is conducted,
Myſelf, meantime, will haſte to appeaſe my father.

Mat. I have no comfort left.

Timan. O Heavens! delay not,
For ſhould the king's reſentment ſtill continue,
Some other means ſhall ſave her.

Mat. Generous prince!
Thy virtues might deſerve a better father.
[*embraces him.—Exit.*

Timan.

Timan. Unleſs the Gods aſſiſtance lend,
And hope and fortitude beſtow,
I feel my conſtancy will bend
Unequal to its weight of woe!

To ſee my lov'd, my trembling bride,
Thus torn reluctant from my ſide,
To cruel death decreed!
To hear her mourn, yet mourn in vain:
Ye powers! what anguiſh I ſuſtain!
How does my boſom bleed! [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A private apartment.

DEMOPHOON, CREUSA.

Demo. Aſk what thou wilt, and aſk without conſtraint,
I can this day refuſe Creuſa nothing.
Yet ſpeak not in behalf of Dirce; no,
Her father ſhall behold her die: the wretch
Has dar'd to inſult the majeſty of kings:
Even in my preſence, 'midſt the vulgar herd,
He ſow'd ſeditious rumours, nay oppos'd
Our high decree, and durſt compare himſelf
To me his ſovereign—I'll no longer reign,
If inſolence like this muſt paſs unpuniſh'd.

Creu. I come not, ſir, to plead another's cauſe;
I know full well your purpoſe: my demands
Are for myſelf alone.

Demo. What would'ſt thou ſeek?

Creu. Let me return to Phrygia: your permiſſion
Is wanting that the ſhips may quit the port.
Grant my requeſt: you cannot, ſure, refuſe me;
Unleſs Creuſa comes, as much ſhe fears,
To be a ſlave, and not partake a throne.

Demo. What ſay'ſt thou, princeſs? what ſuſpicions fill

Thy

Thy breaſt? what paſſion dictates to thy tongue?
Wilt thou depart, and leave the prince, forego
The promis'd nuptials?

Creu. For Timanthes, ſir,
Creuſa boaſts no charms; a mortal beauty
Muſt never hope to win him—for himſelf—
But this imports not me—I would be gone—
Have I your leave, my lord?

Demo. Thou art thyſelf
The miſtreſs of thy actions: think not, princeſs,
Unwilling I'd detain thee: yet, permit me,
To ſay I hop'd far other from Creuſa.

Creu. I know not which moſt juſtly may complain:
The prince indeed—no more—to ſum up all—
Let me depart——

Demo. But haſt thou ſeen my ſon?

Creu. I have.

Demo. And did he ſpeak to thee?

Creu. He did:
Would he had never ſpoken!

Demo. Ha! what ſaid he?

Creu. Excuſe me, ſir, let this ſuffice——

Demo. Creuſa,
I underſtand thee; thou haſt found the prince
Rough in addreſs, unſkill'd in courtly phraſe.
Perchance he gave thee but a cold reception,

I can forgive thy anger. Born in Phrygia,
Nurtur'd in all the ſoftneſs of thy country,
A Thracian's manners muſt be harſh to thee:
Wonder not then if ſuch Timanthes ſeem:
Bred up in arms, the ſoul's more tender paſſions
To him are yet unknown: be thine the glory
To inſtruct him in the myſteries of love.
Thine be the eaſy taſk; for, O Creuſa!
What power reſides not in a face ſo charming,
And eyes that ſparkle with ſuch heavenly fire?
What breaſt, inſpir'd by thee, but ſoon muſt learn?

Creu. Reflect it ill befits with my condition,
To ſtand expos'd to a refuſal.

Demo. How!
Refuſal? wherefore ſhould'ſt thou fear it, princeſs?

Creu. Who knows th' event?

Demo. This day my ſon ſhall give
To thee his hand, if thou wilt deign to accept it.
I plight the faith and honour of a king;
And ſhould he dare to diſobey my will——
A father's juſt reſentment—but no more—
It cannot be—I am alarm'd too ſoon.

Creu. Yes, let him force Timanthes to conſent,
That ſo I may refuſe him. [*aſide.*]—Well, my lord,
I take your word—be thine the care—but if—

Demo. Enough; to me ſecurely truſt thy honour.

Creu. You know what ſuits Creuſa's name,
And what beſeems my high degree:
Reflect, nor let a thought of blame,
Whate'er the event, be caſt on me.

As king and father here you ſtand,
Remember what thoſe words compriſe:
It fits the father to command,
It fits the monarch to chaſtiſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

DEMOPHOON *alone.*

What arrogance is this—as if—but yet
Her rank, her ſex, her youth may plead her pardon;
And ſure Timanthes has but ill receiv'd her.
I muſt rebuke him, teach him better thoughts,
To change his coldneſs and aſſume the lover.
Go—call Timanthes to me—but he comes.

SCENE III.

Enter TIMANTHES.

Timan. My king! my father! pity, grace and pardon!

Demo. For whom doſt thou entreat?

Timan. The unhappy daughter
Of poor Mathuſius.

Demo.

Demo. 'Tis already done;
Her doom is fix'd; the ſentence that has paſs'd
A monarch's lips, is not to be revok'd.
Repentance ſprings from error; but a king
Who errs not, never can repent.

Timan. On earth
The Gods are worſhipp'd, as they bend their ear
To mortal vows: but Fate, the greateſt power,
Againſt whoſe dread decree no prayers avail,
Finds none to raiſe an altar or a temple
To his divinity.

Demo. And know'ſt thou not
That Fear's the ſtrongeſt guardian of the throne?

Timan. Ill to be truſted.

Demo. Him reſpect ſucceeds,
His rightful offspring.

Timan. Doubtful as the parent.

Demo. Soon will it grow to love.

Timan. But love diſſembled.

Demo. Time will inſtruct thee what thou yet
muſt learn;
But let us change the ſubject—Tell me, ſon,
What haſt thou done to offend the Phrygian princeſs,
Whoſe hand this day ſhould join to thee in marriage?

Timan. I feel ſuch ſtrong repugnance to the
union,
I fear my beſt reſolves can ne'er ſurmount it.

Demo.

Demo. And yet thou muſt——

Timan. Of this we'll ſpeak hereafter.
For Dirce now behold me at your feet; [*kneels.*
O! grant, my lord, grant to your ſon's requeſt
Her guiltleſs life!

Demo. Doſt thou preſume again
To name her? If thou valueſt aught my love,
Forego this enterpriſe.

Timan. My deareſt father!
I cannot now obey you——O! if ever
I have deſerv'd a parent's tenderneſs:
If with a boſom mark'd with honeſt wounds,
I have return'd a conqueror to your arms:
If e'er my triumphs in the glorious field,
The timely fruits of your auguſt example,
Have drawn the tear of pleaſure from your eyes;
Reverſe the doom of Dirce: loſt, unhappy,
She has no friend but me to plead her cauſe;
Caſt off by all, her hope's in me alone!
O Heaven! 'twere moſt inhuman to behold her,
In early bloom of years, who never knew
The name of guilt, ſtretch'd on the fatal altar
In agonizing ſuffering, to behold
The life-warm blood guſh from her tender breaſt;
To hear the laſt ſad accents from her lips;
To mark her dying eyes—but, thou art pale!
Why look'ſt thou thus upon me?—O my father!
I know, I know the gracious ſigns of pity:

Do

Do not repent, my lord, indulge it ſtill;
For never will I quit theſe ſacred feet, [*kneels.*
'Till thou haſt given the word to pardon Dirce.

Demo. Riſe, prince!—Almighty powers! What muſt I think
That with ſuch tenderneſs thou dwell'ſt upon her?
What mean theſe ſtarts of ſome myſterious paſſion!
And can it be thou lov'ſt her?

Timan. 'Tis in vain
I ſeek to hide it longer.

Demo. Now full well
I ſee what caus'd thy coldneſs to Creuſa:
And what would'ſt thou intend? For canſt thou hope
I'll e'er conſent to join thee to a ſubject?
Reflect that ſecret nuptials—O! if once
I could ſuſpect it——

Timan. What miſtruſt is this?
I ſwear to all the Gods I'll ne'er eſpouſe her
I do not aſk it: give her but to live.
But if your will is fix'd, and ſhe muſt die,
Believe me, ſir, your ſon will periſh too.

Demo. To gain our purpoſe let us yield a little— [*aſide.*
Well then, ſince thou wilt have it ſo, thy favourite
Shall live, my ſon, I give her to thy prayers.

Timan. My deareſt father!
[*attempts to kiſs his hand.*

Demo. Hold—a parent's goodneſs
Sure merits ſome return.

Timan. My life itſelf——

Demo. No, my dear ſon, I aſk far leſs from thee:
Learn to reſpect my choice in fair Creuſa,
And be no more averſe to wed the princeſs.

Timan. O Heaven!

Demo. I ſee it pains thee; but the ſtruggle
Thy heart endures, adds merit to obedience.
Have I not felt compaſſion for thy weakneſs?
Do thou preſerve my honour: think, Timanthes,
How will the breath of fame traduce thy father,
If through thy fault his ſacred faith is forfeit.
Thou canſt not harbour ſuch ingratitude;
I know it well—come; let us to the temple,
Thither conduct thy bride, and there before
The atteſting Gods, at once my ſon fulfil
What juſtice now demands from thee and me.

Timan. My lord—I cannot—

Demo. Prince! thou yet haſt heard
The father only; force me not to employ
The king's authority.

Timan. Sacred alike
I hold the dictates of the king and father:
But well thou know'ſt, love cannot be compell'd.

Demo. Love rules the nuptials of the ſubject only,

A greater

A greater power must join the hands of princes:
Their choice is guided by the public good.

Timan. If such a price must buy the good of others——

Demo. No more—I am weary, prince, of fruitless talk;
This reason may suffice—'tis my command.

Timan. And I can never——

Demo. Ha! what means this boldness?
Dost thou not know——

Timan. I know thou wilt chastise me.

Demo. Yes, thou shalt feel thy punishment begin
In her thou lov'st, thy Dirce.

Timan. O for pity!

Demo. Away.

Timan. Yet hear——

Demo. I have heard enough, and Dirce
Shall die; her doom is seal'd.

Timan. And if she dies——

Demo. Art thou not gone yet?

Timan. Yes! I will depart——
But if th' event should prove——

Demo. Presumptuous boy!
Gods! dost thou threat?

Timan. I know not when I speak
In prayers or threats, reason by slow degrees

Forſakes her ſeat—O force me not, my father,
To paſſion's wild extremes—I here proteſt—
I'll do—what may I not!—

Demo. Speak out, ingrate!
What wilt thou do?

Timan. All that deſpair can prompt.

Would'ſt thou have me prudent ſtill;
Would'ſt thou my innocence defend?
'Tis thine to rule me at thy will;
On thee my future deeds depend.

My thoughts no longer peace can find,
While ſhe, whoſe danger fills my mind,
With frenzy fires my ſoul:
My paſſions lighten from my eyes;
No force of reaſon can ſuffice
My fury to control. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

DEMOPHOON *alone.*

Muſt all inſult me thus? yon' haughty princeſs,
My daring ſubject, and rebellious ſon?
'Tis time to vindicate my ſlighted power.
Guards, ſee that Dirce be without delay
Led to the ſacrifice: from her proceed
My ſon's preſumption, and her father's guilt:
But were ſhe innocent, ſhe muſt not live;

The

The kingdom's weal requires Creuſa's nuptials;
And theſe Timanthes never will complete
Till death remove his Dirce. When the ſtate
May be preſerv'd, 'tis juſt to ſacrifice
One life, tho' guiltleſs, for the general good.

Thus the ſwain, who lops away
Some ſuperfluous flower or bough,
Hopes to ſee, a future day,
The plant or tree more lovely grow.

Senſe and reaſon muſt beware
One more favour'd part to cheriſh,
When the whole, without our care,
May for want of moiſture periſh. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Porticoes.

MATHUSIUS, TIMANTHES.

Mat. Our only refuge then——

Timan. Yes, deareſt friend,
Our only refuge is in flight: the king,
So far from yielding to my earneſt prayers,
Grew more incens'd: fly then, and fly this inſtant.
Provide a ſpeedy bark, therein ſecure
Whate'er thou haſt of choice and valued treaſure:
And where amid the rocks the ſea breaks in,

Right of the port, conceal'd expect me: there
I'll join thee soon with Dirce.

Mat. But her guards——

Timan. The care be mine to elude their vigilance;
I know a secret path that to her prison
Can lead my steps: O haste! for time neglected
Will punish those who slight occasion offer'd.

Mat. Some friendly power its aid extends,
Some power that innocence befriends,
Has on thy soul these thoughts imprest:
Th' example of thy cruel sire
Could soft compassion ne'er inspire,
To influence thus thy generous breast. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

TIMANTHES *alone.*

Vast is the sacrifice I make to love:
To fly to poverty, to sink myself
Even to the humble state of private life:
To lose the crown and my paternal wealth:
But dearer are my wife and son than all.
Each other good has no intrinsic worth,
Opinion makes it great. The tender feelings
Of father, husband, have their sacred spring
In nature's self: these are not bred by custom,
Or early thoughts instill'd from infant years:
The seeds are in ourselves, are with us born.

Fly

Fly then—delay no more—but who comes here?
Perchance the king—behold the guards approach!
O no!——and yet I ſee the holy prieſts,
And with them one in ſnowy veſture clad.
But, ha! what do I ſee!—Almighty powers!
It is my wife!

SCENE VII.

Enter DIRCE, *in white veſtments, crowned with flowers, Prieſts and Guards.*

Timan. O ſtay! my Dirce! ſpeak,
What can this mean?

Dir. At length my hour is come;
Theſe eyes muſt never, never ſee thee more!
O prince! how cruel is this ſeparation!

Timan. And does my father——

Dir. 'Tis his will that I
This inſtant ſuffer.

Timan. Never whilſt I live— [*going to draw.*

Dir. What would'ſt thou do, my lord! againſt ſuch numbers
Thou ſeek'ſt in vain to ſave me, but muſt ruſh
Thyſelf on certain ruin.

Timan. True, my love,
I'll ſeek ſome better way. [*going.*

Dir. But whither go'ſt thou?

Timan.

Timan. To draw together all the friends I have;
Go thou in peace; I'll reach the fane before thee.

Dir. Yet think—O Heaven!—

Timan. There is no room for thought:
My pity's turn'd to fury: tremble all
That dare oppofe me: fhould my father's felf—
My frenzy knows no bounds—let fword and flames
Deftroy the palace, temple, priefts and Gods!

[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

DIRCE, *Priefts, Guards.*

Dir. O ftay!——he hears me not——Eternal powers!
Preferve his life—for, ah! fhould he be loft,
What friendly care fhall guard our orphan fon!
The pangs of terror for a hufband's danger
Were only wanting to complete my woes:
Did I but know of whom to implore relief!

SCENE IX.

Enter CREUSA.

Dir. Ah! princefs! ah! Creufa! grant me pity.
Thou canft not fure refufe a dying wretch,
Who, 'midft the bittereft grief, effays to move
Thy gentle heart, no ftranger to compaffion.

Creu.

Creu. Who art thou ? Say, what would'ſt thou ?

Dir. Sure my fate
Too well is known by thee : my name is Dirce ;
I go to die, yet guiltleſs of a crime :
I aſk no pity for myſelf, Creuſa ;
But ſave, defend the poor diſtreſs'd Timanthes :
To guard my life, he courts his own deſtruction.
If e'er th' entreaties of the dying move,
O ! let him find in you a kind protectreſs !
Appeaſe his rage, or, O ! procure his pardon
For all the frantic deeds of raſh deſpair.

Creu. And can it be, that on the verge of death,
Thou feel'ſt ſo deeply for another's welfare.

Dir. Enquire no further——fate decrees him thine.

Should I, alas ! thoſe ills impart
I've long been doom'd to know,
The tale would break thy tender heart
With ſympathy of woe.

But thus with every pang oppreſt,
All hopeleſs of relief ;
A rock, that pity ne'er confeſs'd,
Might ſoften at my grief.

[*Exit with the prieſts and guards to the temple.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

CREUSA *alone.*

How ſtrong a power has beauty! If the charms
Of this afflicted thus can touch my heart,
Well may Timanthes ſtand excus'd, who loves her.
I ſcarce can hold from tears: this hapleſs pair
With faithful paſſion love, and I'm the cauſe
Of their misfortunes—no—forbid it, Heaven!
Some means ſhall yet be found——

SCENE XI.

Enter CHERINTHUS.

Creu. Thou com'ſt, Cherinthus,
In happy time to aſſiſt me.

Cher. Doſt thou, princeſs,
Still ſeek my brother's blood?

Creu. No; rage inſpir'd
That thought, and with my rage the thought is
loſt:
I ſeek his preſervation. Dirce now
Goes to be ſacrific'd, Timanthes raves
In wild deſpair: haſte thou to calm his fury,
While I, on his behalf, entreat the king.

Cher. O goodneſs worthy of a princely mind!
And who would not adore thee, fair Creuſa?

Ah!

Ah! wert thou not ſo cruel to Cherinthus!

Creu. How haſt thou found Creuſa cruel to thee?
This heart is different far from what thou think'ſt—
Perhaps—but go—thou would'ſt enquire too much.

Cher. Kind ſtars! I aſk not if ye prove
Still malignant to my ſtate;
'Tis enough that ſhe I love,
Gives me but to doubt my fate.

The wretch who, long inur'd to grief,
Had ne'er one happy hour to prize;
Whene'er he doubts, receives relief,
For hopes begin when doubts ariſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

CREUSA *alone.*

Could'ſt thou, my dear Cherinthus, know what pain
This rigour, that offends thee, gives Creuſa,
I ſhould not ſeem the tyrant thou haſt thought me.
'Tis true I have not yet eſpous'd Timanthes:
The change is eaſy; on myſelf alone
Depends the choice—but let me think—I came
To wed the kingdom's heir; and ſhall I yield
To live a ſubject where I thought to reign?
No, virtue, glory, pride forbid ſuch weakneſs.

Happy,

Happy, happy age of gold!
Lovely innocence of old,
When our pleafures uncontroll'd,
  Ne'er their foes in virtue found.
Now we groan beneath the weight
Of flavifh forms and galling ftate,
While ourfelves our pains create,
  And forge the chains with which we're bound.
[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

The temple of APOLLO. *A magnificent flight of steps ascending to the temple, the inside of which is discovered to the spectators betwixt the pillars that support the building. The altars are seen thrown down, the fire extinguished, the sacred vessels overturned, the garlands, axes and other implements of sacrifice scattered upon the ground; the Priests flying, the royal Guards pursued by the friends of* TIMANTHES, *and tumult and confusion in every part.*

TIMANTHES *appears driving some of the Guards down the steps, then is lost behind the scenes.* DIRCE *from the top of the steps calls to him with the utmost terror. A slight skirmish ensues, in which the friends of* TIMANTHES *have the advantage. The combatants being gone off,* DIRCE, *seeing* TIMANTHES *again, runs down from the temple to stop him.*

Dir. O! all ye sacred powers of Heaven! defend him!
Hear me, Timanthes, O! in pity hear me—

Timan. Come, come, my love, thou art safe

Dir. Ah me! Timanthes,
What hast thou done?

Timan.

Timan. I've done but as I ought.

Dir. Unhappy me!—Alas! my lord, thou art wounded,
O Gods! thou art all o'er blood.

Timan. Be not dismay'd;
The blood thou see'st ne'er issued from these veins,
'Tis what my rage from other breasts has drawn.

Dir. Yet look! [*looking out.*

Timan. No more, my life! compose thyself,
Let us be gone. [*takes her hand.*

Dir. And leave our son Olinthus?
Where must he stay? Shall we depart without him?

Timan. I will return for him when thou art in safety.

Dir. Yet stay—for yonder I behold approaching
The royal guards.

Timan. 'Tis true: then let us fly
A different way—that passage too is barr'd,
Another troop draws near.

Dir. Unhappy Dirce!

Timan. Do all my friends forsake me?
[*looking round.*

Dir. Cruel fate!
What can we more?

Timan. This sword shall hew thy passage:
Follow me!— [*going, meets* Demo.

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

Enter DEMOPHOON, *his ſword drawn, Guards.*

Demo. Fly not——Stay, unworthy ſon!

Timan. My father! are you here againſt me too!

Demo. Perfidious boy!

Timan. Let none approach the victim.

Dir. Yield, prince, think of thy ſafety. [*aſide to him.*

Demo. No—forbear;
Touch him not, guards, but give his madneſs way,
And let us ſee how far it can tranſport him:
Complete thy glorious deeds, here in this breaſt
Plunge deep thy ſword; thou canſt not tremble, traitor,
To pierce a father, when thy impious rage
Has, in their temples, dar'd to inſult the Gods!

Timan. O Heaven!

Demo. What is't withholds thee? Doſt thou pauſe
To ſee this weapon?—Thus I caſt it from me.
What would'ſt thou more? Behold I offer here
Thy greateſt foe defenceleſs to thy rage.
Now glut thy ſecret hate, let me be puniſh'd
For giving birth to thee. Thou want'ſt but little
To be ſupreme in wickedneſs; already

Thou art travell'd far: it but remains to ſteep
Thy daring weapon in a parent's blood,
And give thy reeking hand to her thou lov'ſt.

Timan. Enough, enough, my father! O forbear;
Theſe keen reproaches ſtab me to the ſoul.
Behold this guilty weapon at your feet,
Behold your ſon offending kneels before you.
Take from him, if you will, this wretched life,
But ſpeak not thus. I know I have tranſgreſs'd,
My fault's ſo great I dare not ſue for pardon:
Yet ſure the bitter ſcourge of your reſentment
Is more than wretchedneſs like mine can bear.

Dir. Ill-fated prince! What doſt thou feel for
me? [*aſide.*

Demo. Had I not proofs ſo glaring of his perfidy,
He would ſeduce me—but I'll hear no more.
Yield, rebel! yield—ſubmit thy impious hands
To ſlaviſh manacles.

Timan. Where, where, my friends,
[*to the guards.*
Where are your chains? Behold theſe ready hands,
For never ſhall the ſon refuſe to obey
The mandates of a juſt, offended father.

Dir. Alas! my fears predicted but too true!
[*aſide.*

Demo. Lead back the victim to the inſulted God,
Ye holy prieſts, and ſlay her in my preſence.

Timan.

Timan. Alas! my life, I cannot now defend thee. [*to* Dirce.

Dir. How many deaths this day muſt I endure

Timan. My king! my father!

Demo. Leave me!

Timan. Yet have pity!

Demo. Thou aſk'ſt in vain.

Timan. It never ſhall be ſaid
I ſuffer'd Dirce to be ſlain before me;
At leaſt defer the ſtroke; hear, reverend prieſts!
My father hear! know Dirce ne'er can be
The victim Heaven requires——the ſacrifice
Would prove a profanation.

Demo. Speak, what mean'ſt thou?

Timan. What does the God demand?

Demo. A virgin's blood.

Timan. Then Dirce muſt not here be led to death,
She's wedded—ſhe's a mother—ſhe's my wife.

Demo. Ha!

Dir. How I tremble for him! [*aſide.*

Demo. Mighty Gods!
What do I hear! ye prieſts, ſuſpend the rites,
Some other victim muſt be found. Are theſe
The hopes I fondly cheriſh'd? Impious ſon!
Reſpect'ſt thou thus divine and human laws?

And doſt thou comfort thus thy father's age?

Dir. Let not your wrath, my lord, be turn'd on him:
'Tis I am guilty: theſe unhappy charms
Caus'd all this wretchedneſs: 'twas I who ſtudied
Too much to pleaſe him; I, with female wiles,
Seduc'd him firſt to love: 'twas I enforc'd him,
With frequent tears, to theſe forbidden nuptials.

Timan. Believe it not, my lord—it is not ſo:
That ſhe conſented was my fault alone;
By me was every artifice employ'd:
A thouſand times ſhe baniſh'd me her ſight,
As often I return'd: I vow'd, entreated,
Nay threaten'd, but in vain: at length ſhe ſaw me
Reduc'd to all the madneſs of deſpair;
'Till in her preſence, with a deſperate hand,
My ſword I drew, and menac'd even my life:
Then pity forc'd her to conſent.

Dir. And yet——

Demo. Be ſilent both——I find an unknown ſomething
Creep through my heart, that 'midſt my juſt reſentment,
Would ſoften me to tenderneſs and pity:
But, O! it muſt not be, their guilt's too great;
'Tis mine to give the world a bright example
Of ſteady virtue and impartial juſtice. [*aſide.*
What, ho!——let theſe be kept apart in priſon
'Till

'Till we decree their fate.

Timan. At leaſt together——

Dir. At leaſt together in our utmoſt ſufferings—

Demo. Yes, yes, ingrates! one fortune ſhall be yours.

Perſidious pair! in life's eſtate
Since love your hands could bind;
Both ſhall partake one common fate,
Nor be by death disjoin'd.

Your crime was one, and both alike
One puniſhment ſhall know;
While juſt reſentment now ſhall ſtrike
By me the impartial blow. [*Exit.*

SCENE XV.

DIRCE, TIMANTHES, *Guards.*

Dir. My lord!

Timan. My wife!

Dir. For me muſt thou be loſt!

Timan. And muſt thou die for me!

Dir. Ah! who henceforth
Will guard our child Olinthus!

Timan. Cruel moment!

Dir. Ah! then—but what avails it, prince, to ſink

In unbecoming weaknefs! Let our grief
Be worthy of us; one fhort effort cuts
This cruel knot; then let us part with firmnefs,
Without complaining.

Timan. Yes, bright excellence!
I praife the generous thought: let not a figh
Efcape us more.

Dir. Now I am prepar'd—

Timan. And I
Have fteel'd my bofom.

Dir. O! be ftrong my heart!

Timan. Farewell, my Dirce!

[*they part with refolution, but at the entrance of the fcene turn again to look at each other.*

Dir. Prince, farewell!

Timan. My wife!

Dir. Timanthes!

Both. O ye powers!

Dir. Why go'ft thou not?

Timan. Why doft thou turn again to gaze upon me?

Dir. Fain would I fee how thou canft bear thy pains.

Timan. But yet thou weep'ft—

Dir. And thou too figh'ft, Timanthes.

Timan.

Timan. O Heaven! how eaſy do we form re-
ſolves
Before the trial comes!

Dir. Alas! how well
I thought my reſolution fix'd: yet let me
At leaſt conceal my weakneſs from thy ſight.

Timan. Ah! ſtay, my life! hear me.

Dir. What would'ſt thou ſay?

Timan. Thou dearest object of my care,
Inſtruct me how theſe woes to bear:
Ah! reach thy hand at leaſt to prove
The laſt dear pledge of truth and love!

Dir. This hand when fondly join'd to thine,
Was once of happineſs the ſign:
But now, thoſe fleeting moments o'er,
The ſign of happineſs no more!

Both. Farewell thou treaſure of my heart!
Relentleſs fate, that bids us part,
That dooms us ne'er to meet again!
Can e'er malignant planets ſhed
Worſe evils on the guilty head,
Than faithful love muſt now ſuſtain?

[*Exeunt ſeparately.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A prison.

TIMANTHES, ADRASTUS.

Timan. Be silent—canst thou hope that Dirce dead,
Timanthes will prolong his hated life
By wedding with another? Why presum'st thou
To affront my constancy?

Adras. 'Tis she thou lov'st
Now speaks by me; yes, Dirce bids me say
That 'tis the last request she e'er shall make.

Timan. Even the same love that urges her to ask,
Forbids me to comply.

Adras. And yet—

Timan. Enough.

Adras. Reflect, my lord—

Timan. Adrastus, 'tis in vain;
I'll hear no more.

Adras. Compassion bids me try
All means to save thee from the fate that threatens.

Timan. Who speaks to me of life becomes my foe.

Adras.

Adraf. Will thy breaft no counfel move?
Wilt thou then no fuccour find?
Sure 'tis juft thou ne'er fhould'ft prove
Tender pity from mankind.

The wretch who fees with certain eyes
Impending ruin round him wait;
Yet not to 'fcape the danger tries,
Can juftly ne'er complain of Fate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

TIMANTHES *alone.*

Why fhould we covet life? What are its charms,
For all degrees are wretched? Every ftate
Partakes of mifery. In infancy
We tremble at a frown: in ripening youth
We are made the fport of Fortune and of Love:
In age we groan beneath the weight of years:
Now we are tormented with the thirft of gain,
And now the fear of lofs: eternal war
The wicked with themfelves maintain; the juft
With fraud and envy. All our fchemes are fhadows,
Vain and illufive as a fick man's dream!
And when we but begin at laft to know,
Our life's whole folly, death cuts fhort the fcene:
O then let death at once—

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter CHERINTHUS.

Cher. My dearest prince!
Come to my breast. [*embraces him.*

Timan. What mean those looks compos'd,
When thus you press me with a last embrace?
Are these the tears due to a brother's death?

Cher. What last embrace, what tears, what death, my brother?
Thou art now the happiest of mankind: our father
Forgets his indignation: all is past:
He gives thee back his former tenderness,
Thy spouse, thy son, thy liberty and life.

Timan. O! hold, Cherinthus, even in pity hold;
Such mighty raptures flow too fast upon me:
Could I believe thee, sure my soul would faint
With vast excess of pleasure!

Cher. Doubt it not;
My words are truth, Timanthes.

Timan. Can it be!
What friendly power could change my father's anger,
When, parting from the temple, he resolv'd
On mine and Dirce's death?

Cher. Such was his purpose;

And

And ſure th' event had anſwer'd his reſolve,
Since all but prov'd in vain to appeaſe his wrath:
Even I, O prince! deſpair'd of ſafety for thee,
When to thy aid Creuſa came—

Timan. Creuſa!
Creuſa to my aid! ſhe whom ſo late
My ſcorn offended?

Cher. Yes, the ſame Creuſa:
Thou doſt not know, my brother, all the virtues
Of that exalted fair: what ſaid ſhe not,
What did ſhe not to ſave thee! Thy deſerts
How did ſhe raiſe! How did ſhe ſpeak to excuſe
Thy guilty raſhneſs! Every means ſhe tried
To waken nature in a parent's heart:
She made compaſſion, juſtice, public good,
And glory plead for thee: for his example
She ſhew'd herſelf offended yet forgiving,
And touch'd his breaſt with ſhame. Soon as I ſaw
The father's feelings warm'd by ſlow degrees,
I flew (ſo Heaven inſpir'd) to ſeek thy Dirce.
I found her with Olinthus: inſtant both
I hurried thence; and ſet before the king
The mother and the ſon. This ſight ſecur'd
Our victory: for whether age ſubſided,
Or that the affections of a parent now,
Exerted all their power, the king forgot
His anger, rais'd his daughter from the ground,
Then ſtrain'd the guiltleſs infant in his arms,

And mingled with the reſt his pitying tears.

Timan. O my lov'd brother! O my deareſt father!
Cherinthus, let us fly with ſpeed to ſeek him.

Cher. Not ſo—he longs himſelf to bring thee firſt
The grateful tidings; 'twill offend him much
To ſee his fond deſign by me prevented.

Timan. And has he then ſuch kindneſs for a ſon
Who yet ſo little has deſerv'd his love?
O how his goodneſs aggravates my crime!
With ſhame I own it now: could I at leaſt
Diſcharge his promiſe to the Phrygian king:
But thou, Cherinthus, may'ſt——Then ſave his honour,
Give, in my ſtead, thy hand to fair Creuſa,
And calm to peace a parent's ſinking age.

Cher. What ſay'ſt thou, prince?—yes, let me now confeſs it—
Creuſa is the miſtreſs of my fate,
I love her with the trueſt, tendereſt paſſion—
But yet—

Timan. But what!

Cher. I ne'er muſt hope Creuſa
Will deign to accept my hand: thou know'ſt ſhe came
To eſpouſe the kingdom's heir—but I am none.

Timan. Is this the only bar?

Cher. What needs there more

To oppose my happiness?

Timan. Then go, Cherinthus,
Preserve my father's faith—thou art the heir.

Cher. Who, I, my brother?

Timan. Yes; thou would'st have been,
Had not thy virtue snatch'd me from destruction:
In yielding up my title to the throne,
I give thee back but part of what thou gav'st.

Cher. Our father then——

Timan. At least he shall not blush
To find his plighted faith to breach expos'd:
And can I less for such a father's peace?
What is a throne, compar'd with all the bliss
His goodness heaps upon me?

Cher. Yet his loss
Is great who quits a crown.

Timan. No, he who quits
A crown, has something left he prizes more.

Cher. How glorious in thy gift I find,
The godlike virtues of thy mind!
I envy not the regal state,
But envy thee a soul so great.
Thou bid'st a thousand passions rise;
A thousand thoughts my heart surprise.
At once I joy and wonder prove,
And tender shame, and grateful love. [*Exit*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

TIMANTHES *alone.*

My son! my wife! dear pledges of my peace!
Part of myself! Is it then given me soon
Fearless to clasp you in my fond embrace?
And shall we then, without a future pang,
Together lead our lives? Transporting thought!
Now, now, I find that unexpected joy
Can sooner raise, than grief depress the soul.

SCENE V.

Enter MATHUSIUS *with a paper in his hand.*

Mat. O prince! my lord!

Timan. Art thou indeed Mathusius?
If in yon' bark you stay'd for me in vain——

Mat. Enough——the place thou art found in must excuse thee.

Timan. How did'st thou gain access to me?

Mat. Cherinthus
Procur'd me this admittance.

Timan. Has he then
Told thee my happiness?

Mat. No; with impatience
He broke from me, and flew I know not whither.

Timan.

Timan. O! I have wonders to relate, my friend!

Mat. Perhaps thou may'ſt more wonders hear from me.

Timan. Know, I'm this hour the happieſt of mankind.

Mat. Know, that this hour reveals a mighty ſecret.

Timan. What ſecret?

Mat. Hear, and own 'tis wondrous—Dirce
Is not my daughter; ſhe's thy ſiſter.

Timan. Ha!
My ſiſter!—ſure thou mock'ſt me! [*diſturbed.*

Mat. No, my prince,
I mock thee not; thou did'ſt with her partake
One common ſtock; one blood runs in your veins;
One father and one mother gave you birth.

Timan. O peace! what haſt thou ſaid!—Forbid it Heaven! [*aſide.*

Mat. This paper yields the certain proof—

Timan. What paper?
O give it—— [*with impatience.*

Mat. Hear me firſt; my wife, when dying,
Gave me this paper ſeal'd, and bade me ſwear
Never to open it, unleſs ſome danger
Should threaten Dirce.

Timan. Wherefore, when the king

This

This day condemn'd her to the ſacrifice,
Didſt thou neglect it?

Mat. Such a length of years
Elaps'd, had blotted it from my remembrance.

Timan. What brought it now to mind?

Mat. When late for flight
I gather'd all my treaſures to the ſea,
Amidſt my hoard I found it.

Timan. Let me view——

Mat. Yet ſtay.

Timan. O Heaven!

Mat. Thou know'ſt my conſort bore
Such faithful duty to the queen thy mother,
That whom in life ſhe lov'd, in death ſhe follow'd.

Timan. I know it well.

Mat. See'ſt thou this regal ſignet?

Timan. I do.

Mat. Obſerve this writing; mark it well;
Know'ſt thou the queen's own hand?

Timan. I do—no more——
Diſtract me not!

Mat. Now read. [*gives the paper.*

Timan. My trembling heart! [*reads.*
" Dirce is not the daughter of Mathuſius,
" But ſprings from royal race, to me ſhe owes
" Her birth, and claims Demophoon for her father.

" By

" By what event her fortune has been chang'd,
" Another ſecret paper muſt diſcloſe ;
" Let this be ſought for in the houſhold temple,
" Beneath the ſacred footſtool of the God,
" To which the king alone muſt dare approach.
" Meantime let this ſuffice to prove her birth,
" A queen confirms it with her oath.
" ARGEA."

Mat. Thou trembleſt, prince ! Sure this is more than wonder !
Why ſpreads that deadly paleneſs o'er thy face ?

Timan. Almighty powers ! what dreadful ſtroke is this ! [*aſide.*

Mat. Now tell me, prince, the happineſs you boaſted,
Let me at leaſt——

Timan. Leave me, Mathuſius, leave me.

Mat. Why art thou troubled thus ? thou'ſt gain'd a ſiſter,
And ſay is that ſo great a cauſe of ſorrow ?

Timan. Leave me, in pity leave me to myſelf !

Mat. How ſtrangely various are the minds of men !
The ſame event that fills one breaſt with joy,
Diſtracts another with the pangs of grief.

Good

Good and ill are only names,
Nothing real here we find :
Each his pain or pleaſure frames,
As affection ſways the mind.

Every object changes hue,
While ourſelves the hues impart :
As the paſſions, ever new,
Turn to peace or war the heart. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

TIMANTHES *alone.*

Ah ! wretch ! what coldneſs freezes at my heart !
What dreadful aspect does my fate aſſume !
I ſee, I ſee the source of all my woes ;
The wrath of Heaven purſued the unlawful nuptials.
My hairs ſtand up with horror ! What am I !
What is the king !—Behold Olinthus, now,
Nephew and ſon !. Dirce my wife and ſiſter !
Deteſted mixture, moſt unnatural kindred !
Fly, fly, Timanthes, hide thee from mankind.
Each hand will point at thee—thou now muſt prove
Thy aged father's curſe ! How will thy ſtory
Be made the ſport of fame ! Unhappy Thrace,
Behold thy Œdipus ! in me behold
The furies here renew'd of Thebes and Argos.

O ! that

O! that these eyes had never gaz'd on Dirce!
What then I deem'd the violence of love
Was but the voice of nature——I'm become
A monster to myself! The light grows hateful!
Each breath affrights me, earth appears to sink
Beneath my trembling feet!—methinks I hear
Ten thousand thunders round me, while my crime
With every object glares upon my sight!

SCENE VII.

Enter from different parts CREUSA, DEMOPHOON, ADRASTUS *leading* OLINTHUS *by the hand, and* DIRCE.

Creu. Timanthes——

Timan. Princess! ah! pursue me not——
Leave, leave me to myself.

Demo. My dearest son.

Timan. Ah! no——I must not hear that tender name.

Creu. Perhaps thou know'st not——

Timan. O! I know too much.

Demo. Receive this fond embrace, thy pledge of pardon:
But say why dost thou shun thy father's arms?

Timan. I dare not look on thee——

Creu. What can this mean?

Demo. What has befallen thee?——

Adraſ. See! behold your ſon:
Be comforted, my lord.

Timan. Take hence, Adraſtus,
Take hence that child, O! bear him from my ſight.

Dir. My much-lov'd lord!——

Timan. Begone, avoid me, Dirce.

Dir. And wilt thou drive me from thee on this day
Of general joy?

Timan. Where ſhall I fly to hide me! [*going.*

Dir. O hold!

Demo. Yet hear me!

Creu. Stay——

Timan. 'Tis all in vain;
You ſeek to eaſe, and ſtab me to the heart.

Demo. But ſay, whom fly'ſt thou from?

Timan. From men and Gods!
From you and from myſelf——

Dir. And whither go'ſt thou?

Timan. Where the ſun never ſhines, where nothing lives,
Where my remembrance may be loſt for ever!

Demo. Think on thy father.

Adraſ. On thy ſon——

Dir.

Dir. Thy wife——

Timan. O ſpeak not thus! Wife, father, ſon and brother,
Are names endearing to a mind at peace;
To me they are ſounds of horror.

Creu. Say the cauſe.

Timan. Seek not to know it—drown me in oblivion.

Dir. By thoſe dear moments when I pleas'd thee firſt—

Timan. Dirce, forbear——

Dir. By all thoſe ſolemn ties——

Timan. O hold, in pity hold!

Dir. If thou no more
Regard'ſt thy wife, at leaſt thy ſon may move thee:
Look on him—'tis the ſame that oft has touch'd
Thy breaſt with tenderneſs: look on him ſtill;
'Tis thy own blood——

Timan. Would Heaven he were not ſo!

Dirce. What crime could he commit that thus thou ſhunn'ſt him?
Why doſt thou turn away thy face—O ſee,
See how he reaches out his little hands,
And ſpeaks to thee with ſmiles of innocence!

Timan. Ah! couldſt thou now be ſenſible of that,
Which, hapleſs boy! thou muſt hereafter know,

Thou wouldſt not thus with fondneſs hover round
me!

Ill-fated child! thou canſt not feel
Thy future grief and ſhame:
May never tongue thy birth reveal,
Or tell thy father's name!

Ye Gods! what ſudden change I find!
How ſoon my peace is fled!
What late with rapture fill'd my mind,
Is now my greateſt dread! [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

DEMOPHOON, CREUSA, DIRCE, ADRASTUS, OLINTHUS.

Demo. Adraſtus, follow him—[*Exit* Adraſtus, Olinthus *is led off by an attendant.*] Who can inform me,
Amidſt you all, what my Timanthes means,
If frenzy or deſpair poſſeſs his mind?
But wherefore do ye gaze with wonder on me,
Yet ſpeechleſs ſtand! O could I but diſcover
What evil threatens, that my ſoul might ſtand
Prepar'd to meet the worſt. Almighty powers!
Give me at leaſt to know this ſecret danger.

Diſtreſsful

Diſtreſsful ſounds invade my ear,
I ſee thick ſmoke obſcure the ſkies,
Around the crackling ruins hear,
Yet find not whence the flames ariſe.

My terror makes my doubts the more,
Amid my doubts my fears increaſe:
Diſtracted thus, I loſe the power
To fly, if flight could ſave my peace. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

CREUSA, DIRCE.

Creu. Say, Dirce, wherefore ſeem'ſt thou thus unmov'd,
When, with thy huſband, thou art made the theme
Of every tongue?—Go—ſeek him, learn the cauſe—
Thou hear'ſt me not—Why are thy languid eyes
Caſt down to earth?—Shake off this lethargy.
'Tis madneſs to reject a friendly counſel:
If more thou canſt not—give thy ſorrows vent,
At leaſt lament aloud and break this ſilence.

Dirce. How ſhall I ſpeak to thee again,
And in what words reply?
I ſeek to oppoſe my fate in vain,
I would, but cannot fly.

My ſenſes numb'd with ſudden dread
  No longer can complain;
No tears, alas! have I to ſhed,
  No voice to tell my pain. [*Exit*.

SCENE X.

CREUSA *alone*.

What unbleſs'd region's this! why am I come
To ſhare in others' griefs? How many evils
Has one unhappy day produc'd? Contention
Between a ſon and father! Human victims,
Polluted temples, and ill-omen'd nuptials!
There wanted but the fear of unknown ills
To make theſe woes complete. The wrath of Fate
Is ſure too mighty to continue long;
It muſt relent: in ſuch diſtreſsful fortune,
Hope oft again revives from mere deſpair.

Misfortunes cannot long remain,
  When once they've reach'd their full increaſe;
And hope begins to dawn again,
  When terror riſes to exceſs.

All things muſt change beneath the ſun,
  And ſince we're thus depreſs'd by Fate,
We never can be more undone,
  But any change muſt mend our ſtate. [*Exit*.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

An apartment in the Palace, magnificently decorated for the nuptials of CREUSA.

TIMANTHES, CHERINTHUS.

Timan. And whither, cruel, would'ſt thou lead me now?
Theſe ſplendid ſhows of pomp and joy augment
The pangs of one abandon'd to deſpair.

Cher. Methinks no longer I diſcern my brother:
What means this weakneſs ſo unworthy of thee?
If thou haſt err'd, thou knew'ſt it not: 'tis true
Thou art unhappy, but not criminal.
All, all misfortunes may be lightly borne,
When the ſoul feels not guilt.

Timan. By deeds alone
The world directs its cenſure; and when deeds
Condemn us, reaſon tries in vain to abſolve.
But I'm too guilty; or if ignorance
Extenuates my offence, I'm criminal
In daring ſtill to live; and yet I never
Can baniſh Dirce hence; I feel I love her.
I know I ought not: but, alas! ſo ſoon
How can I hope to break the tender ties,
Caſt off the lover, huſband and the father?
Diſſolve an union, dearer by misfortune;
Forget our faith, obliterate the remembrance

Of pleaſures long enjoy'd? O Heaven! Cherin-
thus,
Leave me, in pity leave me; let me die,
Ere yet a greater guilt——

SCENE XII.

Enter ADRASTUS.

Adraſ. The king, Timanthes,
Seeks thee in every part; but now I ſaw him
With old Mathuſius quit the houſhold temple.
A pleaſure ſeems to brighten either's looks;
For thee alone they aſk.

Timan. O! let me fly!
Too much I dread to meet a father's ſight!

SCENE XIII.

Enter MATHUSIUS.

Mat. My ſon! my deareſt ſon!
[*embracing* Timanthes.

Timan. To me that name!
Ha! wherefore! ſay?

Mat. Becauſe thou art my ſon,
And I——I am thy father!

Timan. Sure thou dream'ſt!

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

Enter DIRCE *leading* OLINTHUS.

Timan. O! Heaven! Is Dirce here?

Dir. Fly not, my lord,
Nor fear in me a ſiſter.

Timan. You deceive me,
To calm the tumult of my wounded thoughts!

SCENE XV.

Enter DEMOPHOON *attended.*

Demo. Thou art not deceiv'd, Timanthes; all is true.

Timan. O to betray me now were cruelty!

Demo. Yet be compos'd; for know thou art not my ſon.
Thou, when an infant, wert exchang'd for Dirce:
I am her father, and Mathuſius thine.
My conſort begg'd thee of Mathuſius' wife;
For then ſhe deem'd the public weal concern'd
In this exchange: but when Cherinthus next
Was born, too late ſhe ſaw the raſh deſign
Had of ſucceſſion robb'd her rightful ſon.
To me ſhe durſt not tell the mighty ſecret,

She

She found already thou had'ſt gain'd too much
On my affection: but at length, reduc'd
To life's extremeſt verge, ſhe left the ſtory
Reveal'd in two myſterious papers; one
She gave her friend, and that Mathuſius ſhew'd
thee;
The other ſhe conceal'd, and that thou here
Beholdeſt.

Timan. Wherefore did ſhe not in one
Diſcloſe the myſtery?

Demo. Becauſe ſhe meant
The firſt ſhould only prove the birth of Dirce.
It there ſuffic'd to ſwear ſhe was her daughter.
The ſecret of thy fate was kept for me;
That I might act as beſt the time requir'd,
Or to divulge, or keep it ſtill unknown.
For this the ſecond paper ſhe diſpos'd,
Where I alone could ever have acceſs.

Timan. Such ſtrange events ſtill hold my mind
in doubt.

Demo. Too certain are the proofs: behold the
writing
Where all I have declar'd is told at full.

Timan. O Fortune! do not once again deceive
me! [*takes the paper and reads.*

SCENE

SCENE LAST.

Enter CREUSA.

Creu. May I, my lord! believe the joyful tidings
That echo through the palace?

Demo. Princefs, yes:
See there thy husband. I have pledg'd my faith
To wed thee to my fon, and kingdom's heir;
And in Cherinthus now receive them both.

Cher. The change may prove ungrateful to Creufa.

Creu. In vain we hope to avoid what Heaven decrees.

Cher. And wilt thou not confefs thou lov'ft Cherinthus?

Creu. My deeds fhall fpeak my thoughts.

Timan. And was it me
The oracle declar'd? Was I the unknown,
The innocent ufurper?

Demo. Yes, thou wert.
The clouds are now difpell'd; the kingdom ftands
Deliver'd from the annual facrifice;
And to the rightful heir the crown returns.
I fhall preferve, without the means of rigour,

My

My faith unbroken to the Phrygian king;
Cherinthus ſhall poſſeſs his lov'd Creuſa:
She ſhall a ſceptre gain; and thou may'ſt now
Securely claſp thy Dirce. Not a cauſe
For grief remains, and all this wondrous maze
Of myſtic Fate, theſe papers have reveal'd.

Timan. O! happy papers! fortunate Timanthes!
Ye powers! from what a dreadful weight I feel
My ſoul diſburden'd! O my ſon! my wife!
Come to my boſom: now I can embrace you
Without the fear of guilt!

Dir. Tranſporting hour! [*kneels.*

Creu. What moving tenderneſs!

Timan. Moſt juſt of kings!
Once more behold me at your feet: forgive
The wild exceſſes of deſpairing love;
Believe me, when I ſwear it, you ſhall find me
More duteous as your ſubject than your ſon.

Demo. Riſe, thou art ſtill my ſon, ſtill call me father;
Such, while I live, thou'lt find me: till this hour
Our love was duty, henceforth be it choice.
A ſtronger tie ſhall our affections bind
Than Nature's ties, the inſtinctive work of Fate.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Good fortune moſt delights mankind,
That ſteals upon us, when the mind
Can ſcarce its griefs ſuſtain.
What mortal bliſs can prove ſincere,
Since, to be great, our pleaſures here
Muſt have their ſource in pain!

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ADRIAN

ADRIAN IN SYRIA.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ADRIAN, Emperor of Rome, in love with EMIRENA, but betrothed to SABINA.

OSRHOES, King of the Parthians, captive to ADRIAN, father of EMIRENA.

SABINA, in love with, and betrothed to ADRIAN.

PHARNASPES, a Parthian prince, captive to ADRIAN; friend and tributary to OSRHOES, betrothed to EMIRENA.

EMIRENA, captive to ADRIAN, in love with PHARNASPES.

AQUILIUS, a tribune, confidant of ADRIAN, ſecretly in love with SABINA.

SCENE, ANTIOCH.

ADRIAN IN SYRIA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A ſquare in the city of Antioch, *magnificently decorated with military trophies, conſiſting of arms, enſigns, and other ſpoils of the conquered barbarous nations. An imperial throne on one ſide. A bridge over the river* Orontes, *that divides the city.*

On the near ſide of the river appears ADRIAN *borne in triumph on the ſhields of the Roman ſoldiers.* AQUILIUS, *guards and people. On the further ſide of the river* PHARNASPES *and* OSRHOES, *with a train of Parthians bringing various wild beaſts and other gifts as preſents to* ADRIAN.

CHORUS of ROMAN SOLDIERS.

Live, live for us, for empire live!
On fam'd Orontes' banks receive
That laurel which the conquer'd give,
  Great Cæſar! thus to grace thy brows.
Hail! father of a happy land!
Hail! leader of a martial band!
The world confeſs thy ſaving hand:
  In thee our deareſt hopes repoſe.

What wreaths for thee ſhall Ganges frame,
What nations ſhall extend thy fame
From clime to clime, 'till Cæſar's name
The earth's remoteſt region knows!

[*while the chorus is ſinging* Adrian *deſcends, and the ſoldiers, who bore him on their ſhields, fall into their ranks with the reſt.*

Aquil. The Parthian prince Pharnaſpes, mighty Cæſar,
Requeſts an audience of thee.

Adr. Let him come,
He ſhall be heard.

[Aquilius *goes out, and* Adrian *having aſcended the ſteps of the throne addreſſes the ſoldiers ſtanding.*

My friends and fellow-ſoldiers,
You offer me an empire with your blood
No leſs than mine ſuſtain'd. I know not well
The right of Adrian to receive alone
The fruits of general toil: but if your love
Brook no refuſal, each of you ſhall find,
(Whate'er my title) Adrian ſtill the ſame.
Nor deem yourſelves my ſubjects: no, together
We ſtill, as wont, will ſerve one common cauſe,
To guard the glories of imperial Rome,
Your private honours and the public weal. [*he ſits.*

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Live, live for us, for empire live!
On fam'd Orontes' banks receive
That laurel which the conquer'd give,
Great Cæſar, thus to grace thy brows.

[*while the chorus is ſinging* Pharnaſpes *and* Oſrhoes *paſs the river with all their train, preceded by* Aquilius. Pharnaſpes *and* Oſrhoes *advance:* Pharnaſpes *addreſſes himſelf to* Cæſar.

Phar. On this deciſive day, when Rome adores
In thee her Cæſar; from that eye, Auguſtus,
On which depends the fate of many a realm,
Vouchſafe to caſt one look on prince Pharnaſpes.
But late thy foe; he now at Cæſar's feet
Lays down his enmity, and ſwears to prove
His loyalty and truth.

Oſr. [*aſide to* Phar.] There needed not
Such abject, tame ſubmiſſion.

Adr. Rome is ever
Each nation's common mother, and receives
Within her boſom all that would become
Incorporate with herſelf: her friends ſhe honours,
The vanquiſh'd ſhe forgives; with godlike virtue
The oppreſs'd ſhe raiſes, and ſhe ſinks the proud.

Oſr. [*aſide.*] O! inſolence of power!

Phar. I come to aſk
No unexampled act of Roman virtue

The royal daughter of the Parthian king
Is now a prifoner in your chains.

Adr. Proceed.

Phar. Releafe her from her bonds.

Adr. [*afide.*] O! Heaven!

Phar. Dry up
Her country's tears; to me reftore the maid.
And take thefe gifts for ranfom.

Adr. Here in Afia
I wage a generous war: I come not, prince,
To barter gold for conqueft: think not Adrian,
As is the ftyle of barbarous nations, fells
The liberty of others.

Phar. Let it then
Be Adrian's gift.

Ofr. [*afide.*] What now will Adrian fay?

Adr. Firft let her father come and claim this gift:
For him I have referv'd it.

Phar. Since the day,
The fatal day, when all the Gods combin'd
Fought in the caufe of Rome, our monarch's fate
Has ftill remain'd unknown: in other lands
He wanders now conceal'd, or lives no more.

Adr. Till Ofrhoes' certain deftiny be heard,
His daughter be our care.

Phar. Then fince Auguftus

Appears

Appears so jealous of his fame, resign
That office to her husband.

Adr. Ha! her husband?
Is Emirena then espous'd?

Phar. No more
Is wanting but the solemn rite.

Adr. [*aside.*] O! Heavens!
[*to him.*] Where is that husband?

Phar. I, my lord, am he.

Adr. And does she love thee too

Phar. We lov'd each other
Before we knew 'twas love: we learn'd together
To live and feed our passion: with our years
And ripening sense the flame increas'd: our souls
Became but one. I sigh'd for Emirena,
She for her faithful prince; but then, Augustus,
When blissful Hymen should have made us one,
Relentless Fate! then was she ravish'd from me.

Adr. [*aside.*] What do I suffer?

Phar. You appear disturb'd.
Perchance my weakness may offend: I know
The sons of Rome are heroes from their birth:
I know that every passion glory breeds not,
With you is deem'd a crime; but vainly, Cæsar,
You seek to find such virtues in Pharnaspes:
I am a Parthian, not a Roman born.

Adr.

Adr. [*aside.*] O! harsh rebuke! But let us
now begin
To exercise dominion o'er ourselves.
[*to* Phar.] Hear, prince; the lovely captive shall
henceforth
Be mistress of her fate: I'll lead thee to her,
And if, as thou believ'st, she loves thee still,
Then—hold my heart!—then take her and depart.

On those fair lips that love inspire,
That kindled first thy bosom's fire,
On them depends thy fate alone——
And, ah! no less depends my own. [*aside.*

In thy distress I bear a part,
With thee at Fate repine;
And every grief that swells thy heart,
Is grief no less to mine.
[*Exit, followed by* Aquil. *and the Roman soldiers.*

SCENE II.

OSRHOES, PHARNASPES.

Osr. Pharnaspes, didst thou comprehend the
meaning
Of Cæsar's words? To me they speak a passion
For Emirena, jealousy of thee,
And confidence in her.—Should this be true;
Should she consent to love my deadliest foe,
This

This vengeful ſword before thy ſight—but no,
I'll not believe it—ſhe is ſtill my daughter.

Phar. What ſays my ſovereign? Cæſar is too juſt,
And ſhe is true—what doubts perplex your peace?

Oſr. Who doubts of ill but rarely is deceiv'd.

Phar. I fly to ſeek her—you ſhall ſee—

Oſr. Then go—
But tell her not that here I lurk conceal'd
Among thy followers.

Phar. From your daughter too
Would you be hid?

Oſr. I would, when next we meet,
Thou ſhalt know all my purpoſe.

Phar. Yes, my king,
With her I ſhall return to glad your ſight.

Already are my ſufferings o'er,
My ſoul exulting mourns no more;
But all diſſolv'd in tender ſighs,
Impatient to her preſence flies.
In vain my lips would words ſupply,
My words in broken accents die;
My panting heart, no more depreſs'd,
Now bounds and ſtruggles in my breaſt.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

OSRHOES *alone.*

First let me from the inſulting foe redeem
The precious pledge, that only makes me fear,
Then give my fury way—Yes, haughty Roman!
Tremble at Oſrhoes' vengeance. I am conquer'd,
But not depreſs'd; for know, to thy confuſion,
My ſoul, unchang'd, ſhall ever war with Adrian.

A ſturdy oak, which nature forms
To brave a hundred winters' ſtorms,
While round its head the whirlwinds blow,
Remains with root infix'd below.
When fell'd to earth a ſhip it ſails
Through daſhing waves and driving gales;
And now at ſea, again defies
The threatening clouds and howling ſkies.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

An apartment deſtined for EMIRENA *in the imperial palace.*

AQUILIUS *alone.*

Unleſs invention frame ſome artifice
To work on Emirena, I am loſt.

Yes,

Yes, generous Cæſar gives her to Pharnaſpes.
If he, a lover, can expunge a paſſion
Which I with care fomented, he'll return
To love Sabina; ſhe, whoſe image ever
Dwells in my heart. Ah! where is Emirena?
Behold ſhe comes—Now to my wiles.

SCENE V.

Enter EMIRENA.

Emir. Aquilius.

Aqu. Ah! princeſs, had you ſeen the rage of Cæſar:
Pharnaſpes has requir'd from him your freedom;
Confeſs'd he lov'd you, and was lov'd again;
And thus has kindled in the emperor's boſom
A thouſand jealous pangs. He raves to madneſs,
And vows, unleſs you quit your former love,
He to the capitol will drag you, bound
In ſervile fetters, at his chariot wheels.

Emir. Is this the hero of your Tiber? This
The boaſted idol of imperial Rome?
I have his word I ſhould not be expos'd
A ſpectacle of triumph. Is it then
With you no ſhame for heroes to be falſe?

Aquil. When love obſcures the ſenſe and blinds the reaſon,
Even heroes, Emirena, change their nature.

Emir.

Emir. Shall Emirena then be led in triumph?
O! never, never—Aſia too has thoſe,
Who dare to die.

Aquil. No—better means there are
In Emirena's power. Know, Cæſar comes
To offer you Pharnaſpes, hoping thus
To read your ſecret thoughts: beware, nor truſt
His ſeeming friendſhip: art elude with art.
Receive your prince belov'd with feign'd indifference;
Reject his profferr'd hand: guard every word,
And dreſs your looks with well-diſſembled coldneſs,
As if your breaſt no longer own'd the lover.

Emir. And what of me will poor Pharnaſpes ſay?
Alas! thou know'ſt not how his heart is form'd;
At ſuch unkindneſs I ſhall ſee him fall
A victim at my feet.

Aquil. Farewell—reflect—
And, if you can, embrace ſome better counſel.

Emir. Hear me; at leaſt prevent the prince—

Aquil. He's here.

Emir. O! Heavens!

Aquil. Now ſummon all your fortitude;
I've trac'd your path to ſhun the threatening evil.
[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter ADRIAN *and* PHARNASPES.

Emir. [*aside.*] O! Emirena, what a cruel trial
Thy love muſt here endure.

Adr. [*entering.*] Say, prince, is that
The beauty you adore?

Phar. O! Heavens! 'tis ſhe
Whoſe charms are ever lovelier in my ſight.

Emir. [*aſide.*] How my heart throbs!

Adr. See, beauteous Emirena,
With whom I am return'd; and well I know
My preſence never was more grateful to thee.
Speak, undiſguis'd.

Emir. What ſtranger, ſir, is this?

Phar. What ſtranger!

Adr. Know'ſt thou not thoſe features?

Emir. Heaven! [*aſide.*
I know them not. [*to* Adr.

Adr. And haſt thou, Emirena,
Ne'er view'd their likeneſs?

Emir. No—I fear to ſpeak;
If I betray my love we both are loſt. [*aſide.*

Adr. [*to* Phar.] Is this the maid who learn'd with thee to love?

Phar. I'm all amazement! Am I then Pharnaſpes?
Alas! where am I?

Emir. [*aſide.*] How I ſympathize
With all he feels.

Adr. [*to* Emir.] If fear, or doubt of me
Reſtrain thee, Emirena, know that Adrian
Is not a tyrant o'er another's heart.
Behold thy lover—I reſtore him to thee;
As well befits his eldership of paſſion.

Emir. [*aſide.*] Be conſtant ſtill——[*to* Adr.] I here refuſe the gift.

Phar. My princeſs, ſay, what has Pharnaſpes done?
What crime unknown to raiſe thine anger thus?
Doſt thou diſtruſt my truth?

Emir. No more—no more—

Phar. Am I not he——

Emir. [*to* Phar.] In pity, O! forbear—
For well my ſtate deſerves it.

Phar. Yet remember—

Emir. [*to* Phar.] Remembrance now is loſt—I cannot ſpeak—
My adverſe fate engroſſes every thought:
Unleſs thou mean'ſt to ſee me ſink before thee—
Leave me in peace—away.

Phar. Leave thee in peace?
Inhuman!

Inhuman!—yes—I will obey—but look,
Look once upon this face, there read the heart
Of him—no, cruel, do not look upon me,
If thou would'ſt wiſh Pharnaſpes to obey thee.

If once, ingrate! thy looks I meet,
I never can depart;
Alas! too ſoon I ſhall forget
Thy faithleſs changing heart.

With bluſhes then thy face may glow,
But ah! my love will claim
Leſs anguiſh for the wrongs I know
Than pity for thy ſhame. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

ADRIAN, EMIRENA.

Adr. But whither go'ſt thou now?
[*to* Emir. *going.*

Emir. To weep alone
My wretched fortune—tears at leaſt are free,
Though all be loſt.

Adr. O! nothing haſt thou loſt:
I in thoſe beauteous eyes have loſt my peace.

Emir. I hop'd for more reſpect—a royal mind,
Though ſtript of empire, ſtill remains unchang'd:
My crown is Fortune's gift: but from itſelf

My

My heart derives its greatneſs.

Adr. [*aſide.*] Lovely pride!
[*to* Emir.] And what offence has now thy virtue ſuffer'd
From Adrian's love? From Adrian, who can give
If thou conſent, his hand and empire?

Emir. No,
They're plighted to Sabina.

Adr. True; I've lov'd her
Theſe twice five years: but muſt our paſſions then
Endure for ever? Surely in Sabina
Such conſtancy reſides not: different far
Is Adrian's fortune ſince. I had not then
Beheld thee, Emirena; I was then
A private man in Rome, and ever near her.
But now I ſigh a captive in your chains,
And wear the imperial laurel on my brows;
Sabina diſtant treads the banks of Tiber,
And I Orontes' ſhores.

SCENE VIII.

Enter AQUILIUS.

Aquil. My lord.

Adr. What would'ſt thou?

Aquil. Sir, from the Latian city is arriv'd—

Adr. Say, who?

Aquil. Sabina.

Adr.

Adr. Mighty Gods!

Emir. [*aside.*] Bleſt chance
For my relief.

Adr. What means her progreſs hither
Without my ſummons? Art thou not deceiv'd?

Aquil. No, hear the tumult of the following people,
Whoſe ſhouts proclaim her empreſs.

Adr. Heavens!—Aquilius,
Go hence, conduct her to a different part;
Let her not thus ſurpriſe me: I would aſk
A moment to compoſe my troubled looks—
Uſe every artifice——

Aquil. My lord, ſhe comes.

Adr. I'm all confus'd!

SCENE IX.

Enter SABINA, *attended by matrons and Roman knights.*

Sab. Cæſar, my lord, my huſband!
Behold the hour that I have wiſh'd ſo long
At laſt is come, and I once more am near you:
Permit me now to view you crown'd with laurel;
With that victorious laurel, which has coſt
My love ſuch frequent ſighs.

Adr. [*aſide.*] What ſhall I ſay?

Sab.

Sab. You anſwer not——

Adr. I could not hope, Sabina—
Might I—but thy fatigue muſt now require
A needful reſt—Who waits?—Conduct Sabina
To ſome apartment that befits her rank,
And honour her as me.

Sab. Muſt I then leave you?
With you I came to ſeek repoſe.

Adr. Forgive me,
Some weighty cares demand me hence.

Sab. The time
Has been, Sabina was your firſt of cares.

Adr. 'Tis true; but empire now muſt claim from Adrian
A ſovereign's duty: [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

SABINA, EMIRENA, AQUILIUS.

Sab. Say, what means Auguſtus?
Aquilius, ſpeak.

Aquil. The ſecret lies not deep
To ſearching eyes. Auguſtus is a lover,
And yonder ſtands your rival.

Emir. Gracious empreſs,
So Heaven preſerve you long for Cæſar, hear

And

And ſuccour the diſtreſs'd—my crown, my huſ-
band,
My country and my father, all are loſt.

Sab. [*aſide.*] The haughty fair derides me.

Emir. On this hand,
This royal hand permit me thus——

Sab. Away:
I am not yet become the wife of Cæſar,
Nor art thou wretched as thy words imply;
Since Fortune, leaving ſtill thy wonted beauty,
Has little taken from thee. At thy choice
Thou may'ſt acquire even more than thou haſt loſt,
And I perhaps from thee, ſome future time,
May aſk that grace which now thou ſeek'ſt of me.

Emir. My ſhameful bonds——

Sab. No more—I would be private.

Emir. O! Heaven! what ſorrows muſt this
breaſt endure.

Againſt a helpleſs maid diſtreſs'd
No more ſuch rigour ſhow:
Ah! wrong not thus your noble breaſt,
To ſcorn a captive's woe.

Truſt not too far a proſperous ſtate,
I near the throne was born:
Thou too may'ſt know a priſoner's fate,
In ſervile chains to mourn. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

SABINA, AQUILIUS.

Aquil. [*aside.*] Now let us prove our fortune.

Sab. Say, Aquilius,
Does not Sabina's fate excite thy pity?

Aquil. Yes, I confeſs Auguſtus moſt unjuſt:
He thinks not that revenge is in your power.
Beauty and virtue both alike are yours,
What heart ſo cold but theſe muſt ſurely warm:
Before his eyes you ſhould——

Sab. [*haughtily.*] What ſhould Sabina?

Aquil. Purſue him ſtill with unabated paſſion,
And make him bluſh at his inconſtancy.
[*aside.*] The tempeſt threats, let us regain the ſhore. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

SABINA *alone.*

And do I weep? Ah! no—at leaſt my weakneſs
Shall be conceal'd.—But ſuch a cruel ſtroke
Bears down my beſt reſolves. To Aſia's clime
I came to find my love, and find him falſe:
I find him with my rival; ſee him troubled

At

At my approach. He ſcarcely deigns to hear me;
He flies my ſight—and yet I muſt not weep:
Alas! a rock would weep at woes like mine.

Ye powers! if juſtice mark your reign,
To me his heart reſtore;
Nor let theſe flowing tears in vain
A loſs like him deplore.

You know he's mine, (ah! faithleſs ſpouſe!)
You heard his laſt farewell,
When from his lips, with mingled vows,
The parting accents fell. [*Exit.*

SCENE XIII.

A view of the imperial palace on fire; the flames breaking out from ſeveral parts of the building: ſome part in ruins. Time, night.

OSRHOES *comes from the palace, with a lighted torch in his right hand and a ſword drawn in his left. A train of* Parthians *with lighted torches.*

Oſr. Intrepid Parthians! Heaven propitious ſmiles
Upon our bold attempt: turn yet a moment
And view the ruins of yon hoſtile palace.
Amidſt our loſs this ſhadow of revenge
Is ſome relief—Behold the burſting fires!

 What

What wreaths of ſmoke and flame aſcend the ſky!
O! would to all the Gods, yon walls that now
The Parthian rage deſtroys, within them held
The ſenators, the capitol, and Rome!

SCENE XIV.

Enter PHARNASPES.

Phar. Oſrhoes, my king.

Oſr. Pharnaſpes, look—behold
The work of Oſrhoes' hand!

Phar. Immortal powers!
Where is thy daughter?

Oſr. Who can tell?—Even now,
There, with her lover, wrapt perchance in flames,
She ſuffers for the wrongs ſhe heap'd on thee.

Phar. [*going.*] O! Emirena! O! my life!

Oſr. Yet hear me——
What would'ſt thou ſeek?

Phar. To ſave my love or periſh. [*going.*

Oſr. O! no—forget, far rather, an ingrate
That has betray'd thee.

Phar. O! I know her falſe,
But ſtill my ſoul adores her.

[*enters amidſt the flames and ruins of the palace.*

SCENE

SCENE XV.

OSRHOES, Parthians.

Osr. Perifh then,
Unthinking youth, while we, my valiant friends,
Preferve ourfelves for greater deeds. Let each
Caft down his torch to earth, and each again
Retire to his concealment. [*the* Parthians *go out.*
——Yet, in fpite
Of all my rage I feel myfelf a father;
I cannot quit this place—Still, ftill I turn
To yon devoted walls—Let me not liften
To this unmanly weaknefs.—Ah! even now
Perhaps a dying child invokes my name:
O! that Pharnafpes may arrive to fave her!
Could I but learn their fate!—But whither would
My inconfiderate fteps? O Gods! look there—
Ha! who comes yonder? See, the tumult thickens,
And all the imperial palace is in motion—
My friend—my daughter—whither fhall I turn?
I lofe myfelf and yet preferve not them.
Since, mighty Gods! you've taken all from Ofrhoes,
Why have you left him ftill thefe feeble paffions?
[*Exit haftily.*

SCENE

SCENE XVI.

EMIRENA *flying in terror*, PHARNASPES *enters to her in chains, guarded.*

Emir. Ah! whither ſhall I fly? Who now will ſave me?
Could I but learn—O! Heaven! Pharnaſpes!

Phar. Princeſs!

Emir. And art thou here a priſoner?

Phar. Art thou ſafe?

Emir. Death comes not to the unhappy—Could thy hand
Kindle theſe flames?

Phar. No—but 'tis ſo believ'd.

Emir. Believ'd, and why?

Phar. Becauſe I am a Parthian,
Becauſe I'm loſt, abandon'd to deſpair,
Becauſe amidſt theſe walls I was ſurpris'd.

Emir. Say, to what purpoſe came Pharnaſpes hither?

Phar. To ſave thee and to die.

Emir. And hadſt thou died
Think'ſt thou that Emirena would be ſav'd?

Phar. Why doſt thou mock me thus? This feign'd compaſſion

Exceeds

Exceeds thy cruelty.

Emir. My feign'd compaſſion!

Phar. How can I think it true? Far other, princeſs,
Thy words but late imported.

Emir. Words, alas!
Might differ—Emirena was the ſame.

Phar. What meant thy cold reception?

Emir. Fear to raiſe
The jealouſy of Adrian.

Phar. What from him
Could Emirena fear?

Emir. That ſhame which waits
The vanquiſh'd at a haughty Roman's triumph?

Phar. Did he not nobly offer thee this hand?

Emir. All artifice to read my ſecret thoughts.

Phar. Then am I ſtill——

Emir. My only hope, my life.

Phar. And art thou then——

Emir. Still faithful to Pharnaſpes;
And to the tomb will ſtill remain unchang'd,
And after death, if then the dead retain
Of aught in life remembrance, ſhall thy image
Dwell in my conſtant ſoul.

Phar. No more, my love,
Enough; I here deteſt my jealous doubts.

Forgive

Forgive me, Emirena! Cruel ſtars!
In your deſpite Pharnaſpes ſhall defy
The rage of tyrants and the pangs of ſuffering.
My princeſs loves me—yes, her lips confirm it;
And midſt your frowns I ſhall be happy ſtill.

Emir. Ah! go not yet.

Phar. Alas! neceſſity
Now tears me from thee.

Emir. Gracious powers! Pharnaſpes,
What fate awaits us next?

Phar. My ſoul is fearleſs,
And death itſelf has only terrors for me,
As I'm forbid, alas! to die beſide thee.

If I'm denied with thee to die,
  Thou ſoul of my deſires!
Thy name ſhall mingle with the ſigh
  That on my lip expires.

Farewell, dear partner of my breaſt,
  Weep not my fate to view:
Ah! think Pharnaſpes ſtill is bleſt
  If Emirena's true. [*Exit guarded.*

SCENE

SCENE XVII.

EMIRENA *alone.*

If it be true, that from another's grief
We find our own reliev'd, contemplate me,
Ye wretched ſufferers, and regain your peace,
In finding all your woes ſurpaſs'd by mine.

In vain I weep my hapleſs ſtate,
As mourns the widow'd dove,
Who, ſeeking, finds her captive mate
Divided from her love.

Still hovering near his cage ſhe flies,
Where priſoner he remains:
Like her I go, with ſorrowing eyes,
To ſee my prince in chains.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A gallery in the apartments of Adrian.

EMIRENA, AQUILIUS.

Aquil. Who fooner than yourfelf can fave Pharnafpes?
'Tis yours, at will, to rule the heart of Cæfar;
And every female but yourfelf would better
Employ a monarch's love.

Emir. Of what avail
To me, who love not Cæfar, is the power?

Aquil. And muft he be belov'd to make him think
That he is fo?

Emir. Shall I proclaim a lie?

Aquil. O! no—a lie is now an artifice
Held grofs and infecure: true policy
Is fo to work, that whom we would deceive
Should prove his own deceiver: let a figh,
Half check'd with art, efcape you; or a word
Of doubtful meaning; or a glance, that feems
As taken by furprife; a winning fmile:
The fmalleft action: filence or a blufh:
Nay, what you do not fpeak; all, all alike

Shall

Shall ſpread the ſnare; for lovers ſtill are prone
To ſooth their wiſhes. He will think you love
him,
And yet yourſelf may ſtill retain the power,
To ſay your lips had ne'er confeſs'd a paſſion.

Emir. I know not where ſuch art is to be found.

Aquil. Woman has not to ſeek it: with her
birth
It grew and flouriſh'd. From the languid eye
To drop the obedient tear; to dreſs the lip
In ſmiles that hold no commerce with the heart:
To chace, at will, the colour from the cheek:
To fluſh the changing features: theſe are all
The ſex's privilege, on you beſtow'd,
Heaven's voluntary gift: to man they coſt
Labour and deep deſign.

Emir. Thou, that art grown
Old in a court, canſt ne'er have cauſe to envy
Talents like theſe. I deem thou art not found
Among the few, tenacious of the ties
Of ancient honour. When the time demands,
Thou know'ſt full well with open looks to allure
An unſuſpecting foe; to place before him
The precipice, and then lament his fall:
To offer all thy ſervice, but to ſerve
Thyſelf alone: to clothe an accuſation
With treacherous praiſe, and aggravate a fault
In ſeeming to defend it: from the throne

To keep the good at diſtance; make the ſovereign
Hated for puniſhments, and to thyſelf
Uſurp the merit of rewards: beneath
Apparent zeal to hide an impious purpoſe,
And build thy fortune on another's ruin.

Aquil. Thou, Emirena, wouldſt revenge thy ſex:
I thought not thus to touch thee, nor complain
Of what thou ſay'ſt: nay more, to be ſincere,
It ſeems to me we both have ſpoken truth.
I meant but to adviſe.

Emir. I aſk'd for aid,
And not advice.

Aquil. Aquilius ever thought,
That wholeſome counſel gave no little aid.
Believe me, princeſs—but farewell, I hear
Some one approach—'tis Adrian ſure at hand.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter SABINA.

Sab. [*entering.*] O! Heavens! my rival here!

Emir. Ye powers! Sabina!

Sab. Thou art, indeed, moſt loyal in thy care,
Beyond my utmoſt thought: the conflagration
Is ſcarce extinguiſh'd, when we find thee here
In thy lov'd Cæſar's palace.

Emir.

Emir. Ah! Sabina,
How great is your injuſtice! Cæſar's love
Is not my crime, but puniſhment. The danger
Of poor Pharnaſpes weighs upon my ſoul.
Behold the cauſe that brings me to theſe walls:
Can I, in ſilence, ſee him periſh thus?
Pharnaſpes is myſelf! to him I gave
My virgin heart, and time has travell'd long
Since firſt our loves began.

Sab. Speak'ſt thou ſincere,
Or doſt thou feign?

Emir. O! I ſhould feign indeed,
If thus I did not ſpeak.

Sab. Yet ſee'ſt thou not
That pleading in his cauſe but angers Cæſar?

Emir. I have no other way.

Sab. Wouldſt thou attend,
A better might be found. With thy Pharnaſpes,
Fly from the palace. Lentulus, the leader,
Keeps him in charge: he to my parents owes
Whate'er he has; and from his grateful heart
I well may reſt aſſur'd of ſtronger proofs
Than this which now I ſeek.

Emir. O! might, indeed,
Your thoughts ſucceed.

Sab. Go then; prepare ſecurely
For thy departure: to the greater fountain
In Cæſar's gardens, I'll conduct thy ſpouſe.

Expect me there before the ſun attains
His mid-day height.

Emir. Ah! princeſs, may I hope——
I am ſo us'd to bear the frowns of fate.

Sab. Behold my hand; receive this certain pledge.

Emir. My breaſt can ſcarce contain the mighty joy!
O! generous princeſs! happy Emirena!

By thee ſhall wreaths eternal grow,
To deck the Roman victor's brow,
And all the adoring world ſhall bow
To Heaven's ſublimeſt gift in thee.
While this imperial hand, that deigns
To eaſe a lover's anxious pains,
O'er ſubject realms the rule maintains,
And gives to kings their liberty. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

SABINA *alone.*

When Emirena ſhall be hence remov'd,
Perchance my lover may again return
To all his former kindneſs. Every fire,
When fuel fails, muſt periſh; and the ſtream,
Divided from the ſource that feeds it, dries.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter ADRIAN.

Adr. [*entering.*] My life! my Emirena! [*sees her.*] Heavenly Powers!
What have I said? [*going.*

Sab. Why do you fly me, Adrian?
Ah! grudge me not your presence one short moment;
Then, if you will, return to her you love.

Adr. What says Sabina? Does she then believe—
And who should Adrian love?

Sab. Ah! hide not from me
That candid blush of shame; you know not, Adrian,
To me how grateful: conscience never dyes
The cheek of him who feels not he is guilty;
And he who feels his guilt will soon disclaim it.

Adr. O! Heaven!

Sab. You sigh—give me that sigh, my lord.
Immortal powers! Who once would have believ'd
A change like this? The glory of our Rome,
The hero's pattern, and my only hope,
Adrian inconstant! Is it possible?
It cannot be—Who has seduc'd your faith?
Give me to know it all.

Adr.

Adr. What ſhall I ſay?
How is my ſoul confus'd!—Ah! ceaſe ſo gently
To chide my falſehood; call me baſe, betrayer;
Give, give thine anger vent. I own, Sabina,
Thou juſtly may'ſt reproach me: thy deſerts,
Our mutual interchange of love; the vows
A thouſand times repeated, all now riſe
To my remembrance; but in vain, Sabina,
I'm not myſelf. I know, I prize, thy virtues,
Thy every charm—and yet—a ſingle look—
I hate myſelf; I loath my own injuſtice.
Thy wrongs cry out for vengeance.—Doſt thou wiſh
The death of Adrian? Take, O! take his life!
'Tis juſt, nor will I murmur.—Would'ſt thou tear
The ſacred laurel from Auguſtus' brow,
He gives it to thy hand: the happy world
With joy will bend beneath thy virtuous ſway.

Sab. I aſk your heart and not your empire, Adrian.

Adr. This heart was thine, and, witneſs Heaven! I ſtrove
To keep it all thy own. The Gods, Sabina,
Beheld my ſecret thoughts: all Aſia's beauties
To me were nothing: long, ah! long I deem'd
The lovelieſt glances cold compar'd to thine.

Sab. And yet——

Adr. And yet—I know not how, ſecure

In

In confcious virtue I forgot defence,
And love furpris'd me. Flufh'd with victory,
My paffions warm'd with all the warrior's ardour
Was Emirena firft conducted to me.
The foul in tumult oft imbibes with eafe
A new affection. I beheld her chain'd
Implore my pity, felt her prefs my hand,
And bathe it with her tears, while on my face
She fix'd her fuppliant eye with fuch a look—
—Ah! had Sabina feen her then, the fight
Had urg'd even her to pardon Adrian's weaknefs.

Sab. It is too much—Not only to forfake me,
But dare avow it; to my face extol
The charms of her, my rival for thy heart!
And doft thou further hope Sabina, mov'd
To hear thy fuffering, fhould excufe thy guilt?
Unheard-of tyranny! Have I deferv'd
A recompenfe like this? Barbarian! traitor!
Ungrateful Adrian! [*finks on a feat and weeps.*

SCENE V.

Enter AQUILIUS *behind.*

Aquil. [*apart.*] Ha! Sabina here!

Adr. [*afide.*] Her tears have touch'd my foul.
[*to her.*] Ah! fair Sabina,
Take comfort, Adrian will again return
To wear thy happy chains; again be thine.

Aquil. [*apart.*] Malicious ftars!

Sab. [*tenderly.*] Indeed!

Adr. I yield to pity;
Pity, the gentle harbinger of love.

Sab. Scarce can I yet believe——

Aquil. [*apart.*] Now, policy
Once more affift me.

Sab. Should'ft thou yet again
See Emirena?

Adr. Never, never more
Will I behold her.

Sab. Canft thou, Adrian, truft
Thy bofom's firmnefs?

Adr. 'Tis refolv'd; and all
The will determines, foon the deed confirms.

Aquil. [*coming forward.*] The lovely captive princefs has requefted
To kneel before your feet: long has fhe fought,
But fought you, fir, in vain.

Sab. [*afide.*] Now comes the trial.

Adr. Aquilius, no; I muft no more behold her:
At length 'tis time remembrance fhould recall
My faithful, kind Sabina.

Sab. [*afide.*] Joyful founds!

Aquil. 'Tis furely juft; but little is the boon
Poor Emirena afks. Will you deny
To her alone what all obtain? 'Tis true
She is a captive, but was born a queen.

Adr.

Adr. 'Tis fairly ſpoken. Surely, my Sabina,
'Twere cruel not to hear her.

Sab. [*aſide.*] O! my heart!

Adr. I'll hear her in thy preſence: where is then
Thy fear? Yet ſtay and thou ſhalt ſee——

Sab. [*riſing.*] O! no,
Thou haſt enough deceiv'd my eaſy faith.

Enough for me my love ſincere,
Ingrate! is thus repaid;
But think not ſtill I'll linger here
To ſee myſelf betray'd.

I know thy beſt reſolves are weak
Thy paſſion to control:
Thine eyes, that ſtill their object ſeek,
Thy ſighs and reſtleſs actions ſpeak
The feelings of thy ſoul. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

ADRIAN, AQUILIUS.

Aquil. I fly to bring fair Emirena. [*going.*

Adr. No,
Forbear awhile.

Aquil. Can you to her refuſe
This juſtice, Cæſar?

Adr. I refuſe her not.

But at this moment—Didſt thou hear Sabina ?
Love goads me on, while reaſon checks the rein.
I would ! but O ! ye powers, what pain to think—

Aquil. Speak, ſpeak, my lord ; unleſs I know your grief
How ſhall I give you comfort ?

Adr. Speak ? alas !
Myſelf I know not what my thoughts intend.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

AQUILIUS *alone.*

Be firm, my heart : though victory be near
As yet 'tis not mature. The love of Cæſar,
The anger of Sabina, both alike
War on my ſide : the battle is at hand,
But let us not too raſhly riſk the field.

Of old the experienc'd warrior tried
To watch each motion of the foe ;
Reſtrain'd his warmth, each vantage ſpy'd,
And cautious dealt the ſkilful blow.

With hand and foot alike he feign'd,
By turns to advance, by turns to yield ;
Till one propitious moment gain'd
The envied laurels of the field. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

The gardens belonging to the palace.

EMIRENA *alone.*

Ah! why, my love, this long delay?
Each moment ſeems a tedious day.

SCENE IX.

Enter SABINA *with* PHARNASPES.

Sab. [*to* Phar.] Behold your ſpouſe.

Phar. My lovely Emirena.

Emir. Art thou indeed my prince? I ſcarce believe
The bliſs ſincere.

Phar. At length, my deareſt princeſs——

Sab. The time admits not now ſuch fond exchange
Of mutual tranſports: think of ſpeedy ſafety.
This unfrequented paſſage, veil'd in gloom,
Is open for your flight, by Lentulus
Reveal'd to me: not diſtant from the entrance
It branches in two ſtraiter paths: the right
Leads to the river, and the left the palace.
Avoid the ſecond. Go, my friends, ſecure;
May Fortune guide and Love protect your ſteps.

Emir. O! generous empreſs!

Phar.

Phar. Moſt exalted fair-one!
What gratitude from us——

Sab. I aſk but little:
Ah! think of me ſometimes, and if amidſt
Your happineſs you recollect Sabina,
Afford one pitying ſigh to my misfortunes.

Ye gentle pair, from realms above
Shine every ſtar to bleſs your love,
Nor give your life, like mine, to prove
Misfortune's cruel frown.
I envy not your ſorrows reſt,
But hope to find, with grief oppreſs'd,
That pity in ſome feeling breaſt
Which mine to you has ſhown. [*Exit*

SCENE X.

PHARNASPES, EMIRENA.

Phar. And art thou mine? Alas! I fear, and ſtill
Some viſion ſeems to mock me.

Emir. Let us fly,
Unleſs we mean to find our bliſs a viſion.
[*they go towards the paſſage.*

Phar. Stay, Emirena— [*ſtopping her.*

Emir. Wherefore?

Phar. Hear'ſt thou not

The

The clash of arms?

Emir. I heard indeed the sound;
But whence it came I know not.

Phar. From the path
Where lies our destin'd way.

Emir. Alas!—

Phar. My love,
Be not dismay'd—conceal thyself, while I
Explore the cause of this ill-tim'd alarm.

Emir. What can this mean?—Kind stars, betray me not. [*conceals herself.*

SCENE XI.

Enter OSRHOES *in a Roman habit, his sword drawn and bloody, from the passage pointed out by* SABINA.

Osr. [*entering.*] Now let the tyrant to the infernal shades
Relate the trophies of his boasted Rome.

Phar. And whither goes my sovereign thus disguis'd
With Roman vest and Roman arms?

Osr. My friend,
We are reveng'd—the universe is freed
From its oppressor—Lo! the happy sword
That boasts of Adrian's death.

Phar.

Phar. What ſays my king?

Oſr. Know, prince, that oft our hated foe was wont
To tread this ſecret path, which late to me
One of his train diſclos'd. The power of gold
Could find a traitor even in Tiber's heroes.
Thus dreſs'd I lurk'd in ambuſh, till Auguſtus
Drew near with one attendant, when this hand
Diſpatch'd the tyrant.

Phar. But deceiv'd in darkneſs,
Might not your erring hand have miſs'd the foe
And ſlain his follower?

Oſr. This was well foreſeen.
As he drew near, his treacherous ſervant feign'd
To fall as if by chance: this wile expos'd
The life of Cæſar and ſecur'd his own.

Emir. [*looking out.*] What is that Roman? In his hand a weapon
Seems ſtain'd with blood—Could I but view at leaſt
His features now conceal'd——

Phar. What courſe remains?
Should we purſue the path you trod but now
We may encounter numbers, whom the rumour
Has gather'd hither. Every way beſide
Is watch'd by guards and menials.

Oſr. Let our ſwords
Then hew a paſſage through them.

Phar.

Phar. No—reserve
Such desperate hazard for the extreme of danger:
First let me prove what means may yet be found
For safer flight.

Emir. [*listening.*] My ears attempt in vain
To catch their cautious whispers.

Phar. Midst these shades
Awhile remain conceal'd: with instant speed
I will return.

Osr. Delay not; if thou dost
Osrhoes will hence and tempt his fate alone.
[*conceals himself in the grove.*

Phar. This path will lead me—no—I am deceiv'd—
'Tis surely here—What if I take the way
Prescrib'd us by Sabina? Cæsar's fate
Perchance is yet unknown, and ere the alarm
Is spread, or guards arrive, we may escape—
—It shall be so. [*going he meets* Adrian.

SCENE XII.

Enter ADRIAN *with a drawn sword and guards.*

Adr. [*meeting* Phar.] Stay, traitor.

Phar. Mighty Gods!
What do I see!

Adr. Ho! guards, ſtop every paſs
That favours flight.

Phar. I am motionleſs with wonder.

Emir. [*advancing to liſten.*] Alas! we are diſ-
cover'd.

Adr. Doſt thou gaze
To ſee me yet alive? Ungrateful man!
Who hop'd but now to pierce the breaſt of
Adrian.
Thy barbarous inſults, when the ſtroke was given
Reveal'd thy impious purpoſe.

Emir. [*liſtening.*] Yes, the error
Is now apparent; he who lurks conceal'd,
He is the traitor.

Adr. Doſt thou anſwer nothing?
Perfidious! wherefore cam'ſt thou? What deſign
Urg'd thee to this? Who looſ'd thy fetters? Speak.

Phar. I cannot ſpeak.

Adr. Not ſpeak!—Let him be dragg'd
By force to priſon—hence.

Emir. [*diſcovering herſelf.*] Hold! hold! and
hear me——
O! he is innocent.

Phar. Alas!

Emir. Look there:
That grove conceals the traitor.

[*goes towards* Oſrhoes.

Phar. Heavens! forbear. [*to* Emir.

Emir. Behold him, Cæſar.

[*pointing to* Oſrhoes, *who comes forward.*

Oſr. Yes—behold in me
The man you ſeek.

Emir. [*motionleſs.*] My father!

Adr. Parthia's king
Cloth'd in a Roman garb! Are all alike
In treaſon leagu'd againſt me?

Oſr. I alone
Thirſt for thy blood: 'tis true my ſword has err'd,
But, if thou giv'ſt me life, this hand ſhall yet
Retrieve its firſt miſtake.

Adr. To aſſault me thus
With treacherous rage in darkneſs? Then to ſeize
The moment when I fell.

Oſr. Malicious fortune!
'Twas this deceiv'd me. Thy attendant's art
Had plann'd a fall with purpoſe to betray thee;
But by thy caſual fall I miſs'd the ſignal,
And ſlaughter'd him for thee.

Adr. Is this, barbarian,
Is this my recompenſe? Depreſs'd and vanquiſh'd
I bade thee welcome to imperial Rome,
And offer'd thee her friendſhip——

Oſr. Impious Romans!
Such is your name indeed for tyranny:

Your

Your friends are ſlaves, and over theſe you reign.

Adr. We are but faithful guardians of the laws:
Who ſeek to league with us are not ſubjected
To us, but juſtice; though with you I know
Juſtice is tyranny.

Oſr. And who, proud Romans,
Made you her guardians and interpreters?
Do you partake with Gods their heavenly councils?
Or are you Gods yourſelves?

Adr. Though far, O! far
From us the name of Gods, at leaſt their virtues
We ſeek to imitate; and he, whoſe mind
Is fram'd like theirs, to others is a God.

Oſr. Are theſe your marks of deity, to thirſt
For plunder'd wealth? To deſolate a kingdom?
To give a looſe to lawleſs love? To oppreſs
A guiltleſs rival? To betray a woman—

Adr. Thou doſt too much abuſe my clemency.
Ho! guards, to ſeparate dungeons bear theſe traitors
To await their puniſhment.

Phar. And Emirena?

Adr. The ingrate ſhall ſuffer.

Phar. O! unjuſt and cruel!
What crime in her can merit Cæſar's vengeance?

Adr. You know on each my wrath ſhould fall,
Since all are foes, with inſults all
Againſt my peace combine.
Here jealous Rage and ſtern Diſdain,
Remorſe and Love unfeeling reign,
Here all their torments join.
[*points to his breaſt.*
The Furies on the dreary ſhore,
Where black Cocytus' waters roar,
Can add no pangs to mine. [*Exit.*

SCENE XIII.

OSRHOES, PHARNASPES, EMIRENA, *guards.*

Emir. My father! ſhall I dare to call thee father?
Have I not murder'd thee?—If yet thy love—

Oſr. Away—nor ſhake my conſtancy.

Emir. Alas!
Well may'ſt thou drive me from thee—O! forgive
Your Emirena—See me here, my father,
Low at your feet.

Oſr. Leave, leave me, O! my daughter;
I've no reſentment kindled againſt thee:
In this embrace receive my love and pardon.
Farewell the deareſt part of Oſrhoes' being!

Emir.

Emir. O! fatal, laſt adieu!

Phar. O! cruel parting!

Emir. That kind embrace, that tender ſigh,
That pardon given, that ſpeaking eye,
But add to all my former pain,
And deeper dye the guilty ſtain!
What I have prov'd, what thou haſt been
My conſcious heart with anguiſh keen
Too late laments, and heavier mourns
The crime that thus thy love returns. [*Exit.*

SCENE XIV.

OSRHOES, PHARNASPES.

Phar. O! would to Heaven my blood could yet ſuffice
To free my king and ſave my Emirena!

Oſr. Enough, my friend, I was before unmann'd,
Why wilt thou too conſpire againſt my virtue?
No; let the foe, to his confuſion, ſee me
Superior to his threats; behold me fall
Unconquer'd ſtill, and dread me even in death.

The

The lion, late refiftlefs found,
That finks beneath a mortal wound,
And fees his blood diftain the ground,
Will unfubdu'd appear.
Not death his fiercenefs can affuage;
The hunter, that could once engage
The lordly beaft, his dying rage
Now ftrikes with panic fear. [*Exit*.

SCENE XV.

PHARNASPES *alone*.

How is my foul ftill bound with mortal ties
To this unhappy frame! thus, thus to bear
Such load of wretchednefs! Unpitying ftars!
O! take me hence and let me reft for ever.

'Tis falfe that mortals' vital breath
With forrow muft decay;
That every ill, which brings not death,
Will lightly pafs away.

No thought that fooths man's fuffering kind
To me can comfort give:
My woes would fhake the firmeft mind,
And yet, alas! I live. [*Exit*.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A hall with ſeats.

SABINA, AQUILIUS.

Sab. Muſt I depart, and is he then ſo blind,
So loſt to juſtice? Say, what guilt is mine
That Adrian ſeeks to puniſh?

Aquil. Adrian found
That you were privy to, and firſt adviſ'd
The flight of Emirena and Pharnaſpes.
He thinks his guard ſeduc'd by you; and knows
So well to aggravate your fault, that all
Who hear the ſentence praiſe his clemency.

Sab. I thought but to ſecure for me his heart
By ſtudying only to advance his glory,
And make a rival happy; not impell'd
By hate or anger, but by love and pity.
In this I could not err, or if I err'd,
Such error ſure was venial.

Aquil. Yes, Sabina,
I know it well; and Cæſar too perhaps
Knows it not leſs; but gladly thus admits
A fair pretence.

Sab. 'Tis well; then let him ſee me,
And bluſh at his own ſentence.

Aquil. 'Tis his charge

That

That I forbid you now to appear before him.

Sab. O Heaven! but muſt I then depart unheard?

Aquil. It muſt be ſo.

Sab. And when?

Aquil. The ſhips are now
Prepar'd for your reception.

Sab. Such command
It ill befits Sabina to obey.

Aquil. Ah! yet ſubmit, or you are loſt—depart.
Truſt to my faithful care. You ſhall ſubdue
By yielding to him. I will watch the moment,
And urge him to recall you.

Sab. Yet, at leaſt
Tell him, Aquilius——

Aquil. Go: there needs no more;
I underſtand whate'er your lips would utter.

Sab. Tell him he's faithleſs and unjuſt,
He breaks with me a lover's truſt—
Yet, ah! refrain, and rather ſay
That parting I his will obey,
And ſay how much I love.
Should you perceive a ſtifled ſigh,
Or tear juſt ſtarting from his eye,
Ah! bid him for a moment turn:
And ere I ſeek the ſilent urn,
His pity let me prove. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

AQUILIUS *alone.*

I firſt have plann'd to ſend Sabina hence,
And fondly then repine at her departure.
Think better, O! my heart, reſiding here
To thee ſhe's loſt; her preſence in Auguſtus
Revives his dying virtue. Ill, Aquilius,
Thou bear'ſt thy lov'd-one's abſence; but re-
member
Short ſufferance now enſures thee years of bliſs.

The ſhooting vine more fertile ſprings
Beneath the planter's knife;
Her ripen'd cluſters larger brings,
And blooms with freſher life.

In warm Arabia's climate found
The odorous balſam trills;
But from the bark's inflicted wound
Alone the juice diſtills.

SCENE III.

Enter ADRIAN.

Adr. What haſt thou gain'd, Aquilius?

Aquil. Nothing gain'd:
Sabina, ſir, is conſtant to depart.

Adr.

Adr. She has indeed too juſt a cauſe for anger.

Aquil. But yet ſo gentle her complaints, it ſeems
As if ſome other muſt have touch'd her heart;
And much I doubt ſhe makes a ſpecious plea
Of your inconſtancy to veil her own.

Adr. I like it not: this temper in a woman
Excites ſuſpicion. Let us ſeek Sabina.

Aquil. My lord, you have forgot the Parthian king.
My counſel you approv'd, and meant to appeaſe him:
I've ſent for Oſrhoes, and he waits your ſummons.
When all is ready to complete your purpoſe
You ſtill remain confus'd and unreſolv'd.

Adr. Alas! thou know'ſt not what a war of thought
Now agitates my boſom. Rome, the ſenate,
Sabina, Emirena, love and glory,
All, all are preſent to me, while in vain
I ſeek to reconcile my jarring paſſions.
On every ſide I fear ſome threatening rock:
I chooſe, repent, and long perplex'd in doubt,
I know not good from ill, till driven at laſt
To ſudden choice, I chooſe from all, the worſt.

Aquil. Ah! ceaſe, my ſovereign, to torment yourſelf:
You have within your arms the fair for whom
You ſigh, and fear to claſp her to your boſom.

 I cannot

I cannot bear yout griefs: permit me, ſir,
To introduce the king.

Adr. Yet ſtay—if ſtill—

Aquil. No more of doubts, my lord.

Adr. Act as thou wilt. [*Exit* Aquilius.

SCENE IV.

ADRIAN *alone.*

What will the world then ſay? To cheriſh life
Is nature's law; and thus oppreſs'd with anguiſh,
I cannot live depriv'd of Emirena.

SCENE V.

Enter OSRHOES *and* AQUILIUS.

Oſr. Why am I ſummon'd here?

Adr. Let Parthia's king
Be ſeated and attend; and though his anger
Rejects the peace, he may vouchſafe a truce. [*ſits.*

Oſr. My nature cannot brook a long forbearance. [*ſits.*

Aquil. Aquilius, now thy fate determines. [*aſide.*

Adr. Oſrhoes,
All things on earth muſt change, and ſhall we find
Our

Our enmity alone endure for ever?
Peace is become as uſeful to the victor
As needful to the vanquiſh'd: food for ſtrife
Is wanting now between us: adverſe fate
So much from thee has taken: bounteous Heaven
Has given ſo much to Adrian, that no more
Is left for thee to loſe, or me to conquer.

Oſr. O! yes—my hatred yet remains unſhaken;
That ſtill is mine, and ſhall ſuffice for Oſrhoes.

Aquil. Barbarian! ſavage! [*aſide.*

Adr. Boaſt not that as good,
Which, when poſſeſs'd, torments its own poſſeſſor:
Thou haſt a better way to ſooth thy pride.
Know, thou art the arbiter of my repoſe,
As Adrian of thy life. So Heaven directs
The events of human kind, that each to each
By turns is needful; and the happieſt man,
From him that is moſt wretched, often finds
Something to hope or fear. Speak thou the word,
And Emirena's mine: if I but will it,
Oſrhoes is free, and once again a king.
Let us, my friend, make uſe of either's power
To both our good. I aſk from thee in gift
Thy daughter's hand, and offer thee a throne.

Aquil. [*aſide.*] I tremble for his anſwer.

Adr. Speak: what ſay'ſt thou?
Thou ſmil'ſt, but doſt not ſpeak.

Oſr. And ſhall I think

Adrian

Adrian ſo weak?

Adr. Alas! too ſurely, Oſrhoes.
What boots it to diſſemble? If I ſee not
Fair Emirena knit with me in marriage,
Nor peace, nor happineſs, nor life is mine.

Oſr. Since then ſo little ſerves to make thee happy,
I am content—Go, call my daughter hither.

Adr. Thou doſt accept my offer?

Oſr. Who would e'er
Refuſe ſuch offer?

Adr. Thou haſt given me back
My loſt repoſe. Aquilius, ſee the princeſs
Conducted hither.

Aquil. Cæſar, I obey.
[*aſide.*] Sabina is my own. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

ADRIAN, OSRHOES.

Adr. I now begin
To live once more. Guards, from the Parthian king
Take off his chains. [*guards enter.*

Oſr. Yet ſtay—I will not, Adrian,
Enjoy thy gifts ere thou haſt taſted mine.

Adr. Vain ſcruple! Execute my will.

Oſr. Forbear:
Depart my friends. [*guards go out.*

Adr. Fain would I ſee thee eas'd
Of that injurious load.

Oſr. I am ſo happy
Contemplating the future, that my limbs
Feel not their ſhackles.

Adr. Yet the princeſs comes not. [*looking out.*

Oſr. No leſs is my impatience than thy own.

Adr. I go to haſten her.

Oſr. Behold, ſhe's here.

SCENE VII.

Enter EMIRENA.

Adr. Moſt lovely Emirena— [*meeting her.*

Oſr. Better firſt
It fits for me to unfold our purpoſe to her.

Adr. 'Tis true.

Emir. [*aſide.*] What mean their looks and glad deportment?

Oſr. Amidſt our ſufferings, ſtill, my deareſt daughter,
We may rejoice. Would'ſt thou believe it? Yes,
I, in thy beauty, find a recompenſe

For

For all my losses past.

Emir. What means my father?

Adr. [*to* Emir.] The flame sincere——

Osr. First, Adrian, let me speak.

Adr. Even as thou wilt.

Osr. [*to* Emir.] Such virtue in thine eyes
Indulgent Heaven has lavish'd, that our victor
Becomes our slave: he sighs for thee, and offers
All for thy sake; forgets our enmity,
And stoops to be a suppliant: he abhors
His life without thee, and in thee adores
His tutelary goddess.

Adr. [*to* Emir.] Yours the power——

Osr. [*to him.*] I have not finish'd yet.

Adr. [*aside.*] He tortures me
With this delay.

Osr. [*to* Emir.] Now, hear a father's voice,
And in the deep recesses of thy heart
Engrave his last command: let me at least
In dying leave thee my avenger—hate
The tyrant with a hatred great as mine,
Which unextinguish'd here for ever flames,
And this be thy inheritance.

Adr. Ha! Osrhoes!

Osr. Let neither fear nor hope unite thee to him;
View him henceforth in every pang of suffering,
With frenzy burn and rage with hopeless love.

Adr.

Adr. Just Gods! insulted thus!

Osr. Now, Cæsar, speak:
Osrhoes has finish'd.

Adr. Rash, unhappy man!
Dost thou not know thou call'st the thunder down
That soon may crush thee?

Osr. Rave, thou haughty tyrant,
Thy anguish is my triumph.

Adr. Gods! what fury!
Can man resemble thus the savage kind?
I gaze, and all my anger's lost in wonder.

Barbarian! whether rage may burn,
Or madness seize thy brain,
With horror from that face I turn,
Where all the furies reign.

The wounded boar, the trodden snake,
The lion in the wild;
The tigress, when her young they take,
Compar'd with thee are mild. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

OSRHOES, EMIRENA.

Osr. My daughter, if thou lov'st me, lo! the time
To give it proof: assist thy wretched father,

Who

Who begs compaſſion from thee.

Emir. If my blood
Can give you peace, 'tis yours—it flows for you.

Oſr. O! ſnatch me from the Roman tyrant's power;
—But, ha! I ſee thee free from chains.

Emir. Auguſtus,
Who found us innocent of all attempts
Againſt his life, to me and to Pharnaſpes
Gave inſtant freedom. But what aid for you
Can I beſtow?

Oſr. A ſword! a dagger! poiſon!
Death, death in any ſhape.

Emir. What ſays my father?
Muſt theſe be proofs of love? A daughter's hand
Supply the cruel means! The thought alone
Chills me with horror!—'Tis in vain you aſk it—
My heart abhors the taſk, and though my heart
Inhuman ſhould conſent, my conſcious hand
Would tremble and refuſe its dreadful office.

Oſr. Away. I deem'd thee worthier of thy race.
And doſt thou ſtartle at the name of death?
Infirm of purpoſe! know that Oſrhoes' daughter
Should learn to view it with a ſteadier eye.

A noble

A noble ſoul no tumult knows,
When life draws near its fated cloſe:
The trembling coward only knows
The fear that gives to death its pain.
'Tis falſe to name the dying hour,
The worſt of ills mankind deplore:
Which bids the afflicted ſoul no more
The galling load of life ſuſtain. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Enter PHARNASPES.

Emir. Unhappy Emirena! O! for counſel
In this extreme of woe!

Phar. [*entering.*] Haſte, Emirena.

Emir. Haſte, whither?

Phar. To Auguſtus.

Emir. To Auguſtus?

Phar. Implore him to reverſe his late decree
Againſt thy father.

Emir. What decree, Pharnaſpes?

Phar. He wills that, laden with the weight of chains,
Oſrhoes be led——

Emir. To death?

Phar.

Phar. No; worſe than death.

Emir. Whither?

Phar. To Rome.

Emir. And what can I to aſſiſt him?

Phar. Go—weep—entreat—to Adrian offer now
Thy hand in marriage—O! forget all ties,
All thoughts of love and hope—O! give up all
To ſave the king.

Emir. He charg'd me but even now
To bear for Cæſar everlaſting hatred.

Phar. Alas! you muſt not think to obey commands
In anger given; a momentary madneſs.
No, 'tis our duty, deareſt Emirena,
Spite of himſelf to ſave him.

Emir. Shall I then
Reſign this perſon to another's arms?
Is this indeed thy counſel? Can Pharnaſpes
So ſteel his conſtancy?

Phar. Alas! my princeſs,
Thou little read'ſt my heart: thou little know'ſt
What pangs this conflict coſts me. While I ſpeak
I feel each fibre in my boſom tremble:
Each drop of blood runs curdling through my veins.
I know in thee I loſe my only good,
Whate'er can ſolace life: I know without thee

I drag

I drag a wretched and despairing being;
A burthen hateful to myself and others.
But what must Asia say should Osrhoes fall,
When we have power to save him? Let us then
To this great duty sacrifice our peace.
Go, go, my love, and consort of Augustus,
Enjoy the highest rank of earthly greatness.
To me at least one comfort will remain
Amidst my wretchedness, to say, that she
Who rul'd Pharnaspes' heart, now rules the world.

Emir. If thou would'st have me e'er consent to lose thee
Make not thyself so worthy of my love.

Phar. No, Emirena, no, thou shalt not lose me,
While life informs this breast I'll still be thine,
Thine, as my virtue and thy fame permit.
I swear by all the Gods; by those dear eyes,
Those eyes that cheer my soul; and thou—but whither
Does passion thus transport me? Time admits not
Of mutual sorrow; while we meditate
To save him, Osrhoes may, alas! be lost.

Emir. Farewell. [*going.*

Phar. Yet hear me.

Emir. What would now Pharnaspes?

Phar. Go then—yet pause awhile—Almighty Gods!
I wish thee hence, yet fain would keep thee still.

Emir

Emir. O! Heaven! in leaving thee I love
 I feel my powers decay;
Leſs cruel ſure the ſtroke will prove
 That takes my life away.

Our fortune (thus aſunder torn)
 How ill didſt thou foreſee;
That I, my love, for thee was born,
 And thou wert born for me. [*Exit*.

SCENE X.

PHARNASPES *alone*.

The ſubject's loyalty, the lover's truth
Maintain a doubtful conflict in my breaſt;
By turns are victors and by turns ſubdued.
But while with various fortune each contends,
And neither triumphs, I myſelf am loſt.

The ſorrows that my ſoul depreſs,
 To cruel ſtars I owe;
Yet, midſt my ſorrows, hear me bleſs
 The cauſe of all my woe.

Light are thoſe ills that meet mankind
 Without the ſufferer's blame,
And leave no motives in the mind
 For penitence or ſhame. [*Exit*.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

A magnificent apartment of the imperial palace. Steps deſcending to the banks of the river Orontes.

SABINA, *attended by matrons and Roman knights.* AQUILIUS.

Sab. Hold, inſolent, no more—though Adrian drives
Sabina from his ſight, 'tis criminal
In thee to aſpire to ſuch a heart as mine.

Aquil. Ne'er till this hour——

Sab. And be this hour the laſt
To inſult me with thy love. [*going to embark.*

SCENE XII.

Enter ADRIAN.

Adr. Sabina, hear me.

Aquil. [*aſide.*] O! cruel fortune!

Sab. [*returning.*] Ha! what would Auguſtus?

Adr. And am I then ſo hateful to Sabina
That ſhe would leave me thus? Depart unſeen?

Sab. O! mock me not again: you ſend me hence;
Forbid me ever more to appear before you.

Adr. I ſend thee hence? Ah! when?—Aquilius, ſpeak:
Did not Sabina aſk to leave me?

Sab. Heavens!
[*to* Aquil.] And was it not the mandate of Auguſtus,
That I ſhould part from him, and part unſeen?

Aquil. [*aſide.*] Silence or ſpeech muſt both alike betray me.

Sab. [*to* Aquil.] Perfidious man!

Adr. [*to* Aquil.] Thou doſt not anſwer.

Sab. [*to* Aquil.] Now
I underſtand thy plots, and Adrian too
Shall know——

Aquil. [*to* Adr.] Cæſar, 'tis true, I love Sabina,
And fear'd her preſence might awake thy virtue,
Hence far remov'd I hop'd——

Adr. Enough, thou traitor!
Baſe, undermining ſlave, thou Cæſar's rival!
Ho! guards, ſecure him. [*he is diſarmed.*

Aquil. [*aſide.*] Unpropitious fate!

Adr. No longer think, my ſpouſe, of thy departure.

Sab. Thy ſpouſe, Auguſtus?

Adr. Yes, I find my ſoul
Recovering now apace her wonted calm:

My duty, and the ſcorn of Emirena;
Her father's hatred——

SCENE LAST.

Enter EMIRENA *and* PHARNASPES.

Emir. Pardon, Cæſar, pardon.

Phar. O! pardon, ſir.

Emir. Reſtore to me a father.

Phar. Preſerve for me a king.

Emir. Reſtore him to me;
And, if thou wilt, behold me then thy own.

Adr. What do I hear?

Phar. Auguſtus, yes, to thee
I here reſign my empire o'er her heart.

Adr. What ſays Pharnaſpes?

Emir. Yes, thou ſhalt be, Cæſar,
My guardian God: by that celeſtial ray
Majeſtic beaming from thy ſacred brow;
By that victorious laurel, earn'd with toil;
By this unconquer'd hand, the world's ſupport;
Which by this kiſs—— [*kneels.*

Adr. Ah! riſe—no more—So weeps
A nymph or Goddeſs when ſhe melts the heart.
[*aſide.*

Sab. [*aside.*] Alas! what conflict now in yonder breast
Of love and honour.

Adr. [*aside.*] If I yield to justice,
I lose my Emirena; if to love,
I kill my best Sabina—O! my heart!
How cruel is thy trial!

Sab. [*aside.*] Though unfaithful,
He yet excites my pity.

Emir. Cæsar, say:
Art thou not yet resolv'd?

Sab. [*to* Adr.] Augustus, hear;
At length——

Adr. In pity torture me no further;
I know what thou would'st say, alas! Sabina,
I know it all.

Sab. Thou little know'st Sabina:
Then hear—So fatal are our mutual wounds,
That one of us must fall. Sabina dies
In losing thee, and, Adrian, thou must die
In losing Emirena. Heaven forbid,
That to preserve a woman's worthless days,
A hero thus should perish. Live, my Adrian,
Live for thy fame, thy country, and the world;
If not for me: I freely here release thee
From every tye; forgive thee all my wrongs,
And with these lips will ever plead thy cause.

Adr.

Adr. Is't possible!

Sab. Cæsar, farewell. [*going.*

Adr. O! stay:
O! noble mind! exalted dame! whose merits
Might claim a thousand empires. Must you all
Bring on my cheek the glow of conscious shame?
[*to* Phar.] The loyal subject yields to me his mistress
In ransom for his king: [*to* Emir.] The pious daughter
Does, for her father, sacrifice herself.
[*to* Sab.] And thou, forsaken, injur'd as thou art,
Transcendent fair! think'st only of my peace!
And I, shall I alone, with such examples,
Be feeble as a girl, nor hide this face
From every living eye; yet press the throne,
And give to earth its laws? O! no—let all
Be happy. To the Parthian king I give
His crown and liberty; to thee, Pharnaspes,
Resign fair Emirena: I absolve
Aquilius of his guilt; to thee, Sabina,
More worthy of thy love, myself restore.

Phar. Joy unexpected!

Sab. This indeed is Adrian;
Now he appears himself.

Emir. O! whilst I breathe,
This breast, Augustus, grateful for thy goodness—

Adr. If thou wilt shew thy gratitude to Cæsar,

Leave, leave his heart in peace; ſcarce now in ſafety
When thou art near him. Let me then entreat thee
To quit me, Emirena. See thy ſpouſe
Securely thine: thy father ſhalt thou find
In freedom to thy wiſh. Live and be happy,
And all in deep oblivion drown the memory
Of Adrian's errors.

Emir. Yet, permit me, Cæſar—

[*attempts to kiſs his hand.*

Adr. O! Emirena—'tis enough—farewell.

[*preventing her.*

CHORUS.

Auguſtus, while thy ſacred praiſe
Aſcends the ſtarry way,
Our hands a ſnow-white ſtone ſhall raiſe
To mark this bliſsful day.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

DIDO.

D I D O.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

DIDO, Queen of CARTHAGE.

ÆNEAS.

IARBAS, King of the Moors, under the name of ARBACES.

SELENE, Sister to DIDO.

ARASPES, confidant of IARBAS.

OSMIDAS, confidant of DIDO.

SCENE, CARTHAGE.

D I D O.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A magnificent hall of audience, with a throne on one ſide. A proſpect of the city of Carthage.

ÆNEAS, SELENE, OSMIDAS.

Æn. No princeſs, friend, believe not fear or hatred
Unmoors the Phrygian fleet and drives me hence:
I know that Dido loves me (ah! too well
I've prov'd that truth), nor doubt her conſtant faith.
I love and I adore her: gratitude
Warms every thought for all her kindneſs ſhewn
To me, to mine. But deſtiny commands
Once more to expoſe my life on Neptune's waves.
Such is the will of Heaven! Ah me unhappy!
The crime of Fate muſt thus appear my own.

Sel. If after wandering long thou ſeek'ſt a reſt
And ſettled home; 'tis offer'd on this ſhore:
My ſiſter gives, thy merits and our friendſhip
Confirm the wiſh'd aſylum.

Æn.

Æn. Such aſylum
Heaven grants not yet.

Sel. And wherefore?

Oſm. By what ſigns
Have the juſt Gods to you reveal'd their will?

Æn. Oſmidas, ſleep has never clos'd theſe eyes,
In ſweet oblivion, but he brings to view
My father's angry ſhade: "O ſon! (he cries,
"I hear his well-known voice), ungrateful ſon!
"Are theſe the Italian realms, whoſe conqueſt oft
"To thee have Phœbus and myſelf enjoin'd?
"Ill-fated Aſia from thy valour hopes
"In other climes renew'd another Troy.
"This didſt thou promiſe, this, in life's laſt moments
"I heard thee ſwear, when kneeling, on this hand
"Thy filial kiſs confirm'd the ſolemn compact.
"And now, ungrateful to thyſelf, thy country,
"Thy father, here thou dwell'ſt in ſloth and love—
"Riſe, cut the cords that hold thy tardy veſſels,
"And looſe thy ſpreading ſails."—Such warning given
He darts an angry glance and diſappears.

Sel. I freeze with horror.

Oſm. If Æneas leave us
I loſe in him a rival to the throne. [*aſide.*

Sel. [*to* Æn.] If you forſake us, hapleſs Dido dies,—

And

And ah! Selene never can ſurvive. [*aſide.*

Oſm. The queen approaches.

Æn. Whither ſhall I turn?

Sel. I dare not ſpeak my pains. [*aſide.*

Æn. Be firm my heart,
Thy trial comes! [*aſide.*

SCENE II.

Enter DIDO *attended.*

Did. Æneas, Aſia's glory,
The care of Venus and of Dido; ſee
How proud, exulting in thy preſence here,
Our infant Carthage lifts her towering head.
Thoſe arches, temples, walls, are all the fruit
Of Dido's toils; but thou, Æneas, thou
Art their firſt boaſt and nobleſt ornament.
Thou doſt not anſwer—ſhunn'ſt me—Is it thus
Æneas meets me with repulſive ſilence?
Perchance ſome other paſſion from thy heart
Has driven my once-lov'd form.

Æn. The Gods can witneſs
Dido is ever preſent to my mind:
Nor time, nor diſtance e'er ſhall ſhed oblivion
(Thoſe Gods alike can witneſs) o'er my paſſion.

Did. Wherefore theſe proteſtations! Dido ſeeks
No vows to bind thy faith—a look, a ſigh,
Enſures from me belief.

Oſm.

Osm. She trusts too far. [*aside.*

Sel. I dare not yet complain. [*aside.*

Æn. If thou regard'st
Thy own repose, think of thyself, thy greatness,
And think of me no more.

Did. Not think of thee!
I that but live for thee! I that enjoy
No moment's peace when thou art absent from me?

Æn. O Heaven! what hast thou said? Is this a time
For such effusive tenderness? Alas!
Too generous for ingratitude like mine!

Did. Ingratitude, Æneas! Is my love
Then hateful to thee?

Æn. Never has my soul
Confess'd a purer flame——but——

Did. Speak——

Æn. My country——
Heaven's high command——

Did. Go on.

Æn. I cannot speak it.

A thousand warring thoughts in vain
My labouring bosom swell:
Do thou that fatal cause explain [*to* Osm.
My lips refuse to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

DIDO, SELENE, OSMIDAS, *attendants*.

Did. And does Æneas fly me thus? What means
Such cruel filence! how have I offended!

Sel. His purpofe is to leave thee—Love and Glory
With doubtful empire ftruggle in his heart.

Did. And does he find it glory to forfake me?

Ofm. Now policy affift me! [*afide.*]—Mighty queen!
Selene little reads Æneas' thoughts:
Arbaces from the Moorifh court is fent
Ambaffador to Carthage.

Did. Well, what follows?

Ofm. The haughty king demands your hand in marriage.
Æneas fears that you, by force compell'd,
Will yield to his demand; and therefore flies
To fhun the grief to fee you wed another.

Did. It may be fo—go, deareft fifter, chace
From my Æneas fuch unkind fufpicions,
And tell him death alone fhall tear me from him.

Sel. This I muft fuffer too! relentlefs fate!
[*afide.*

To

To him thy ſiſter, void of art,
Shall make thy purpoſe known,
And ſooth to peace thy love-ſick heart; [*to* Did.
But rend with grief her own. [*aſide.*

To him my faithful lips addreſs'd,
Shall all thy thoughts reveal: [*to* Did.
But how, the pangs that rend my breaſt,
Shall I, ye powers! conceal! [*aſide.*] *Exit.*

SCENE IV.

DIDO, OSMIDAS, *attendants.*

Did. Now let Arbaces come; whate'er his purpoſe,
A ſuppliant or a foe, he comes in vain:
Before his ſight, ere yet the day declines
To weſtern ſkies, the ſun ſhall ſee this hand
Given to Æneas—he and he alone
Is worthy to poſſeſs the heart of Dido:
This ſhall Arbaces know.

Oſm. Arbaces comes.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter IARBAS, *under the name of* ARBACES, *with* ARASPES. *A train of Moors; various attendants bringing tigers, lions, and other presents to the Queen.* DIDO *ascends the throne,* OSMIDAS *on her right hand: two* Carthaginians *bring the cushions for the African Ambassador and place them at a distance fronting the throne.*

Aras. Behold, my king—[*aside to him, entering.*

Iar. Be silent—while I wear [*aside to* Aras.
A subject's semblance, call me still Arbaces,
And be the king forgot—Dido, to thee,
The sovereign of the Moors deputes Arbaces,
His faithful nunciate. At thy choice I bring
Thy kingdom's safety or thy kingdom's ruin.
The presents here display'd, gems, treasure, captives,
And savage beasts, the wealth of subject Afric,
He sends, O queen, as pledges of his greatness:
Then learn the giver from the gift.

Did. Should Dido
Accept his gift, the giver's well rewarded;
But let him heed, or what he means a gift
May prove a tribute—Insolence like this
The soul of Dido scorns.—[*aside.*] Sit then and speak.

Aras. What thinks my sovereign? [*aside to* Iar.

Iar. Lovely in her pride! [*to him—ſits.*
Remember, Dido, what thou cam'ſt from Tyre,
What deſperate fortune drove thee to theſe ſhores;
'Twas Afric only gave thee reſt and ſafety
From thy inhuman brother's impious thirſt
Of wealth and blood: this ample ſpace, where now
Aſpiring Carthage riſes, was the gift
Of my great maſter's hand: Iarbas—

Did. Hold!
Thou doſt confound a purchaſe with a gift.

Iar. Firſt let me ſpeak and then reply.

Did. What boldneſs! [*to* Oſm.

Oſm. Let him proceed. [*to* Did.

Iar. My courteous king, Iarbas,
Sought thee in marriage, and refus'd, endur'd
The unworthy ſlight, becauſe thy widow's vows
Were then devoted to Sichæus' aſhes.
All Afric now has heard that from the ruins
Of Aſia's kingdom here Æneas found
From thee a welcome, that thy heart is given
To him; nor will the ſovereign of the Moors
Permit a wandering exile, 'ſcap'd from Troy,
To rival him in love.

Did. His love and hate
To me are equal.

Iar. Let me firſt conclude,
Then may'ſt thou anſwer. Know my generous king
Inſtead of war has ſent to offer peace.

Aċt

Act as thou wilt—forgetful of the past,
He seeks thy love, demands to share thy nuptials,
And asks with these Æneas' forfeit head.

Did. Hast thou yet finish'd?

Iar. I have finish'd.

Did. Know
To Lybian sands I came from regal Tyre
For freedom not for bondage. Carthage stands
My treasure's purchase, not thy monarch's gift.
When to Iarbas I refus'd my hand,
And widow'd heart, I meant to keep my faith
To dead Sichæus—Dido now is chang'd—
Far other thoughts——

Iar. Since Dido now has chang'd—

Did. First let me answer, then Arbaces, speak.
Yes, Dido now is chang'd—'tis wisdom oft
To vary thoughts with time—Æneas' worth
Has touch'd my heart; his valour shall support
My rising throne, and marriage make us one.

Iar. But first his head——

Did. His head will prove a conquest
Not lightly gain'd—this exile scap'd from Troy
May give the sovereign of the Moors such toil,
He yet but little fears.

Iar. Should'st thou provoke
My king's resentment, soon expect to see
Against thee Afric pour her numerous sons,

From

From Garamantia and Getulia's plains,
And hot Numidia's confines.

Did. Let Æneas
But own my caufe, and Afric pour her fons
From Garamantia and Getulia's plains,
From hot Numidia's clime, and all the world
Confpire againft my empire.

Iar. Shall I then
Report this anfwer?

Did. Thou mayft fay that Dido
Heeds not the foothing of Iarbas' love,
Nor fears his indignation.

Iar. Still reflect——
Think better, Dido.

Did. I have thought enough. [*both rife.*

A queen and lover Dido reigns,
And in her heart and throne maintains
A right, all rights above.
In vain he feeks her foul to awe,
Who to her will would give the law,
In glory or in love. [*Exit attended.*

SCENE VI.

IARBAS, ARASPES, OSMIDAS.

Iar. Arafpes, vengeance.—— [*going.*

Araf. Where thou lead'ft I follow.

Ofm.

Osm. Arbaces, ſtay.

Iar. What can he ſeek with me? [*to* Araſ.

Osm. May I at will confer with thee?

Iar. Speak on.

Osm. If thou wilt make me partner of thy counſels,
Receive my profferr'd aid. The queen intruſts me;
Æneas ranks me for his friend; the troops
Wait on my nod, and ample power is mine
To forward thy deſigns.

Iar. And who art thou?

Osm. A follower of the Tyrian queen, Oſmidas,
In Cyprus was I born, and boaſt a mind
Above my humble fortune.

Iar. I accept
Thy profferr'd aid, and if I find thee faithful,
Whate'er thou wiſheſt, be thy bright reward.

Osm. Let Dido be thy ſovereign's, and to me
Be yielded then the government of Carthage.

Iar. I plight my faith it ſhall be thine.

Osm. But will
Thy ſovereign's power confirm the mighty grant?

Iar. The king beſtows it when Arbaces gives.

Osm. Then——

Iar. Every little act may breed ſuſpicion:
Reſerve thy counſels for ſome fitter place

 Retir'd

Retir'd from notice—On my faith rely,
Whene'er Iarbas weds, Ofmidas reigns.

Ofm. Difclofe each plan thy foul revolves,
My zeal fhall fecond thy refolves,
Thy hopes, thy vengeance aid:
So murmuring through the verdant meads,
A ftream its gentle current leads,
With genial power a fapling feeds,
Whofe branches deck the glade. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

IARBAS, ARASPES.

Iar. Vain, eafy fool! to hope fuch promife given
Would find from me performance.

Araf. Yet, my fovereign;
Your facred word is paft.

Iar. Who keeps not faith
To others, merits not himfelf to find it.
Go, lov'd Arafpes, all delay is torture
To rage like mine—go, let one blow from thee
Secure my vengeance—let Æneas die.

Araf. I go—and fate fhall foon in open combat
Decide between our valour. [*going.*

Iar. Stay, Arafpes,
Let not thy fame, my hatred and my vengeance,
Be

Be left to chance like this—fraud ſhall aſſiſt us;
Aſſail him unprovided.

Araſ. Fraud! my ſovereign?
A ſubject was I born, but never yet
Have earn'd the name of traitor—Bid me run,
Naked through flames, expoſe to hoſtile arms
This fenceleſs breaſt,—I'll fearleſs dare them all,
Thou art the maſter of my life—Araſpes
Shrinks from no trial to defend his king;
But, Oh! exact not from this ſword a deed
That bears the ſtamp of treaſon.

Iar. Fond deluſion
Of vulgar minds—I ſhall not want an arm
More faithful found than thine.

Araſ. How! mighty Gods!
Thy virtue ſure—

Iar. What virtue? In the world
Virtue is but a name, or that alone
Is virtue, which ſecures our weal or pleaſure.

Amidſt a throne's reſplendent blaze
Each action ſtands approv'd;
Deceit itſelf may claim our praiſe,
And guilty deeds be lov'd.

To ſhun by guile ſome threaten'd ill,
Let daſtard ſpirits dread,
Who born in fetters, cheriſh ſtill
The fears in bondage bred. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

ARASPES *alone.*

O impious doctrine! canst thou then, unhappy,
Be stranger to the feelings of remorse,
Remorse that follows even successful guilt;
Nor know the peace that virtue gives misfortune?
O! thou the world's support! the glorious boast
Of men and Gods, fair Virtue, lead me still.

If thou direct not through the deep
(Bright star of Heaven!) my tossing ship,
No calm this restless bosom knows.
On thee in danger I confide,
In adverse fate thy counsels guide,
From thee alone I find repose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

A court-yard.

SELENE, ÆNEAS.

Æn. Already have I told you, fair Selene,
That ill Osmidas has explain'd my thoughts.
Ah! would to Heaven that Dido were unfaithful,
Or that I could one moment, self-deceiv'd,
Believe her faithless to me!—But to know
That still she loves Æneas, that compell'd

I yet

I yet muſt leave her—this, indeed, is torture!

Sel. Whatever cauſe conſtrains you to depart
At leaſt defer the parting: bend your ſteps
To Neptune's hallow'd fane, my ſiſter there
Demands a moment's audience.

Æn. Dreadful pauſe!

Sel. Firſt hear her, then depart.

Æn. And ſhall I take
A laſt farewell of all my ſoul adores!

Sel. Can I be ſilent ſtill and live? [*aſide.*

Æn. Selene,
You weep.

Sel. Ah! can I hear you, yet reſtrain
The ſympathizing tear?

Æn. Forbear your ſighs,
'Tis Dido ſhould alone lament my going.

Sel. One heart, alas! myſelf and Dido bear.

Æn. Do you ſo nearly feel a ſiſter's ſorrow?

Sel. She lives in me, and I ſo live in her,
That all the afflictions ſhe endures, are mine.

Æn. Moſt generous maid! I pity your diſtreſs,
And in your ſorrows, half forget my own.

Sel. O! could you read my heart, you truly then
Might feel for poor Selene.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter IARBAS *and* ARASPES.

Iar. I have ſearch'd
The palace round, nor yet can find Æneas.

Araſ. Perchance he ſails from Carthage.

Iar. Would yon warrior [*ſees* Æn.
Were him I ſeek.—He ſeems not by his garb
Of Afric's ſons—What art thou, ſtranger? Say. [*to him.*

Araſ. O how her beauty ſtrikes my raviſh'd eyes! [*looking at* Sel.

Æn. Lovely Selene—— [*looking at* Sel.

Iar. Sure, thou hear'ſt me not. [*to* Æn.

Æn. O! too, too feeling for another's woes! [*to* Sel.

Sel. What arrogant deportment! [*looking at* Iar.

Araſ. Heavens! how fair! [*looking at* Sel.

Iar. Declare thy name, or now— [*to* Æn.

Æn. What right haſt thou
To make this proud demand, or what to thee
Imports my name or birth?

Iar. To me, my will
Is all the right I ſeek.

Æn. It is not here
Our wont to anſwer madmen. [*going.*

Iar.

Iar. Anſwer then
This truſty weapon. [*about to draw.*

Sel. In Selene's ſight!
In Dido's palace ſuch preſumptuous bearing!

Iar. And does an envoy from Iarbas claim
No more reſpect?

Sel. The queen ſhall learn this outrage.

Iar. This let her learn, and in her own deſpite
Behold me lop yon traitor's daring head,
And join'd with that of her Æneas, caſt it
Before the feet of my offended king.

Æn. The deed may prove more arduous than thy fond
O'erweening hopes preſage.

Iar. Wilt thou oppoſe it?
Or that Æneas, who, for glories won,
Recounts his paſt defeats?

Æn. Yet know, proud man,
Thy boaſted victories, in glory's ſcale,
May yield to his defeats.

Iar. And who art thou,
That dar'ſt for him provoke me?

Æn. I am one,
Let this ſuffice, who holds thy wrath in ſcorn.

When

When thou my hidden name ſhalt hear
Thy haughty ſoul may learn to fear,
Thy tongue each boaſt forget.
The paſſenger, whoſe headſtrong will
Againſt his pilot's better ſkill,
Inſenſate quits the peaceful ſhore,
Will ſoon, when angry tempeſts roar,
The ſafer land regret. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

IARBAS, SELENE, ARASPES.

Iar. Thou ſhalt not 'ſcape me thus— [*going.*

Sel. What would'ſt thou? Say. [*detaining him.*

Iar. Give me his name.

Sel. Be calm——
And learn it then from me.

Iar. I aſk no more.

Sel. Know'ſt thou that ſtranger, whom thy rage inſulted,
Is him thou ſeek'ſt—Æneas?

Iar. Thou haſt robb'd me
Of great revenge, forbid this hand to reap
Thoſe honours which indulgent Heaven prepar'd.

Sel. Whence all this anger? How has he, Arbaces,

Offended

Offended thee?

Iar. He with my ſovereign dares
Contend for Dido's love, and canſt thou aſk
In what I am offended?

Sel. Think'ſt thou then
That every lover can elect at will
The heart's dear object? Ah! thou little know'ſt,
Arbaces yet, the wayward ſchool of love. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

IARBAS, ARASPES.

Iar. Iarbas ſhall no longer lurk conceal'd,
Araſpes, I've already borne too much.

Araſ. What would you then?

Iar. I'll ſummon all my warriors
At my arrival in the wood conceal'd,
And lead them to the palace; hurl deſtruction
On hated Carthage; tear my rival's heart
From his deteſted breaſt——

SCENE XIII.

Enter OSMIDAS *in haſte.*

Oſm. My lord, already
The queen prepares to viſit Neptune's temple;
If you delay, even now, before your ſight,

She

She to the haughty Trojan gives her hand.

Iar. Presumptuous daring!

Osm. 'Tis no longer time
For vain complaints.

Iar. What counsel now remains?

Osm. The speediest is the best——myself will lead—
Be bold—in every enterprise Osmidas
Will be your buckler and support. [*Exit.*

SCENE XIV.

IARBAS, ARASPES.

Aras. My lord, [*to* Iar. *going.*
Ah! whither would you run?

Iar. To slay my rival.

Aras. Alas! what means? Your warriors know not yet
Their leader's will.

Iar. If force should fail, deceit
Shall lend its aid.

Aras. And would you purchase vengeance
With treachery's impious stain?

Iar. My love, Araspes,
Emboldens thee too far; I rather wish thee
More prompt to vigorous act, and slow to counsel:
Think what Iarbas is, and what Araspes.

A flood am I, that, ſwell'd with rains,
With ſnows and waters, o'er the plains
Bears woods and herds and cots and ſwains,
While nothing can oppoſe its courſe.
If narrow banks the torrent bind,
It burſts the bed, and unconfin'd,
Reſiſtleſs roars with double force.
[*Exit with* Araſ.

SCENE XV.

The temple of Neptune, with an image of the God.

ÆNEAS *and* OSMIDAS.

Oſm. Then from your lips ſhall wretched Dido learn
Your purpoſe to forſake her? O! for pity
Refrain, and ſpare her heart ſuch rending ſorrow.

Æn. 'Tis cruelty to ſpeak, but to conceal it
Were more than treaſon.

Oſm. Conſtant to your purpoſe,
Yet at her tears I truſt it ſoon will change.

Æn. My grief may end my life, but cannot make me
Deaf to my country's call, my father's honour.

Oſm. Exalted prince! the firſt of heroes he,
Whoſe virtue can ſubdue himſelf.

Æn.

Æn. Alas!
How dear is ſuch a conqueſt!

SCENE XVI.

Enter IARBAS *and* ARASPES.

Iar. [*to* Araſ.] See my rival,
And unaccompanied.

Araſ. Think what you are.

Iar. [*to* Araſ.] Follow me and be ſilent—
Thus my wrongs——

[*going to ſtrike* Æneas, *is prevented by* Araſpes; *the dagger drops from his hand and is taken up by* Araſpes.

Araſ. O! hold——

Iar. [*to* Araſ.] Ah! traitor! thus to aid my foe!

Æn. What would thy impious fury?

[*to* Araſ. *ſeeing the dagger in his hand.*

Oſm. All is loſt!

SCENE XVII.

Enter DIDO, *attended.*

Oſm. O queen! we are betray'd, and if Arbaces
Had here delay'd his ſuccour, great Æneas
This day had fallen beneath a barbarous hand.

Did,

Did. Where is the base assassin?

Osm. See him there,
The murderous weapon in his grasp.
[*pointing to* Aras.

Did. What fury
Enflam'd thy bosom to the treacherous deed?

Aras. My sovereign's glory and my own renown.

Did. How! did Arbaces disavow——

Aras. I know it——
He reprobates the deed—I fear his anger,
But never can my conscious soul repent
What is not guilt.

Did. And feel'st thou no remorse
For such a sacrilege?

Aras. A thousand times
Would I repeat the daring.

Did. I'll prevent thee——
Guards, take him hence— [*Exit* Aras. *guarded.*

Æn. [*to* Iar.] O! generous foe! I knew not
In thee such virtue dwelt—come to my breast.

Iar. Æneas, hold—Araspes sav'd thy life—
I sought thy blood—in me behold Iarbas!

Did. Iarbas, thou!

Æn. Thou sovereign of the Moors!

Did. A kingly bosom harbours not such baseness:

Thou doſt belie thy prince—Diſarm the traitor.

Iar. None dare approach me. [*draws.*] Death is in this weapon.

Oſm. [*aſide to* Iar.] Seem but to yield awhile, till time permit
To call our friends in aid—In me confide.

Iar. Can I ſubmit ſo tamely. [*aſide to* Oſm.

Æn. Hold, my friends,
'Tis mine to puniſh him.

Did. [*to* Æn.] Reſerve thy valour
For nobler deeds—
[*to* Iar.] What canſt thou hope? Or yield,
Or fall a bloody victim at my feet.

Oſm. Reſerve thee for a future noble vengeance. [*aſide to* Iar.

Iar. There—take my ſword.
[*throws down his ſword, which is taken up by the guards.—Exit* Iarbas *guarded, followed by* Oſmidas *and* Araſpes.

SCENE XVIII.

DIDO, ÆNEAS.

Did. Æneas, thou art ſafe:
The Gods for me preſerve a life ſo precious.

Æn. O Heaven! my queen—

Did. Again doſt thou retain

A doubt

A doubt of Dido's truth?

Æn. O no!—my fate
Is far more wretched—I muſt leave thee, Dido.

Did. Leave me! what fatal cauſe?

Æn. The will of Jove,
My father's ſhade, my country, Heaven's command,
My faith, my duty, honour, empire, all
Now ſummon me to tread the Italian ſhores:
My long delay too much offends the Gods.

Did. And haſt thou then, perfidious! till this hour
Conceal'd thy cruel purpoſe?

Æn. O! 'twas pity.

Did. Pity! thy lips had ſworn me endleſs truth
When thy falſe heart prepar'd to part for ever!
Whom ſhall I truſt again?—A wretched outcaſt
Of winds and waves, receiv'd upon my coaſt,—
I gave him welcome from the ſeas; refitted
His ſcatter'd fleet and arms; with him I ſhar'd
My heart and throne—and ah! as this were little,
For him I have provok'd a hundred kings,
That profferr'd me their love—Lo! ſuch reward
Has faith like mine—Ah! whom, unhappy Dido,
Whom ſhalt thou truſt again?

Æn. O! while I live
Thy name ſhall be the ſolace of my thoughts:
O! never, Dido, would I quit theſe ſhores

Had

Had not the will of Heaven decreed my toils,
To raiſe another realm in Latian climes.

Did. The Gods indeed have then no other care
Than great Æneas' fate.

Æn. And would'ſt thou then
Æneas ſhould, by ſtill remaining here,
Incur the guilt of perjury?

Did. O no:
Thus would thy offspring loſe in future times
The world's great empire.—Go, purſue thy fortune;
Go—ſeek the Italian realms—to winds and waves
Intruſt thy hopes——but know that righteous Heaven
Shall make thoſe waves my miniſters of vengeance.
Then ſhalt thou late repent thy fond belief
In raging elements—then ſhalt thou call,
But call in vain on Dido.

Æn. Could'ſt thou read
My ſecret thoughts——.

Did. Away and leave me, traitor!

Æn. At leaſt, with gentler aſpect, from my lips
Receive the laſt farewell.

Did. Leave me, ingrate!

Æn. And yet my wretched fate, alas! deſerves not
From Dido ſuch reproaches.

Did. Hence, thou falſe-one!

Have

Have I not cauſe to accuſe my fate?
To mourn a heart by thee, ingrate!
With every grief oppreſt?
Perfidious man! for love ſo true,
Thou know'ſt if ſuch reward was due:
Ye ſouls! like me unbleſt!
Ah! ſay, what pangs can mortals know,
If what I feel beſpeaks not woe
That deepeſt rends the breaſt.

[*Exit attended.*

And ſhall I make thee then ſuch baſe return,
For truth like thine? Such love, ſuch gifts unequall'd?
No—ere my heart conſents to leave thee thus,
Firſt periſh Italy and all the world!
Let blank oblivion hide my fame for ever,
And Troy once more be ſunk in ſmouldering aſhes!
—Alas! what have I ſaid!—O mighty father!
Forgive the ravings of a lover's folly—
'Twas not Æneas ſpoke—O death to glory!—
Haſte, let us go—Muſt then the inſulting Moor
Infold her beauties in his arms?—O! never!—
But ſhall the ſon meantime forgetting all
His filial ties be perjur'd to his ſire?

O! give me counſel, Gods! In this extreme,
Love, jealouſy, a father's angry ſhade,
And Heaven's high mandates rend my warring ſoul.

Whether my ſhips are moor'd at land,
Or ſails are ſtretch'd in air,
Cruel and falſe on either hand,
A like reproach I bear.

Meanwhile with dreadful doubts oppreſs'd,
That harrow deep my labouring breaſt,
I ſtill my flight delay.
I dare not quit, nor keep the ſhore,
But, ah! with equal pangs deplore
My parting or my ſtay! [*Exit*.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A royal apartment, a table and ſeats.

SELENE, ARASPES.

Sel. What hand has looſ'd the rude barbarian's chains?

Araſ. I know not, fair Selene; I behold
Myſelf a priſoner, guilty; then again
In freedom and abſolv'd; in one ſhort moment
Araſpes freed, his ſovereign lord in bonds:
Through all the palace anxious now I ſeek him,
And find Selene.

Sel. Ah! ſome ſecret treaſon
Is fram'd againſt Æneas—O! Araſpes,
Preſerve the hero's life.

Araſ. He is my foe:
But if you aſk Araſpes to defend him
From hidden fraud, thus far I plight my faith;
My honour here will prove his firmeſt guard:
Thus much muſt yet ſuffice.

Sel. It ſhall ſuffice. [*going.*

Araſ. Ah! take not from my eyes ſo ſoon the joy
To view Selene's charms.

Sel. What means Araſpes?

Araſ. Alas! I know I ſhould conceal my paſſion;
But if I err, Selene, to yourſelf
Impute the crime of love.

Sel. I own, Araſpes,
Thy valour, virtue, all that claims regard
From woman's ſex—but, ah! another flame
Has warm'd Selene's heart.

Araſ. Ah me, unhappy!

Sel. Yet more, Araſpes—if theſe feeble charms
Have touch'd thy breaſt, at leaſt diſcloſe thy pains,
I'll hear and pity them—but ah! Selene
Cannot conceal, yet dares not own her ſecret.

Araſ. Yet let me here devote my conſtant faith.

Sel. Thus much I grant, but ne'er expect return:
If thou canſt love me on this hard condition,
I take thy love—but ne'er aſpire to more.

Araſ. My heart, on this condition, plights its truth.

Sel. For me thy faithful love retain,
Thy boſom bear the ſhaft in vain;
But ne'er to me henceforth complain
Of unrewarded love.
My conſtant heart and thine muſt ſhare
An equal portion of deſpair:
No hope muſt ever ſooth thy care,
Nor I compaſſion prove. [*Exit.*

ARASPES

ARASPES *alone.*

Thou bid'ſt me never hope, but bid'ſt in vain;
Hope is the gleam that cheers the parting ſoul.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

DIDO *with a paper,* OSMIDAS.

Did. I know that under feign'd Arbaces' name
The ſovereign of the Moors here lurks conceal'd:
But be it as it may, he injures Dido,
And king or ſubject he ſhall pay the forfeit.
He dies without reprieve.

Oſm. Whate'er thy will,
Behold in me your faithful miniſter.

Did. Thy loyalty ſhall find its due reward.

Oſm. And what reward, O queen? In vain my valour
And loyalty are yours, while in your heart
Æneas rules alone the ſovereign lord.

Did. No more—nor call to mind that hated name,
Perfidious and ingrate! A ſoul that knows
No law nor compact—I deteſt myſelf
For loving him ſo long.

Oſm. Should you again
Behold him, he would ſooth each angry thought.

Did.

Did. Again behold him? Think not this deceiver,
While Dido lives, ſhall ever ſee me more.

SCENE III.

Enter SELENE.

Sel. Æneas ſues for audience, if my queen
Vouchſafe to admit him.

Did. Heavens! Æneas! where,
Where, my Selene?

Sel. He attends at hand,
And ſighs impatient to behold his queen.

Did. Raſh man!—but let him enter——thou, Oſmidas,
Awhile retire. [*Exit* Sel.

Oſm. Did I not well foreſee it?
Æneas rules at will the heart of Dido.

Did. Diſtract me not in vain—Oſmidas, leave me. [*Exit* Oſm.

SCENE IV.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Did. Not yet departed? Does the great Æneas
Still deign to honour Lybia's barbarous ſhores?
I thought, already croſt the furtheſt waves,
He now, a victor in Italian climes,

Had

Had dragg'd in triumph, at his chariot wheels,
Whole nations bound in chains and captive kings.

Æn. Such harſh reproaches, O! too lovely queen,
But ill beſeem your gentleneſs—I come
Anxious to guard your honour and my own.
I know you mean to puniſh with his death
The Moor's preſumptuous pride.

Did. Behold his ſentence. [*ſhews the paper.*

Æn. Glory permits not I ſhould thus revenge
My private wrongs—if you for me condemn him.

Did. For thee condemn him? Thou art too much deceiv'd:
Paſt is that time, Æneas, when on thee
Was Dido's every thought—that flame is quench'd;
Thoſe chains are broken; ſcarce remembrance now
Recalls thy name.

Æn. Reflect—the ſeeming envoy
Is ſovereign of the Moors.

Did. Whate'er he be,
I know him not—to me he is Arbaces.

Æn. O! Heaven! his death againſt your ſtate would raiſe
All Afric's powers in arms.

Did. I aſk not counſel:
Guard thou thy kingdom, Dido guards her own
Without thy arm. I gave my Carthage laws,

And

And ſaw, without thy help, her riſing towers.
Bleſs'd had I been if thou, ungrateful man,
Hadſt never reach'd theſe ſhores.

Æn. If Dido's ſoul
Deſpiſe the peril, grant his life to me;
Let me entreat his pardon.

Did. Dido ſure
Muſt owe her kingdom and herſelf, her all
To thy tranſcendent merits—To a lover
Loyal as thee; a hero ſo renown'd
For filial piety; to prayers ſo juſt,
To ſuch a pleader what ſhall be denied?
[*goes to the table.*
Inhuman! tyrant! on this day, the laſt
We e'er perhaps may meet, thou now art come
To ſpeak but of Arbaces; Dido claims
No more thy care.—O! had I ſeen thine eyes
But moiſten'd with a tear!—Do I not merit
A look, a ſigh, ſome little mark of pity?
And yet thou dar'ſt to plead another's pardon!
Shall I reward thee for thy cruelty?
Since thou would'ſt have him live, he ſurely dies.
[*ſigns the paper.*

Æn. My ſoul's beſt treaſure ſtill! for ſuch thou art,
In ſpite of rigorous fate. Ah! what avails
With mutual tenderneſs to wake anew
Your ſlumbering grief—if yet your heart retain

Some little thought for this forlorn of men,
Appeafe your anger, and revoke the fentence.
Æneas begs it—he whom Dido once
Pronounc'd her chiefeft good, and whom, till now,
She priz'd beyond her life and regal throne;
And he whom once——

Did. Enough—thou haft fubdu'd me—
Receive this paper—See, ungrateful man,
[*gives him the paper.*
How Dido ftill adores thee; with one look
Thou haft difarm'd her—all defence is loft;
And wilt thou yet betray me—yet forfake me?

Ah! hear me yet, in pity hear,
Nor wretched Dido leave:
Where fhall fhe meet with truth fincere,
If you her truth deceive?

Of you my laft farewell to take,
To tear you from my breaft,
I fear my wretched heart muft break,
With countlefs woes oppreſs'd. [*Exit.*

ÆNEAS *alone.*

I feel my conftancy begin to fail
Before fuch wondrous truth; and while I feek
To fave another I myfelf am loft.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter IARBAS.

Iar. What means the great Æneas? Still I ſee
His face impreſs'd with marks of recent fear.

Æn. Iarbas loos'd from bonds! Who ſet thee free?

Iar. Oſmidas gave me leave to range at large
The palace walls; but, to ſecure thy ſafety,
Without my truſty ſword.

Æn. Does thus Oſmidas
Betray his ſovereign's charge?

Iar. What fears Æneas?
Leſt I ſhould ſteal in ſecret from theſe walls?
O no! I rather ſhall remain too long
For thy ſecurity.

Æn. Thy preſent fortune
Excites Æneas' pity, not his fear.

Iar. Indeed—thy mighty heart may ſpare its pity:
Go—to my ruin, o'er a queen and lover
Exert thy power; inflame her angry ſoul
To rage: ſuch arms as theſe alone are us'd
By Phrygian heroes to revenge their wrongs.

Æn. Read there—in that the royal dame has ſign'd,

With

With her own hand, the mandate f
And were Æneas one of Afric's ſons,
Iarbas were no more—take this and
Diſcourteous, rude barbarian! how Æ
Revenges injuries by him receiv'd.
[*tears the paper and gives it to* Iar. *Exit.*

SCENE VI.

IARBAS *alone.*

Unheard of, ſtrange adventure! from my foe
I meet with pity, from my ſubject falſehood!
Ah! both perhaps conſpire againſt my peace—
But be it as it may—my haughty rival
May feign compaſſion, or my friend be falſe,
Iarbas' ſoul ſhall never harbour fear.

Let clouds obſcure the light of day,
Or Sol redeem his flaſhing ray,
My conſtant heart feels no diſmay,
But ſtill unchang'd remains.
Even from my birth inur'd to dar
No fortune claims Iarbas' care,
Who every foe diſdains. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

A hall.

ÆNEAS *alone.*

'Twixt love and duty in my doubtful breaſt
My heart ſtill fluctuates, while, alas! my virtue
Submits too far to beauty's ſovereign ſway.
Rouſe, rouſe thyſelf and let the hero now
Subdue the lover.

SCENE VIII.

Enter ARASPES.

Araſ. Till this hour in vain
I have ſought thee through the palace.

Æn. Let me now
Embrace my friend——

Araſ. Away—behold in me
Thy foe, Æneas; draw thy ſword this inſtant;
I ſeek not friendſhip with thee, but the exchange
Of enmity, with arms oppos'd to arms.

Æn. Thou firſt haſt ſav'd me from Iarbas' fury;
Thou call'ſt me now to meet in mortal ſtrife,
And ſpurn'ſt my profferr'd friendſhip.

Araſ. Thou art deceiv'd.
I but defended then my monarch's glory,

And

And not Æneas' life—prepare thee now
With nobler death to give that juſt revenge
Which late my arm denied him.

Æn. Shall Æneas
Againſt his brave preſerver draw the ſword?

Araſ. Ha! wherefore doſt thou pauſe?

Æn. My life is thine:
Take, if thou wilt, the gift thyſelf beſtow'd;
But hope not, generous warrior, e'er to ſee
My weapon rais'd againſt thee.

Araſ. If thy hand
Refuſe to draw, expect to hear each inſult
That brands the vile and coward——

Æn. 'Tis too much——
Æneas never can ſubmit to bear
Such threats as ill beſeem a warrior's ear;
Thou ſhalt be ſatisfied. Behold my ſword
Brandiſh'd againſt thee—but let Gods and men
Be witneſs firſt to what my tongue declares:
I am Araſpes' friend, and to his gift
I owe my life; that now reluctant, urg'd
Beyond my heart's beſt feelings, and debas'd
With infamous reproach, I dare the combat;
And ſacrifice my gratitude to honour. [*fight.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter SELENE.

Sel. Such boldneſs in the palace? hold, Araſpes,
Thus to Selene wilt thou keep thy faith?
And thus, O traitor, guard Æneas' life?

Æn. No, princeſs, never yet Araſpes' boſom
Could harbour treaſon.

Sel. He, who ſerves Iarbas,
Can never ſure be faithful.

Araſ. Fair Selene,
You only dare accuſe me.

Sel. Peace, and leave me.

Araſ. With ſilent awe I bend to thee,
But, ah! thou wrong'ſt my truth, on me
To fix a traitor's ſtain.
Far, far, be hence my ſteps addreſs'd,
Yet ſoon, I truſt, thy gentle breaſt,
Will mourn its paſt diſdain. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

ÆNEAS, SELENE.

Æn. When late Araſpes dar'd me to the fight
He fought his monarch's cauſe; and if Selene
Would

Would now condemn him, ſhe condemns unjuſtly
A noble heart.

Sel. Whate'er Araſpes be,
I waſte not time on him—Dido requires
A converſe with thee.

Æn. But even now I left
The queen's apartment; if ſhe hope again
To ſtay my ſteps on theſe forbidden ſhores,
She will but torture both with fruitleſs pain.

Sel. How canſt thou, O thou dear one! thus forſake
A wretched queen that loves thee?

Æn. How Selene!
To me?

Sel. 'Tis Dido, not Selene ſpeaks.

Æn. If pity for a ſiſter thus afflict you,
Think not of me—to her once more return:
O! bid the beauteous mourner yet have comfort,
Submit to fate and baniſh fruitleſs ſorrow,

Sel. Ah! no—yet change thy purpoſe, yet relent,
—My life's beſt treaſure!

Æn. Ha! Is this Selene?

Sel. 'Tis Dido, not Selene ſpeaks—content
To hear her yet—'tis all ſhe now implores.

Æn. 'Tis thus that lovers ſtill deceive themſelves,
And ſeeking comfort, find but new deſpair.

Of every pang the bosom bears,
  Most wretched lovers find
The moment that asunder tears
  Two hearts in one intwin'd.

What souls, by love's soft passion mov'd,
  Can bear this stroke of woe?
This, if Selene ne'er has prov'd,
  Ah! may she never know. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

SELENE *alone*.

O fond Selene! O unhappy maid!
For whom dost thou indulge a hopeless flame?
My peace is lost!—But who, alas! compels me
To sigh in vain?—Then choose some other heart
More grateful to thy vows, some other lover
Worthy thy love—O Heaven! it is not ours
To fix the choice—nor is it grace, nor beauty,
Nor inbred worth, nor valour that awakes
The seeds of love—ah! no—we find the worthless
Too often priz'd, while, partial to its choice,
The blindfold passion forms ideal charms.

Each

Each lover thinks that ſecret charms
Muſt give him firſt the ſoft alarms,
That merit only points the arms
  That pierce the lover's heart.
But oft no charms or merits fire;
'Tis but ſome ſtart of wild deſire,
That thus the boſom can inſpire,
  Which blindly hugs the dart. [Exit.

SCENE XII.

A cloſet with ſeats.

DIDO *alone.*

I'll live no longer doubtful of my fate:
'Tis now the laſt important time, once more
To prove Æneas.—Since my prayers, my ſufferings
Have fail'd to move his pity, jealouſy
May ſearch the deep receſſes of his heart,
And from its aſhes wake the ſmother'd flame.

SCENE XIII.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æn. I come, O queen! to hear your laſt reproaches:
I know you mean to call me falſe, perfidious,

Ingrate, unworthy, perjur'd—every name
That anger dictates—I deserve them all.

Did. O! no—no longer I'm incens'd—no more
I call thee perjur'd, false—nor seek I now
To bring our past endearments to remembrance.
I ask Æneas' counsel not his love:
Be seated and attend. [*they sit.*

Æn. [*aside.*] What would the queen?

Did. Thou seest, Æneas, how unnumber'd foes
Begirt my growing empire; till this hour
I scorn'd their threats and fury—but Iarbas
By me provok'd, when I shall lose thy succour,
Will take, for his revenge, my life and throne.
In such distressful state all help is vain—
What then remains? I must encounter death,
Or give this hand to appease the haughty Moor.
Fatal alternative! I know not where
To fix my choice—alone—a feeble woman—
Far from my native soil—Alas! I feel
My spirits sink, unequal to the trial;
Then wonder not, Æneas, that my soul
Still unresolv'd requests thy friendly counsel.

Æn. And is there then no other way but death,
Or this detested Hymen?

Did. Ah! too sure
One other way remains—

Æn. Say——

Did. Had Æneas

Disdain'd

Disdain'd not to receive my plighted faith,
Then had I seen, from furthest Araby
To Atlas' waves, all Afric bend the knee
To adore their queen in Carthage—then renew'd,
Might Troy and Tyre united—but I rave!
And feign impossibilities——then say,
What course befits me?—With a mind unshaken
Shall Dido now Iarbas choose or death?

Æn. Iarbas choose or death! and mine the task
To counsel thee! her, whom my soul adores,
To see her in a hated rival's arms,
Her whom——

Did. No more—since thus my nuptials pain thee,
I here disclaim them—but to save her fame,
Herself from insult, Dido must not live.
Draw, draw thy sword, and pierce this constant
bosom;
Such cruelty were mercy——

Æn. Shall Æneas
Then murder Dido! first let angry Heaven
Rain all its vengeance—rather may the Gods
Take from my days of life and add to thine!

Did. Then let me wed Iarbas.

Æn. Yet reflect——
Too much, O Heaven, thou heed'st Æneas' peace.

Did. Then take my life.

Æn. No—let us yield to fate—
Give to Iarbas—give thy royal hand—

Do thou but live and let Æneas never
Know peace or comfort more.

Did. Since thou canst wish
To see me wed another, thou shalt find
Thy wish completed—call Iarbas hither.
Thou seest thy power o'er Dido.

[*an attendant enters, and having received the order departs.*]

Æn. O! farewell. [*going.*

Did. Say, whither goest thou? Stay—thou must remain
A witness of these happy nuptial rites— [*to* Æn.
He cannot long resist—— [*aside.*

Æn. Be firm, my heart!

SCENE XIV.

Enter Iarbas.

Iar. Why am I summon'd hither? thinkst thou, Dido,
Thy threats or wrath can make Iarbas bend?
O! no—thou art deceiv'd—his heart remains
Unchang'd, inflexible.

Æn. Presumptuous man! [*aside.*

Did. O king! be now appeas'd—thy rank and name
From me conceal'd, thou hast expos'd thy honour

To

To ill-beseeming perils—while myself—
But sit and calmly hear me now reveal
My secret thoughts. [*sits.*

Iar. Speak on—I am attentive. [*sits.*

Æn. At least permit me now— [*going.*

Did. Forbear—be seated;
A moment yet with patience hear our converse—
—He cannot long resist—— [*aside.*

Æn. Be firm my heart. [*aside.*

Iar. Let him depart, for since Iarbas stays
With thee, O queen! it fits not that Æneas
Should share our privacy.

Æn. O yet be patient— [*aside.*

Did. In him thou seest no rival but a friend, [*to* Iar.
For thee he still has pleaded—by his counsel
I yield thee love; but if Iarbas think
My lips deceive him, thou, Æneas, speak,
Confirm the words of Dido.

Æn. All is true.

Iar. Has then the Moorish king no higher praise
Than great Æneas' favour?

Did. No, Iarbas,
I lov'd in thee the kingly pride that beams
From every look; I love thy dauntless heart
That scoffs at peril, and despises death;
And if Heaven e'er decree that, join'd with thee,

Thy

Thy partner and thy ſpouſe——

Æn. O! queen, farewell.
Let this ſuffice, Æneas has till now
Fulfill'd your bidding. [*going.*

Did. Yet awhile remain—
One moment more—his conſtancy is ſhaken. [*aſide.*

Æn. O death to ſuffer! [*ſits again.*

Iar. Thou delay'ſt too long,
O Dido! think what now thy duty claims;
Yet for thy beauty's ſake, tranſcendent fair,
I pardon all my wrongs.

Æn. O heavenly powers! [*aſide.*

Iar. In pledge of faith vouchſafe me now thy hand.

Did. Receive it here—and never favouring love
Could knit my future life in happier bands.

Æn. I can endure no more—
[*riſes greatly agitated.*

Did. What means Æneas?

Æn. What would you? Is *it* not enough to prove
My conſtancy with trials ſo ſevere?

Did. Ah! yet, be ſilent——

Æn. Silent! I have borne
Enough in ſilence—to my rival, princeſs,
You give yourſelf, and bid my lips confirm it.
All have I done for you—what would you more?

Shall

Shall I behold you in his happier arms?
Command my death, but bid me not be silent.

Did. Yet hear—thou much hast wrong'd me to complain—
Thou know'st that to obey thee— [*rises.*

Æn. Yes, full well
I know it all—I know myself a traitor,
Ingrate and false; that Dido's constant faith
For me would forfeit life and regal sway:
But faith like this I can behold no longer. [*Exit.*

SCENE XV.

DIDO, IARBAS.

Did. Æneas, stay——

Iar. Permit him to depart [*rises.*

Did. Fain would I calm his transports.

Iar. What's thy fear?
Give but to me thy hand, the care be mine
To vindicate thy fame.

Did. It is not now
A time for nuptials.

Iar. Wherefore?

Did. Seek no further.

Iar. Give me to know the cause.

Did. Then learn it now:

I never

I never lov'd thee, never did my eyes
With pleaſure view thee—no, thou haſt been ever
To Dido hateful, and far leſs I prize
Iarbas conſtant than Æneas falſe.

Iar. Perfidious! am I then an abject mark
For ſcorn to point at? Doſt thou know Iarbas?
And know the man thou dar'ſt inſult?

Did. I know thee
A rude barbarian and deſpiſe thy power.

Iar. Call me whate'er thy rage may name,
A day may ſink thy pride;
When thou ſhalt ſeek, inſulting dame,
The grace by me denied.

This rude barbarian, now thy ſcorn,
No more ſhall prize thy ſmiles;
This rude barbarian then in turn
Shall mock thy ſex's wiles. [*Exit.*

SCENE XVI.

DIDO *alone.*

Amidſt theſe warring thoughts methinks I find
My heart more light: I little fear the threats
Of proud Iarbas; but Æneas ſtill
Even in reſentment charms; in him I prize
His very wrath, the welcome proof of love.

Ah!

Ah! could I hope—Ye pitying Powers! remem-
ber
Like me you once were lovers—Hear, O! hear,
And let your heavenly bosoms feel for mine.

Ah! me, too oft the flatterer Love
Would sooth my easy heart,
And cries—"Thou soon wilt happier prove:"
Still rankles here the dart.

Sometime with comfort's short relief,
Awhile my tortures cease;
But soon my breast with lasting grief
Repays a moment's peace. [*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A sea-port: ships ready for the embarkation of Æneas.

ÆNEAS, Trojans.

Æn. Unconquer'd friends, with me inur'd to bear
The rage of seas and skies, resume once more
Your wonted ardour. Lo! the destin'd hour
To stretch our sails, and plough the faithless waves.
Haste, brave companions, let the winds and storms
Invade the Trojan fleet. Our future perils
Shall raise our name to glory: think, the time,
The happy time will come to number o'er
In glad remembrance all our labours past.

SCENE II.

Enter IARBAS *attended.*

Iar. And whither does this wandering hero now
Direct his arms and vessels? Does he bear
The war elsewhere? Or would he seek by flight
To escape Iarbas?

Æn. Fate again prepares
New obstacles to stay me. [*aside.*

Iar.

Iar. For a moment
Thy barks may yet remain at anchor here;
If thou haſt courage, meet my arm—behold
I dare thee to the combat.

Æn. I accept
Thy profferr'd challenge—Hold, my friends, I ſeek
No ſword but mine to tame yon haughty boaſter.
[*to his followers.*
I am prepar'd—what now employs thy thoughts?
[*to* Iar.

Iar. I think thy death but little will ſuffice
To ſatiate my revenge.

Æn. Far rather own
To ſtay me now demands thy nobleſt effort—
——To arms!

Iar. To arms!
[*fight: while they are engaged and* Iarbas *begins to give ground, the* Moors *come to his aſſiſtance and attack* Æneas.]

Æn. Come, all thy realm united!

Iar. Defend thee, if thou canſt——

Æn. I fear thee not,
Barbarian!——
[*the companions of* Æneas *come to his aſſiſtance and attack the* Moors: *a ſkirmiſh enſues, the* Moors *are driven off:* Iarbas *falls.*]
——Thou art fallen beneath my arm,
Yield, or this weapon drinks thy blood.

Iar. In vain
Thou seek'st to bend me——

Æn. If thou wilt not ask
Life from thy victor——

Iar. Never—use thy fortune.

Æn. Die then—but hold awhile—it shall be so.
No—take thy life, nor deem thy empty pride
Shall change the tenour of my constant soul. [*Exit.*

Iar. I am conquer'd, not subdu'd—at least Iarbas
Shall never prove alone the cruel mark
Of fickle Fortune's rage: a monarch's fall
Shall drag a kingdom down to share his ruin.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A bower between the city and the port.

OSMIDAS *alone.*

The Moors already, to defend Iarbas,
Have reach'd these walls: behold the hour at hand
That must confirm my greatness. To betray
A thankless woman little I repent;
I punish her injustice thus, who never
Vouchsaf'd a recompense to faith like mine.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter IARBAS *attended.*

Iar. Follow me, friends! now haste we to the palace. [*not seeing* Osm.

Osm. Hear me, great king, your warriors are prepar'd,
The time at length is come to avenge your wrongs.

Iar. Away, my friends, Iarbas' fury now
Admits of no delay—— [*going, not hearing* Osm.

Osm. Yet stay——

Iar. What would'st thou?

Osm. Forget not, king, that to Osmidas' truth
You owe some recompense for love reveng'd.

Iar. O! 'tis most true—and mark, thou shall receive
Thy recompense ere I my wish'd revenge.

Osm. Most generous monarch!

Iar. Seize, disarm and bind him,
Then let him die. [*going.*

Osm. This sentence on Osmidas!
What rage unjust?—

Iar. Such is the due reward
A traitor merits.

[*Exit with a part of his followers; some remain to execute his orders on* Osm.]

SCENE V.

Enter ÆNEAS *with* Trojans.

Æn. We at length are met;
Not one is wanting of our ſc[illegible]r'd friends
No more delay—the ſkies ſerenely ſmile,
The winds, the waves invite us—haſte, my friends,
Haſte to the ſhips and ſeas.

[*at the appearance of* Æneas, *the* Moors *fly and leave* Oſmidas *bound to a tree.*]

Oſm. Unconquer'd hero.

Æn. What means Oſmidas thus—

Oſm. Such is the ſtate
Iarbas, cruel king—

Æn. There needs no more.
Friends, ſet Oſmidas free—he yet ſhall find
(Unworthy as he is) aſſiſtance where
He leaſt could hope to find it; and may learn
New virtue from remorſe.

[*the* Trojans *unbind* Oſmidas.

Oſm. O yet permit me
In gratitude for mercy thus beſtow'd,
Moſt gracious hero!— [*kneels.*

Æn. Riſe, and quit this place.

Oſm. To ſuch exalted virtue——

Æn. If thou ſeek'ſt

To

To ſhew thy gratitude; henceforth, Oſmidas,
Learn better to preſerve thy faith unſtain'd.

Oſm. Whene'er the ſtreams in mountains bred,
Through verdant meadows backward led,
Shall ſeek again their ancient bed,
I'll ceaſe thy praiſe to own.
The night ſhall ſhine with Phœbus' ray,
When I, O chief, no longer pay
My thanks for life, this venturous day,
Preſerv'd by thee alone. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Enter SELENE.

Æn. Say, princeſs, whither doſt thou haſte?

Sel. To thee,
O! hear me yet!

Æn. If thou wouldſt hope once more
To call back former love—thoſe hopes are vain.

Sel. What then remains for Dido?

Æn. My departure
Will baniſh all her perils: while I ſtay,
My preſence but incites her foes' reſentment.
Iarbas woos her to partake his throne:
To him let Dido yield her hand, and peace
May once again be hers. [*going.*

Sel. Yet ſtay, Æneas——

If thus thou goeſt, not only Dido dies,
But, ah! Selene never can ſurvive.

Æn. What means Selene?

Sel. From the day I firſt
Beheld Æneas, in my breaſt I ſmother'd
The growing paſſion, fearful to betray
A ſiſter's truſt; but now in death, I ſue
To thee, O prince! if not for love, yet hear,
For pity hear, a wretched maid.

Æn. Selene,
No more diſcourſe to me of love, nor tell me
Of Dido's flame or thine. I am not now
The man I was; the lover's name is loſt,
And all the warrior kindles in my ſoul:
My former ſelf revives, and each that ſeeks
To oppoſe my glory is Æneas' foe.

I burn a victor's fame to win,
To act the hero's part;
And now already I begin
To triumph o'er my heart.

I fly to reach the embattled plain,
'Midſt arms, and death and foes;
And from the ſanguine conflict gain
New wreaths to bind my brows. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

SELENE *alone.*

To ſcorn my flame! deny me every hope,
This may be conſtancy for thee to boaſt;
But if thou canſt forbid a gentle heart
To eaſe her torments with complaining love,
Ah! call not then ſuch conſtancy thy virtue:
He knows no virtue who has loſt compaſſion.

O! Heaven, I faint, I die with love,
Yet nothing can my tyrant move,
Forbid in welcome death to prove
The wretch's laſt relief.
Ah! wherefore, cruel man! deny
To hear my plaints, and ere I die
To yield at leaſt one tender ſigh
In pity to my grief. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

The palace, with a view of the city of Carthage.

DIDO *alone.*

Farewell to every gleam of peace!
I feel, I feel my pangs increaſe.
What means, ye righteous powers! the flame
That ſhoots through all my vital frame?

SCENE IX.

Enter OSMIDAS.

Osm. Have pity—mighty queen!

Did. What wouldst thou, friend?

Osm. Alas! that name but ill befits a traitor,
A foe to thee, Æneas, and thy love.

Did. Ha! say'st thou?

Osm. With the hope to reign in Carthage,
I offerr'd to Iarbas treacherous aid,
Which he accepting till this hour employ'd;
And now, for my reward, the tyrant sought
To take my life, which great Æneas sav'd.

Did. And hast thou, stain'd with crimes like these, presum'd
To come in Dido's presence?

Osm. See, O queen! [*kneels.*
A wretch, who neither hopes nor sues for pardon;
All, all I ask is instant judgment.

Did. Rise:
To what art thou reduc'd, unhappy Dido!
What planet rul'd my birth! the faith of those
Whom most I trusted——

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter SELENE.

Sel. O! my dearest sister!
At length Æneas——

Did. Has he fled from Carthage?

Sel. No—but expect to see his sails ere long
Spread wide their canvas to forsake the shore.
Even now I saw him to the ready ships
With eager speed conduct his following friends.

Did. Ungrateful! perjur'd!——Heaven's! a wretched exile,
A wandering mendicant!—What heart but his
Could ever boast such cruelty!—And thou,
Unkind Selene! to behold his flight,
Yet want the power to stay him——

Sel. Every care
Of mine was fruitless.

Did. Haste, Osmidas, haste,
One moment yet detain him.

Osm. Let me fly
To execute your will. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

DIDO, SELENE.

Sel. Truſt not too far——
Thou know'ſt not yet Oſmidas.

Did. Ah! too well.
Such is my cruel fate, I ſtand condemn'd
To ſeek his help whoſe treaſon has betray'd me.

Sel. Thy hopes muſt centre in thyſelf alone.
Go—ſeek him—beg—implore——who knows th' event?
Thou may'ſt ſubdue him yet.

Did. Shall Dido then
Deſcend to prayers and tears? Dido, whoſe courage
Forſook Sidonia's ſhores, to dare the rage
Of ſeas and ſtorms, in ſearch of other climes
And kingdoms yet unknown?—I ſtill am ſhe
That with new cities grac'd the Lybian coaſt;
That kept her ſtate amidſt ſurrounding ſnares,
Amidſt alarms and perils—Think'ſt thou now
Her ſoul can yield to ſuch ignoble ſtooping?

Sel. Alas! forget your rank, or baniſh hope,
For love but ill agrees with majeſty.

SCENE

SCENE XII.

Enter ARASPES.

Did. Araſpes in theſe walls?

[*the flames begin to appear at a diſtance amongſt the buildings.*

Araſ. I come, in pity
Of your endanger'd ſtate—the furious king
Deſtroys and burns the lofty domes of Carthage.
Behold, O queen! behold the flames afar
Driven by the raging wind—if you delay
A moment now to appeaſe his vengeful anger,
One fatal day muſt end your life and empire.

Did. Has Fortune then more evils yet in ſtore
To add to what I feel?

Sel. O! fatal day!

SCENE XIII.

Enter OSMIDAS.

Did. Oſmidas.

Oſm. All around the flames prevail.

Did. I know it well—I aſk thee of Æneas,
What haſt thou gain'd?

Oſm. Æneas is departed.
Already now, at diſtance from the land,

He

He cuts the waves—I ſcarce arriv'd in time
To view his flying ſails.

Did. O! ſenſeleſs Dido!
'Tis thou, thou art the accomplice of his flight,
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſeiz'd him firſt——Return, Oſmidas,
Fly ſwift to yonder ſhore, collect my fleets,
My arms, my warriors—O! purſue the traitor,
Burn, ſink his veſſels—bring him bound in chains,
Alive or dead, before me.

Oſm. Think'ſt thou now
Of vengeance when the threatening flames increaſe?

Did. Then let us haſte—O no—Oſmidas, ſtay.
I know not where—my ſoul is all diſtraction.
Still art thou here?

Oſm. I fly to obey your will. [*Exit.*

SCENE XIV.

DIDO, SELENE, ARASPES.

Araſ. Think on your danger, Dido.

Sel. Think, O! think
What means may yet preſerve thee.

Did. Do I ſtill
Bear all theſe woes and live?—Go, dear Selene,
Thou, in my ſtead, provide, aſſiſt in all;

And,

And, if thou lov'ſt, forſake not wretched Dido.

Sel. Alas! my boſom's woes tranſcend thy own.

[*Exit.*

SCENE XV.

DIDO, ARASPES.

Araſ. Still do you here remain unterrified
To view the advancing flames?

Did. All hope is loſt!
And fear I know not—hope and fear in man
Are born together and together die.

Araſ. Fain would I ſave you yet—believe me, queen,
I ſhudder at your perils.

Did. O! for pity
Leave me, Araſpes, leave me to myſelf.

[*Exit* Araſ.

Did. My wretched fate ſhall one day prove the theme
Of fabling verſe; my ſufferings ſhall become
The mournful ſubject of the tragic ſcene.

SCENE XVI.

Enter OSMIDAS.

Oſm. All, all is loſt!

Did. So ſoon return'd?

Oſm.

Osm. In vain
I from thy palace sought to reach the strand;
The threatening squadrons of the faithless Moor
Swarm in the streets of Carthage: midst the cries
And shouts of soldiers, to their impious rage
The virgins are expos'd, the fanes deserted;
No pity shewn to infancy or age.

Did. And is there then no way for Dido left
To escape impending ruin?

[*the flames begin to appear in the palace.*

SCENE XVII.

Enter SELENE.

Sel. Fly, O queen!
Your guards are vanquish'd—no defence remains.
See, from the burning town the flames have reach'd
Your inmost palace—all the air is fill'd
With smoke and fiery sparkles——

Did. Let us hence,
And seek elsewhere for succour.

Osm. Ah! what succour?

Sel. Where can it now be found?

Did. O! coward souls!
Come, follow Dido—if your courage fails,
Then learn from me to die.

SCENE

SCENE XVIII.

Enter IARBAS *with guards.*

Iar. Stay.

Did. Heavenly powers!
What do I see!

Iar. Where goest thou thus dismay'd?
Perhaps to take the faithful Trojan's hand?
Go, haste thee then—behold the torches burn
To light thee to the nuptial bed.

[*points to the flames.*

Did. I know it——
This is the moment of revenge for thee:
Let loose thy rage, since Heaven has now depriv'd me
Of all support.

Iar. O no!—Æneas still
Defends his queen—with him thou art secure.

Did. 'Tis well—thou shalt be satisfied——to please thee
Shall I be wretched?—See me then alone,
Betray'd, forsaken, no Æneas here,
No friends, no kingdom!—Would'st thou have me stript
Of boasted power? See Dido then at length
Reduc'd to feeble tears—Does this suffice thee?
Or must I turn a suppliant? Be it so——
I beg Iarbas to relieve my sufferings,

And

And from Iarbas hope my welcome death.

Iar. My rage is soften'd. [*aside.*

Sel. Mercy! righteous powers!

Osm. O Gods! assist us yet.

Iar. I am not, Dido,
The savage thou hast deem'd me—no, I feel
Compassion for thy fortunes—come—Iarbas
Forgives thee every past offence, and leads thee
His spouse, to share with him his bed and throne.

Did. Shall I become the spouse of thee, thou tyrant!
Of thee, whose impious, cruel, treacherous heart
No faith regards, nor knows the social duties
That bless mankind, nor owns the laws of honour?
Were I so abject, just were all my sufferings:
My fortune has not sunk me yet so low.

Iar. In such a state dar'st thou insult me thus?
—What ho! my faithful friends, go, spread the fires;
Be Carthage in one moment crush'd to ruins,
And not a trace remain of all the thousands
That trod so late her desolated streets.
[*two guards go out.*

Sel. Have pity yet, and save us. [*to* Dido.

Iar. Now indeed,
Now may'st thou justly rave and call me tyrant.

Soon

Soon shall thy towering city lie
In smoking dust; no stranger's eye
Shall o'er the wasted land descry
Where boasted Carthage rose.
Since thou my mercy dar'st refuse,
And death itself wilt sooner choose,
Thou well deserv'st, ingrate! to lose
That life my grace bestows.
[*Exit, attended.*

SCENE XIX.

DIDO, OSMIDAS, SELENE.

Osm. Yield, Dido, to Iarbas.

Sel. With thy own
Preserve our lives.

Did. Even yet I would consent
To breathe the vital air, could I repay
My wrongs on false Æneas—first the cause
Of all I suffer—May the raging winds
And angry Gods at least complete my vengeance!
May lightning, thunder, storms and whirlwinds make
The seas his grave—or let him wander far
Forlorn and friendless—such his wretched fate,
That he, in bitterest pangs, shall envy mine!

Sel. Ah! calm thy angry soul: I love him too,

Yet bear my griefs in ſilence.

Did. Love Æneas?

Sel. Alas! too true—but for thy ſake—

Did. Thou traitreſs!
The rival of my love?

Sel. But though thy rival,
Thou haſt no cauſe——

Did. Fly hence!—avoid my ſight,
Nor add new pangs to madneſs and deſpair.

Sel. Unhappy queen! to what has fate reſerv'd thee! [*Exit.*

SCENE XX.

DIDO, OSMIDAS.

Oſm. The flames increaſe and yet thou doſt not fly.

Did. Were other foes yet wanting to my ruin?
Left by Æneas, by Selene wrong'd;
Inſulted by Iarbas, by Oſmidas
Betray'd—What have I done, ye cruel Gods!
I never with unhallow'd victims ſtain'd
Your ſacred altars; never fill'd the air
With hateful incenſe to provoke your wrath:
Why then ſhould Heaven and Hell conſpire againſt me?

Oſm. Ah! yet reflect, nor irritate the Gods.

Did.

Did. What Gods?—Mere empty names! the dreams of madmen!
There are no Gods, or these are most unjust.

Osm. Her impious raving freezes all my soul;
I leave her to her fate. [*Exit.*

[*some of the buildings fall in, and the flames are seen to increase more and more in the palace.*

SCENE LAST.

DIDO *alone.*

What hast thou said,
Unhappy Dido?—To what rash extreme
Thy fury drives thee!——Heavens! increasing horrors
Surround me still—where'er I turn I see
Terror and death before me!—Hark! it cracks!
The palace shakes and threats a speedy fall!
Selene and Osmidas—all, alas!
Forsake me—shun me now—and not a friend,
A single friend to give me aid or death!
And shall the breast of Dido then confess
Such abject fear?—No: let me bravely perish,
And in my death may false Æneas find
A fatal omen for his future flight.
Fall Carthage from her deep foundation! burn

The regal dome, and may its ashes prove
The tomb of Dido and her wretched love!

[*In speaking these last words* Dido *furiously throws herself amidst the burning ruins of the palace, and is immediately snatched from sight amidst the flames and thick smoke that break out upon her fall.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ÆTIUS.

Æ T I U S.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

VALENTINIAN III. Emperor, in love with FULVIA.

FULVIA, Daughter of MAXIMUS, a Roman Patrician, in love with, and promifed to ÆTIUS.

ÆTIUS, General of Cæfar's armies, in love with FULVIA.

HONORIA, Sifter to VALENTINIAN, fecretly in love with ÆTIUS.

MAXIMUS, a Roman Patrician, Father of FULVIA, confidant, and fecretly an enemy to VALENTINIAN.

VARUS, Præfect of the Prætorians, friend to ÆTIUS.

SCENE, ROME.

ÆTIUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Part of the Roman *forum, with an imperial throne on one side. View of* Rome *illuminated by night: triumphal arches, and other preparations for the celebration of the decennial feasts, and in honour of the return of* Ætius *from his victory over* Attila.

Valentinian, Maximus, Varus, *Prætors and people.*

Max. No, sacred sir, the offspring of Quirinus
Did never celebrate with greater pomp
The last great day of our decennial rites.
The blaze of torches and the people's shouts
Disturb the shade and silence of the night,
And Rome no longer envies former times
Augustus' happy reign.

Val. Well pleas'd I hear
My faithful people's vows ascend the sky:
I see the pomp and wait the victor's presence;
All, all is cause of joy—but chief the thought,
That with this profferr'd hand I can bestow
A gift more worthy of thy daughter's love,

A throne enrich'd with laurels.

Max. From her father
Fulvia has learn'd, with true humility,
Not to desire, nor to despise dominion:
Let Cæsar bid, my daughter shall obey.

Val. In Fulvia more the lover would I find,
And less the subject.

Max. Cæsar ne'er can fear
She will not love those virtues which in him
The world admire—But thirst of vengeance only
Inspires the restless soul of Maximus. [*aside.*

Varus. Ætius approaches—I behold already
His foremost ensigns.

Val. Let us hear the victor,
And, Maximus, be thou partaker still
In every good that Fortune heaps upon me.
[*he ascends the throne:* Varus *takes his place next him.*

Max. [*aside.*] Think not for this my injuries are forgot.

SCENE II.

Enter ÆTIUS *in triumph, preceded by martial music; slaves and other ensigns of the vanquished, followed by soldiers and people.*

Æt. Sir, we have conquer'd—to the inclement realms

Of

Of the bleak north, the terror of mankind
Returns a fugitive. Yes, Ætius, first
Of Roman chiefs, can boast that he has seen
Fear seize on Attila. The sun ne'er view'd
A more extensive slaughter; scarce the field
Suffic'd to bear the ghastly piles of slain:
The blood in torrents flow'd; confus'd were heard
Threats and laments, and midst the mingled tumults
Of rage and dread, were blended undistinguish'd,
The brave, the base, the victor and the vanquish'd.
Not long suspended was the victory;
Terror and desperation seiz'd the tyrant;
He fled, and left (that nothing might retard
His hasty flight) to us the full possession
Of all his ill-got spoils. If you demand
A proof of this, behold yon captive bands,
Behold those conquer'd arms and streaming ensigns.

Val. Ætius, 'tis not o'er Attila alone
Thou now hast triumph'd; in subduing him,
Thou triumph'st o'er the hopes of Valentinian.
Thou fixest on his brows the doubtful wreath;
Thou, once again, to Tiber hast restor'd
His martial honours. To thy fortitude
And valiant arm all Italy must owe
Her liberty and peace.

Æt. All Italy
Owes not her peace to me. There are who hold it

From their own worth alone. A race of heroes
Meet in the boſom of the Adriatic,
And change to ſeats of reſt the unſtable ſeas.
With many a bridge they join the ſcatter'd iſles,
And with huge works repel the ocean's tide,
While from afar the wondering traveller
Sees mighty walls and marble domes ariſe,
Where veſſels once have ſail'd.

Val. Who has not heard
Of fam'd Antenor's race? To us 'tis known,
That when the flames of war were kindled firſt
By Attila, they left their fields and towns,
And in the boſom of the ſeas maintain'd
Their threaten'd liberty: full well we know
What wide extent their riſing city forms;
In future times what may we hope to view it,
Since thus its infant ſtate?

Æt. Cæſar, I trace
The ſeeds of mighty actions yet to come:
The ſubject ſeas ſhall fear this people's nod;
The rage of powerful kings they ſhall reſiſt;
Shall bear to diſtant realms their ſpreading ſails,
And Aſia's purple tyrants ſtrike with fear.

Val. The happy omens Heaven ſucceed!——
Meanwhile [*deſcends from his throne.*
My guardian thou, my falling empire's ſafety,
Within theſe arms receive a pledge of love.
What gifts have I to recompenſe thy worth,

Since

Since all I have thy virtue has beſtow'd,
And ſtill muſt guard them mine? But know, 'midſt all
My power, thou, Ætius, art my nobleſt treaſure.

Do thou direct his towering flight,
Still on the ſteep Tarpeian height,
Returning ſhall my eagle light
Victorious from the plain.
Where'er the ſun emits his ray,
The regal bird ſhall ſteer his way;
While with the God that rules the day
I hold divided reign.

[*Exit with* Varus *and Prætors.*

SCENE III.

ÆTIUS, MAXIMUS.

Max. Ætius, enough is given to fame and duty,
Some moments give to friendſhip: let me preſs
That conquering hand in mine.

Æt. Yes, friend, it joys me
To ſee thee once again. I prize thy love
Dear as this glorious pomp. But where is Fulvia?
What does ſhe? Where is ſhe conceal'd? While each
Haſtes with impatience to behold my triumph,
Thy daughter comes not.

Max. See my daughter here.

SCENE IV.

Enter FULVIA.

Æt. My Fulvia, worthier of thyſelf, thy huſband
Again returns, and to thy beauty owes
His greateſt trophies. Midſt alarms and death,
Glory and love alike inflam'd my ardour;
Nor would this hand have conquer'd for the pride
Of laurel wreaths alone to crown my toils—
But ha! what mean'ſt thou? At the tender names
Of lover and of huſband, from thy cheek
The colour fades—and doſt thou meet me thus
After our cruel parting? This my welcome!

Fulv. O! torture to endure! [*aſide.*]—I come, my lord—

Æt. Does Fulvia treat me then with cold reſpect?
Why am not I thy faithful huſband ſtill?
Alas! thou'rt her no more whom once I knew—

Fulv. O Heaven! I'm ſtill the ſame——but ſpeak, my father.

Æt. What means ſhe, Maximus?

Max. I have till now
Been ſilent, that our ſorrows might not poiſon
The joy this day ſhould bring thee——yes, my friend,

We

We live beneath a hard imperious yoke:
Our very thoughts muſt be enſlav'd: thy conqueſt
Has freed us, Ætius, from a foreign foe,
But added ſtrength to our domeſtic troubles.
Fear was a curb on Cæſar, that remov'd,
Now thou haſt conquer'd, ſoon the groaning land
Shall find him haughtier ſtill, and more the tyrant.

Æt. I cannot think him thus—at leaſt from me
His tyranny has ever been conceal'd:
What would he ſeek? What would he claim?

Max. Thy wife.

Æt. Ha! claim my wife! my Fulvia! Maximus?
And have you both conſented to betray me?

Fulv. Alas!

Max. What ſubterfuge could I employ?
Or would'ſt thou have me, by refuſing her
To ſhare his throne, expoſe her to the will
Of an offended tyrant? Rather would'ſt thou
I ſhould revive the tale of old Virginius,
And ſlay my daughter to preſerve her chaſte?
O no! 'tis thou alone canſt break our chains,
And canſt avenge thy wrongs. Thine are the people;
The army all is thine. Thou ow'ſt revenge
To Rome oppreſs'd, and to thy love betray'd.
Thou know'ſt no victim can be ſlain which Heaven
Accepts more gladly than an impious king.

Æt.

Æt. What haſt thou ſaid?—But paſſion blinds thy virtue,
And grief is ever found a partial judge.
Monarchs are delegates of Heaven on earth,
And Heaven muſt puniſh them—Be every means
Employ'd, but let us guard our faith untainted.

Max. Exalted hero! equal to thy courage,
[*embraces him.*] With wonder Maximus ſurveys thy truth,
That riſes ſtill ſuperior to thy wrongs.—
—Yes we muſt change our ſpeech, diſſimulation
Aſſiſt me now. [*aſide.*

Fulv. Can Ætius then ſo tamely
Reſign his Fulvia to another's arms?

Æt. Thou yet art free from every tye. To Cæſar
I'll plead my cauſe, and all ſhall yet be well.

Fulv. O Heaven! and ſhould'ſt thou ſpeak, I tremble for thee!

Æt. As yet the emperor knows not of my love.

Max. From him, with caution, I conceal'd your paſſion.

Æt. Hence ſprings the error. Cæſar's not to blame:
No, had he heard, his prudence had ſuppreſs'd
His growing love; he knows how much he owes me,

And knows it were not wiſdom to provoke me.

Fulv. Truſt not too far—Ætius, a thouſand fears
Diſtract my ſoul: Cæſar's too much a lover,
And thou art too unguarded in thy warmth.
O Heaven! reflect awhile—my heart forebodes
Some fatal miſchief: I was born unhappy,
And muſt not hope my fate will ever change.

Æt. With conqueſt I'm return'd; thou know'ſt that Ætius
Adores thee ever, yet my Fulvia weeps.

Still in thy dear, thy faithful breaſt
Thy thoughts to me confine:
Lull each intruding fear to reſt,
And all thy cares be mine.

Thou by thy ſorrows ſeem'ſt to mourn
That Ætius leaves thee thus forlorn,
Forgetful of his love:
Think not ſo baſe a mind I bear,
Nor think to me that Cæſar e'er
Will ſo ungrateful prove. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

MAXIMUS, FULVIA.

Fulv. 'Tis time, my father, that reſpect at length
Should give me leave to ſpeak. You promis'd firſt

My

My hand to Ætius' vows, then gave me charge
To hear and to encourage Cæsar's passion,
Assuring me I never should be his.
I your commands obey'd, believ'd your promise;
Yet, when I hope to take the hand of Ætius,
I hear you tell me that my hopes are vain.

Max. I ne'er, my daughter, purpos'd to deceive thee.
Then mark me; 'tis not sure the worst of fortune
To share Augustus' bed.

Fulv. And can you suffer,
That he, who dar'd insult your consort's virtue,
Should wed your daughter? Can you thus forget
The affront you once receiv'd? Is Maximus
So dazzled with the splendor of a throne?

Max. Come to my breast, thy father's dearest part!
This just resentment merits I should tell thee
What else I would conceal. Know then, with art
I seem forgetful of my wounded honour.
Hatred too soon discover'd loses oft
The means of vengeance: now the time's at hand,
And we must seize it. Wedded to the tyrant,
Thou may'st with ease destroy him, or prepare
The way for me to pierce his impious breast.

Fulv. What do I hear! And can I then, my father,
Present this hand to Cæsar to betray him?

O! in

O! in my looks he'd read my foul design:
Fear is companion still to crimes like these:
The soul, for ever brooding o'er her guilt,
Shrinks from herself: the criminal sometimes
Is fortunate, but never is secure:
The people will revenge their sovereign's death.

Max. That fear is vain; since all alike detest him.

Fulv. No, you're deceiv'd—the giddy crowd adore
The tyrant dead, whom living they abhorr'd.

Max. You, Fulvia, first reviv'd my sleeping hatred,
Then shew that coldness you condemn'd in me.

Fulv. Forgive me, sir, if I with freedom speak:
When I of late condemn'd your tardy vengeance,
I counsell'd not deceit.

Max. I thought thee wiser,
And less subjected to the servile ties
Of virtue and of conscience; only useful
To abject souls, but by the noble scorn'd.

Fulv. Are these the virtuous seeds, which, till this hour,
You planted in me from my earliest age?
Either you then deceiv'd, or now deceive me.

Max. Each different age requires its different maxims:
Those suit with childhood, these with riper years:

I then

I then deceiv'd thee.

Fulv. You deceive me now;
For with ourſelves is born the hate of guilt,
And love of virtue: from its infant ſtate
The ſoul an impulſe feels of good and evil.
Oft have you told me this; I now confeſs it,
And all confirms it. You, even you, my father,
While thus you ſeek to ſteel my heart to treaſon,
Muſt own compunction. If you hold me dear,
Think of your glory; think that now you go—

Max. No more, raſh girl! I have endur'd enough.
Counſel not me, or if thou needs muſt counſel,
Go, counſel with thy equals; but remember
That I am ſtill a parent, thou a child.

Fulv. O! bid me not recall to mind,
That from your ſource my life I drew;
For in your words no more I find
The father now whom once I knew.

From me awhile vouchſafe to learn
The reverence due to ſovereign ſway;
In me a daughter's love diſcern,
And, ah! your own remorſe obey. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

MAXIMUS *alone.*

How adverſe is my fate! Though all the earth
Abounds with villainy, when Maximus
Would ſeek a villain, each aſſumes the hero,
And baffles his deſigns. Affronted love
Has prov'd too weak to fire the rage of Ætius:
My daughter diſobeys me—be it ſo—
I muſt no longer dally with my purpoſe,
But haſten on the blow—too much already
Have I diſclos'd, and ere the dawn appears
Cæſar ſhall die: Emilius for the deed
Will lend his faithful arm. What then may follow?
Or Valentinian falls, and crowns my vengeance;
Or, grant he ſhould ſurvive, 'tis mine to caſt
The guilt on Ætius: 'tis an eaſy taſk:
Cæſar, the rival of his fame and love,
Without my arts will deem him criminal.
Or ſhould aught elſe betide, I from th' event
Can form reſolves anew: in greateſt dangers
That wiſdom oft is beſt which truſts to chance.

The ſailor, fearing rocks and wind,
Who runs in thought each peril o'er,
Muſt live in humble ſtate confin'd,
A ſimple fiſher on the ſhore.

'Tis

'Tis oft with prudence we confide
To Fortune's hand our weal or woe;
Her hand has oft that aid supplied
Which wisdom never could bestow. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

A royal apartment with pictures

HONORIA, VARUS.

Hon. Talk thee of the victor, not his conquests;
Of these I've heard enough—How does he bear
The crowd's applause? Do his looks preserve
The sternness of the warrior? Has his triumph
Given him new pride, or soften'd him to gentle-
ness?
This, Varus, tell me, not his deeds of arms.

Varus. Honoria, pardon me, if I believ'd
That Cæsar's sister rather wish'd to hear
The deeds of Ætius, than to ask of aught
Pertaining to himself. These strict enquiries
Resemble more the lover than the sovereign.

Hon. Hard is the slavery of our wretched sex!
Scarce can our lips but twice repeat a name,
And we are titled lovers. While so many
Dwell on his valour and exalt his praise;
While wondering throngs hail Ætius' glad return,
Honoria still alone remains behind;

Clos'd in these walls she seeks not to behold him
Yet this reserve escapes not censuring tongues.

Varus. Too much reserve is oft a sign of love.

Hon. Yes, Varus, to thy long-tried faith and service
Such freedom is indulg'd. But sure the distance
'Twixt Ætius and Honoria, from thy mind
Should banish such suspicions.

Varus. All admire
The fortitude of Ætius. Rome adores him:
The universe is fill'd with his renown:
His foes with reverence name him: 'twere injustice
Here to refuse that love his worth demands.

Hon. Since you appear so far the friend of Ætius,
You should not thus extol his rising power:
Augustus, in his nature, is too prone
To admit suspicion: while you to my brother
Exalt your friend, you serve his cause but ill.
The time may come—you understand me, Varus.

Varus. I that am Ætius' friend, with greater caution
Will speak his praise: but, princess, if you love him
Be less ingenious to torment yourself.

If gentle love thy ſoul inſpire,
Why ſhould'ſt thou bluſh to own the fire?
Why ſcorn the ſhaft that rives thy breaſt?
Ætius, whoſe deeds ſo glorious ſhine,
Has rais'd his ſtate to equal thine,
By Fortune's hand in vain depreſs'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

HONORIA *alone.*

Deteſted grandeur! tyrant of the mind!
Why wilt thou thus diſtract us? Why forbid
To indulge the freedom of unequal paſſion,
Yet prove too weak to guard our yielding heart?

Harmleſs nymphs on rural plains,
Happy is the lot you prove,
Whom in love no law reſtrains,
Save the gentle laws of love.

How bleſt! could I my ſuffering tell
To him whoſe virtues cauſe my ſmart,
And unconſtrain'd, like you, reveal
The flame that preys upon my heart.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS.

Val. Let Ætius know that I expect him here.
[*to an attendant.*
Yes, friend, his glory now begins to cast
A shade o'er Valentinian : every one
Dwells in my presence on th' exploits of Ætius :
Rome stiles him her deliverer : he himself
Knows his own power too well : I must, to ensure
His faith, exalt him to Honoria's bed ;
So shall the marriage-bond be his reward,
And my security.

Max. Indeed the people
Have idoliz'd him to excess : they seem
As if unmindful of their sovereign's name,
And may if he command—but I have done—
Ætius I think is true, and doubts are vain ;
But were he not, methinks to exalt him thus
Would ill secure his faith.

Val. A gift so mighty
Must quench ambition in the soul.

Max. Will rather
Excite it : when the conflagration rises,
The stream but adds new fuel to the flame

Val. How shall I better hope to bind him to me ?
Wouldst thou I should pursue a tyrant's steps,
And grow the mark of universal hatred ?

Max. The earlieſt art of reigning is to bear
The hatred of mankind: a monarch ſtill
Muſt exerciſe dominion o'er offenders;
And hatred more ſecures the throne than love.

Val. No, Maximus, the man who makes himſelf
Too much the object of another's fear,
Thence adds to his own terrors: all extremes
Together meet; and on ſome future day,
The headſtrong vulgar, from exceſs of fear,
May gather boldneſs.

Max. You, my lord, beſt know
The arts of reigning; monarchs have a light
Unknown to ſubjects: zeal for your repoſe
Urg'd me thus far. I meant but to remind you
That it becomes us with preventive care,
While danger threatens, to provide for ſafety.

When gently murmuring as it goes,
The hollow riv'let ſcarcely flows,
A pebble can its lapſe oppoſe,
A ſlender branch the courſe reſtrain.
But when, with falling waters ſwell'd,
In narrow banks no longer held,
The billows riſe above the ſhore,
And bear along, with deepening roar,
The crumbling fences to the main. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

VALENTINIAN *alone.*

To thoſe that diſtant view the throne, it ſeems
Heaven's choiceſt gift; to thoſe who view it near,
It ſeems the worſt.

SCENE XI.

Enter ÆTIUS.

Æt. I come to attend your will.

Val. Ætius, I cannot bear, though for a moment,
To ſeem ungrateful to thee: Tiber ſav'd
From foreign arms, my peace, my dignity,
All, all I've gain'd are but the happy fruits
Of Ætius' wiſdom and his conquering ſword.
Should Valentinian yield to thee his throne,
He gives not, but to thee reſtores thy own.
Thus, midſt my wealth, when I would recompenſe
The virtues of a friend who conquers for me,
I find, in ſpite of empire, ſtill I'm poor.

Æt. When through the fight I toil'd for Rome and thee,
The deed itſelf became my great reward.
What would I more? Auguſtus' love will ever
Suffice for me.

Val. But not for Valentinian.
The world ſhall learn that, while I vainly ſtrove
To recompenſe thy worth, my gratitude
Left nought untried. Ætius, the blood of Cæſar
Shall be to thine united; ne'er on thee
Can I beſtow a ſtronger pledge of love:
To-morrow's ſun ſhall ſee thee wed Honoria.

Æt. [*aſide.*] What do I hear!

Val. Thou doſt not anſwer—ſpeak.

Æt. So vaſt an honour doubtleſs muſt ſurpriſe me.
Honoria's rank demands a king and throne,
I have no crowns to boaſt, and Ætius, ſir,
Is nothing but a ſubject.

Val. Such a ſubject
As Ætius, far excels the proudeſt king.
If kingdoms are not thine, thy valorous arm
Can kingdoms give to others. To poſſeſs,
Is Fortune's gift alone; but to beſtow them,
Is Virtue's taſk.

Æt. Thy ſiſter owes the world,
Great ſir, a race of kings; to me united,
Will bring forth ſubjects only: well thou know'ſt
By theſe unequal nuptials that Honoria
To Ætius may deſcend, but Ætius never
Can riſe to her.

Val. My ſiſter and the world
Suſtain no loſs by ſuch a glorious union:

Or

Or ſhould they loſe, yet, while I recompenſe
A hero's worth, my ſiſter and the world
Can ne'er complain.

Æt. I muſt not, ſir, conſent
That Cæſar, to be grateful thus to one,
Should prove unjuſt to many.

Val. Let us ſpeak
This once without concealment. Thy reſpect
Is but a veil to cover thy refuſal.
What would'ſt thou more? Is then my gift ſo little?
Muſt Cæſar ever ſtand indebted to thee?
Remember, he who ſpurns at all reward
Is not leſs proud than he who aſks too much.

Æt. Well then, your frankneſs ſhall encourage mine:
What you have offerr'd, ſir, for my reward
Would prove my puniſhment.

Val. I did not think
Thy ſovereign's ſiſter, join'd to thee in marriage,
Would make thee wretched.

Æt. Even this profferr'd gift
Is little to the man who loves another.

Val. Where is the beauty who ſo far exceeds
Honoria's merits? Is ſhe born my ſubject?
Are my dominions honour'd with her preſence?
It ſhall be mine to knit theſe glorious ties:
Declare to me her name.

Æt. Her name is Fulvia.

Val. Fulvia?

Æt. The ſame—He ſeems diſturb'd. [*aſide.*

Val. [*aſide.*] O Heaven!
And knows ſhe of thy love?

Æt. I think ſhe does not:
[*aſide.*] Let me not raiſe his anger againſt her.

Val. Firſt gain the maid's conſent—See if her choice
Oppoſes not thy ſuit.

Æt. That care be mine:
Meantime thy ſanction, Cæſar, ſhall ſuffice.

Val. Some other lover may perchance have gain'd
On her affection.

Æt. Never.—Where's the man
Whoſe raſhneſs ſeeks to raviſh ſuch a prize
From him whoſe hand has ſav'd imperial Rome?
I know him not.

Val. But ſhould there yet be one?

Æt. He then ſhould ſee that Ætius could no leſs
Aſſert his rights than guard his ſovereign's empire:
Yes, he ſhould find——

Val. And what if I were he?

Æt. That gift which coſts a pang from Cæſar's heart
Would prove more glorious to me.

Val.

Val. But a ſubject
Muſt not require, to recompenſe his ſervice,
So vaſt a ſacrifice from him who reigns.

Æt. Cæſar is ſovereign, Ætius aſks from him
This ſacrifice; Ætius, who, till this hour,
Has ſerv'd unrecompens'd: Cæſar, who knows
What gratitude exacts; who owes to me
His peace, his dignity; who has confeſs'd
That ſhould he render up the throne to Ætius,
He gives not, but to him reſtores his own;
And that each moment but augments his fear
To ſeem ungrateful to him.

Val. What preſumption! [*aſide.*
I thought that when I call'd to mind thy merits,
And own'd each ſervice, I in part repaid them.

Æt. I call them to thy mind, when for reward—

Val. No more—enough—I underſtand thee, Ætius.

Yes, Cæſar knows thy boſom's fires,
He ſees to what thy claim aſpires,
'Tis his to fix thy doom.
But thou more wiſely now control
Th' effuſions of a fearleſs ſoul,
That well may ſuit the ſtern alarms
Of diſtant camps and claſhing arms,
But ſuit not here at Rome. [*Exit.*

Æt. Now let us ſee if he'll oppoſe my love.

SCENE

SCENE XII.

Enter FULVIA.

Fulv. Ætius, I read thy anger in thy looks:
Haſt thou to Cæſar then diſcours'd of me?

Æt. I have; but kept from him thy love a
ſecret:
Hence thou haſt little cauſe to fear.

Fulv. What ſaid he
To thy requeſt? What anſwer gave Auguſtus?

Æt. He neither yielded nor oppos'd my ſuit;
By certain ſigns I found he grew diſturb'd,
But yet he durſt not give his anger vent.

Fulv. You raiſe my apprehenſion. He who feels
Reſentment, yet aſſumes an outward calm,
Muſt ſurely plan ſome cautious ſcheme of ven-
geance.

Æt. You fear too ſoon.

SCENE XIII.

Enter HONORIA.

Hon. Ætius, I owe you more
Than words can pay: my brother would debaſe
Honoria's hand by joining it to yours;
But you, more juſt, have now convinc'd Auguſtus
That Ætius is unworthy ſuch alliance.

Æt.

Æt. Honoria, no: 'tis not for this you owe
Your thanks to me; 'tis for a nobler ſervice.
You know this arm, that guards Honoria's throne,
Gives her the power to treat me thus with ſcorn.

Hon. Indeed I ſtand indebted much to Ætius,
And 'tis with pain I find the ſtars compel me,
Spite of myſelf, to be the meſſenger
Of fatal tidings to his hapleſs love.
[*to* Fulv.] Fulvia, ſoon as the morning riſes, Cæſar
Will take thee for his bride.

Fulv. What ſays Honoria?

Æt. What do I hear!

Hon. He gave me now in charge
To ſpeak his purpoſe. Ætius, yet have comfort,
And learn to exult that ſhe, whom moſt you love,
Reigns o'er a ſubject world.

Æt. This is too much——
Cæſar would tempt too far the faith of Ætius.
What right has he to rule o'er my affections?
To raviſh Fulvia from me? To contemn me?
Perhaps he thinks I tamely will endure it;
Or does he wiſh that Rome, through him, ſhould
prove
A fatal ſcene of blood?

Hon. Does Ætius threaten?
Is this his truth, his boaſted loyalty?

Æt. If ſtill my ſovereign would engage
My breaſt to act a ſubject's part,
Let him not then too far enrage
The paſſions that divide my heart.

But when with wrongs my boſom bleeds,
Untimely let him ne'er complain,
If anger then the bound exceeds,
And gives to frantic rage the rein. [*Exit.*

SCENE XIV.

HONORIA, FULVIA.

Fulv. Honoria, keep his tranſports hid from Cæſar:
Ætius is faithful ſtill; he ſpeaks but thus
Through diſappointed love.

Hon. Fulvia, methinks
Thou ſhew'ſt too much of fear and pity for him;
And does not pity ſometimes ſpring from love?

Fulv. Princeſs, you wrong me much, for well I know
To whom this boſom owes its firſt affections.

Hon. Be not too warm—'twas but a ſlight ſuſpicion.

Fulv. If credit muſt be given to ſuch ſuſpicion,
Honoria too might furniſh cauſe for doubt:
By thy reſentment I perceive how well

Thou

Thou bear'ſt to be rejected. I ſhould think
Thou wert a lover, yet I'll not believe it.

Hon. And when thou dar'ſt inſult me with ſuſpicions
Injurious to my honour, I might well
Rebuke thy arrogance, yet I forbear.

Though plac'd not yet on Cæſar's throne,
Already in thy looks are ſhown
The pride of ſovereign ſtate.
'Tis harder far with equal mind
To bear the good by Heaven aſſign'd,
Than all the frowns of Fate. [*Exit.*

SCENE XV.

FULVIA *alone.*

Too cruel Fortune! perſecute me ſtill,
And raiſe new troubles to diſturb my peace:
Inceſe Honoria, kindle jealouſy
In Cæſar's breaſt, and render Ætius wretched;
Deprive me of a father's foſtering care,
But never ſhalt thou rob me of my love:
For ſpite of thee, thy rigour ſhall exalt
The glorious triumph of my conſtant heart.

While zephyr breathes a gentle breeze,
And calms to peace the ruffled ſeas,
Each veſſel flies with proſperous gales,
Each happy pilot careleſs ſails.

The proof of courage is to abide
The roaring billows' adverſe force;
To ſtem the rough tempeſtuous tide,
Nor wander from the deſtin'd courſe.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Palatine *gardens in view of the imperial palace; flowers and fountains, water-falls, grottoes and statues.*

MAXIMUS *alone.*

What awful silence! All the palace now
Is wrapt in peace. See where the new-born day
Reddens in yonder east, and yet around
No voice is heard, no person seen: ere this
Æmilius must have given the wish'd-for blow—
He promis'd on the tyrant to revenge
The wrongs of Maximus—my friend is tardy.

SCENE II.

Enter FULVIA.

Fulv. Alas, my father!

Max. Speak—What says my daughter?

Fulv. What hast thou done?

Max. Done, Fulvia!

Fulv. O ye powers!
Cæsar has been attack'd—full well I know
By whom the deed was plann'd—'Tis thou, my father,

That,

That, to revenge thee, urg'd the aſſaſſin's hand.

Max. But ſay, is Cæſar dead?

Fulv. Think of thy ſafety:
Already is the apartment round beſet
With arms and ſoldiers.

Max. Tell me if he lives,
Or lies a ſenſeleſs corſe.

Fulv. Alas! I know not;
Loſt in my fears I could attend to nothing.

Max. Vain, childiſh terrors! I myſelf will go
To learn th' event. [*going, he meets* Val.

SCENE III.

Enter VALENTINIAN *without his mantle and laurel; his ſword drawn, attended by the Prætorian guard.*

Val. [*entering.*] Let every paſs be guarded;
Stop every outlet.

Max. [*aſide.*] Still the tyrant lives!
Malicious Fortune!

Val. Fulvia! Maximus!
What heart could e'er conceive it!

Max. Speak, my lord,
What has befallen?

Val. Such unexampled treaſon
Was never heard.

Fulv. [*aſide.*] O moſt unhappy father!

Max. [*aſide.*] He knows it all.

Val. In whom ſhall I confide?
My beſt, my deareſt friends attempt my life.

Max. Be firm my heart. [*aſide.*] And is it poſſible
Can ſuch a wretch be found?

Val. Yes, Maximus,
Such has been found, nor is to thee unknown.

Max. [*diſturbed.*] To me! my lord.

Val. Yes, thee; but Heaven defends
The lives of monarchs. Vainly hop'd Æmilius
To bury in my breaſt his fatal ſteel:
He thought to find me buried deep in ſleep;
He was deceiv'd. I heard him ſoftly enter
My clos'd apartment; by his ſilent tread,
As he drew nearer to my couch, my mind
Preſag'd ſome treaſon; ſtrait I roſe, and ſnatch'd
The neareſt ſword: alarm'd, the villain fled;
But as he fled I dealt amidſt the ſhade
My ſtrokes at random: with the noiſe the guard
Ruſh'd in, and by the ſudden entering light,
I ſaw my weapon ſtain'd with freſh-drawn blood,
But ſought in vain the traitor who eſcap'd me.

Max. Perhaps 'twas not Æmilius.

Val. Yes, I heard
His well-known voice; for when I gave the wound
A ſudden cry broke from him.

Max.

Max. What could make
The slave of Cæsar hazard such a deed?

Val. Though his the deed, another plann'd the treason.

Fulv. [*aside.*] O Heaven!

Max. Permit me, sacred sir, to trace
The villain's steps.

Val. That care belongs to Varus:
Thou, Maximus, depart not.

Max. I am lost! [*aside.*
Perhaps I better may than he.——

Val. My friend,
Leave me not thus, for O! should'st thou forsake me,
Where shall I hope for counsel or assistance?

Max. I shall obey—I breathe again. [*aside.*

Fulv. [*aside.*] Once more
My life returns.

Max. Whom can you further, sir,
Suspect of treason?

Val. Hast thou then a doubt?
Dost thou not see in this the hand of Ætius?
O! could I once produce the proofs against him,
His life should pay the forfeit of his crime.

Fulv. [*aside.*] What new misfortune falls on wretched Fulvia?

Max. I cannot think that Ætius is a traitor;

At leaſt he has no cauſe: receiv'd with honour,
Applauded by his ſovereign; could his heart
Conſent to this?—'Tis true, that jealouſy,
Ambition, love and popular applauſe
Too oft contaminate the firmeſt loyalty.
Ætius beholds himſelf belov'd of all,
Elate with conqueſt, maſter of the troops,
He may perhaps forget his vow'd allegiance.

Fulv. Can you, my father, who have known his virtues,
Speak of him thus?

Max. 'Tis true, I am Ætius' friend,
But Cæſar's ſubject.

Val. And does Fulvia then
Defend a traitor?—O! my jealous heart
Too truly has ſuſpected.

Max. Can you think
Fulvia will harbour any love but yours?
You are deceiv'd; ſhe pleads in his behalf
For pity, not for love: the threat'ning view
Of puniſhment and death excites her mind
To feel compaſſion—Are you yet to learn
The native weakneſs of the tender ſex?

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter VARUS.

Varus. Cæſar, in vain I've ſought to find the traitor.

Val. Where can he lie conceal'd?

Varus. Not all our care
Diſcovers his retreat.

Val. And muſt I ſtill
Remain uncertain thus? Whom ſhall I truſt?
Whom ſhall I fear? When was there ever known
A ſtate more curs'd than mine?

Max. Compoſe your thoughts:
The aſſaſſin's failing in the ſtroke deſign'd,
Muſt baffle all the ſecret traitor's ſchemes.
I'll ſeek Æmilius, and with zealous care
Watch o'er your ſafety. Let us ſtill remember,
The ruffian that aſſail'd your life is known,
And him meanwhile we may at leaſt ſecure.

Val. Aſſiſt me, friend, I place my hopes in thee.

In thee a ſpouſe and prince confide,
While fears and doubts my ſoul divide,
To thee I truſt my life and love.
Then, friend, thy faithful aid prepare,
And thou, dear object of my care,
For ever conſtant prove. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

MAXIMUS, FULVIA.

Fulv. And can you, father, lay the guilt on Ætius?
What urges you?

Max. Unthinking girl! his ruin
Is my fecurity: this fmooths the path
To my revenge; for fhould he fall, Auguftus
Is left without defence. Thou fee'ft by this
How much his death imports; but Maximus
Has views too mighty for thy fex's weaknefs:
Leave thefe to him whofe years are more than thine,
Whofe wifdom greater.

Fulv. O! let years and wifdom
Yet teach you juftice.

Max. Am I then unjuft
In feeking to revenge my injur'd honour?
Or, grant I were—the fatal path is taken,
And 'tis too late to think of a retreat.

Fulv. O! never, never 'tis too late, my father,
To tread again the abandon'd fteps of virtue;
For he who feels abhorrence of his crime,
Redeems his innocence.

Max. And fhall I never
Perfuade thee to be filent? Tell me, daughter,

What doſt thou ſeek? Would'ſt thou inſtruct thy father
In what thy youth was taught by him? Or would'ſt thou
Make him ſubſervient to thy feeble love?
Fulvia, reſtrain the licenſe of thy ſpeech,
And learn in future not to incenſe a father.

Fulv. Muſt I be ſilent? Muſt I fear to ſpeak
When I behold my ſovereign's life invaded;
Know you are criminal, while Ætius bears
The imputed guilt? What boſom can ſupport it?
Releaſe me, ſir, from every tie of duty,
Or aſk ſome other proof of my obedience.

Max. Perfidious girl! I ſee thy purpos'd victim.
Yes, thou would'ſt ſacrifice me to thy paſſion:
Go then—with impious rage abuſe that fondneſs
Which could not keep a thought conceal'd from thee,
And for a lover's ſake accuſe a parent.

Go, ſpeak whate'er thy rage deſign'd,
But yet, ingrate, recall to mind
Whoſe guilt your lips unfold.
Go then, a father's deeds betray,
But yet reflect that fatal day
You take a father's life away,
Your life from him you hold. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

FULVIA *alone.*

What ſhall I do? Alas! 'tis equal guilt
To ſpeak or to conceal—To ſpeak—O Heaven!
Were parricide—I tremble but to think it;
And if I ſtill am ſilent, Ætius dies!
At that idea round my heart congeals
The curdling blood—What counſel now remains
For Fulvia?

SCENE VII.

Enter ÆTIUS.

Ætius! ha! what brings thee here?
Say, whither goeſt thou?

Æt. To defend Auguſtus.
I heard but now——

Fulv. O! fly—for know, on thee,
Suſpicion of the treaſon falls.

Æt. On me!
Thou art deceiv'd—Tiber too oft has ſeen
My faith approv'd: the man who by his deeds
Can conquer others, ſtill will riſe ſuperior
To every feeble blaſt of foul detraction.

Fulv. But what if Cæſar has himſelf accus'd thee?
Say that I heard him?

Æt. If Auguſtus ſaid it,
He never could believe it: had he paus'd
But for a moment, every thing he ſaw
Would plead in my defence; all Italy,
The atteſting world; his glory and his empire,
Preſerv'd by me, muſt make him own the falſehood.

Fulv. I know thy ruin would be well aveng'd;
But who can tell me that thy friends would give
Their timely aid? Alas! the deepeſt vengeance
Would not conſole me for thy loſs—O! fly,
Fly if thou lov'ſt me, and indulge my fears.

Æt. Thy fond affection raiſes fancied dangers.

Fulv. In what doſt thou confide? Thy valour, Ætius?
Heroes are mortal, and oppreſs'd by numbers.
Or in thy virtue? Ah! from that alone
My ſoul forebodes misfortune—Yes, thy virtue
Is now thy worſt of foes.

Æt. My confidence
Is founded, Fulvia, on an upright heart,
A ſtranger to remorſe; on innocence,
That brings its own applauſe; in this right hand,
So needful to the weal of Rome. Auguſtus
Is no barbarian, nor inſenſible

To deeds of worth: should one like me be lost,
A tyrant would himself confess such loss
Not lightly were supplied.

SCENE VII

Enter VARUS *with a guard.*

Fulv. Varus, what news?

Æt. Is Cæsar's life in safety? Can my aid
Avail for his defence? What does he?

Varus. Cæsar
Has sent me to you.

Æt. Let us hasten to him.

Varus. Not so—he sends me to demand your sword.

Æt. Say'st thou?

Fulv. This I foresaw——

Æt. What means Augustus?
Can it be possible?

Varus. Would it were not!
I pity you, my friend, and grieve that fate
Compels me, while my secret heart rebels,
To act a part injurious to our friendship.

Æt. There Varus—[*gives his sword.*] pity Cæsar, not thy friend.

Bear

Bear him this ſword that oft was ſeen
To guard his throne and fame:
Remind him what I once have been,
And dye his cheek with ſhame.

Thou, if thou prizeſt Ætius' love, [*to* Fulvia.
The tender tear reſtrain;
Since all the ſufferings I can prove,
Muſt ſpring from Fulvia's pain.
[*Exit guarded.*

SCENE VIII.

FULVIA, VARUS.

Fulv. If ever thou didſt feel a ſoft affection, Have pity, Varus, on our mutual paſſion, And plead the cauſe of an unhappy friend.

Varus. Your love diſcover'd adds to my affliction; And fain I would aſſiſt your cauſe; but Ætius Is his own foe, Heaven knows! and by his ſpeech Incenſes Cæſar.

Fulv. Well his high demeanour Is known to all; nor ſhould it now, methinks, Be deem'd in him a crime; and ſurely Varus At leaſt muſt own, while Ætius' tongue proclaims His own deſerts, truth gives his words a ſanction.

Varus. Sometimes 'tis virtue to conceal the truth. And if I praiſe not now his oſtentation, 'Tis friendſhip makes me ſilent: for his ſake

I'll

I'll prove my utmoſt power; and grant it Heaven
The attempt may not be vain.

Fulv. O! ſay not thus,
For to the wretched he denies aſſiſtance,
Who, while he gives it, doubts th' event.

Varus. His ſafety
Your will determines: give your hand to Cæſar,
And every power is yours.

Fulv. O! never, never,
Will I be other than the ſpouſe of Ætius.

Varus. But to preſerve him from his fortune, Fulvia
Muſt yield a little: ſhe alone can ſoften
The wrath of Valentinian; then delay not,
And if thy boſom feel not love for Cæſar,
Yet learn to feign it.

Fulv. I'll purſue thy counſel;
With what ſucceſs, Heaven knows.—Diſſimulation
Is ever criminal; and O! I find
My heart abhors the trial.

Varus. To diſſemble
In ſuch a cauſe is virtue; and a woman
Can ne'er repine to act what ſuits her ſex.

Fulv. With eaſe what numbers love can feign
That never warm'd the heart:
But generous minds muſt ſtill diſdain
The wretched maſk of art!

My

My lips, alas! but ill forbear
  To ſpeak my thoughts diſtreſs'd;
Yet ſpeech and ſilence both declare
  The emotions of my breaſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

VARUS *alone.*

Unſtable Fortune! Thoughtleſs is the man
Who truſts thy fickle ſmiles! Too happy Ætius;
But now was envied by the youth of Rome,
The mark of emulation. In a moment
The ſcene is chang'd and he becomes the object
Of general pity;—yes, unſtable Fortune,
Thoughtleſs is he who truſts thy fickle ſmiles!

A ſhepherd, bred in humble ſhade,
With weeds of poverty array'd,
Sometimes by Fortune's favouring aid,
  O'er ſubject realms extends his reign.
In regal purple, near the throne,
Another born; by Fortune's frown
Is driven from kingdoms once his own,
  To feed his flocks upon the plain. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

A gallery of statues with seats; a large seat for two persons. A balcony open, a view of Rome.

HONORIA, MAXIMUS.

Hon. Yes, Maximus, I must confess it, all
Accuses Ætius: he is Cæsar's rival,
And thinks that to his worth and name alone
The universe must bend. What then avails
To plead in his defence? I heard myself
His threats, and now behold th' effect has follow'd——
And yet my heart, incredulous, can never
Believe his guilt—that Ætius is a traitor.

Max. O unexampled virtue! this, indeed,
Is clemency's excess! And who, Honoria,
Has greater cause than you have to condemn him?
He has despis'd you, and refus'd that hand
Which kings contend for.—Who but you—

Hon. Alas!
Tell me no more the wrongs I have sustain'd;
I feel them deeply here—Ingrate and proud!
To think of them distracts me, Maximus:
Not that I love him, or regret the loss
Of Ætius' hand——offended dignity,
My fame—my honour—these and these alone—

Max.

Max. I know it well; but all, Honoria, know not
Your bosom's secret springs: I need not tell you,
We easier far believe the deeds that flow
From weakness than from virtue: clemency
In you may seem but love. One way remains,
And only one, to banish such suspicion.
Let vengeance fill your thoughts: a just revenge
You never should abhor, while clemency
To such excess but urges new offences.

Hon. My private wrongs are not my greatest care:
Think of my brother's danger; let us hear
What Ætius says, and seek to find the traitor.
Perhaps he yet is innocent——

Max. 'Tis true——
Who knows?—even yet he may repent, Honoria,
And yet accept your hand.

Hon. Accept my hand!
Shall I so far forget myself!——O no,
Were this proud man the world's unbounded lord,
He never should obtain me, Maximus.

Max. And yet how easy we deceive ourselves:
He boasts your will is his, that you adore him,
That he at pleasure rules Honoria's heart,
And that a glance from him will calm your anger.

Hon. Presumptuous insolence! he soon shall find
His folly crush'd. The first who woos my love,
(Above a subject's rank) shall be my lord,

He'll

He'll fee that then I want not crowns or empires,
And if her rule, at will, Honoria's heart. [*going*.

SCENE XI.

Enter VALENTINIAN.

Val. Honoria ftay. Thou muft, for my repofe,
Beftow thy hand on one I fear to thee
But little grateful; true he has done us wrong,
Yet muft we make the public weal fecure.
He afks thy nuptial faith, and prudence bids
Accept the peaceful offer.

Hon. Ætius fure
Repents the paft. [*afide*.] Know I this fuitor's name?

Val. Too well thou know'ft it; and I fear, my fifter,
To fpeak, what fpoken will but urge thy lips
To frame reproaches. Thou wilt fay his foul
Is haughty, cruel, that he little knows
The ties of faith, that all the affronts we have fuffer'd
Are yet too recent. I confefs it all——
But when I weigh the occafion, with regret
My counfel bids thee not reject the alliance.

Hon. Shall I refufe him then? [*afide*.] If my confent
Secure your peace, this heart is yours to give.

Max.

Max. What means Auguſtus? Ætius ſeeks his life,
And would he thus reward him?

Val. 'Tis not Ætius
Employs my thoughts—I ſpeak of Attila.

Hon. O fatal error! [*aſide.*] Attila?

Max. And whence
Such unexpected turn?

Val. This very moment
A meſſenger, by letters to my hand,
Has ſignified his wiſh: hence may we ſee
His pride is lower'd: this offer brings no ſhame
To thee, my ſiſter; thou receiv'ſt a huſband
Whom kings obey;—Barbarian though he be,
His manners ſoften'd by thy noble love,
May take the ſhape of virtues.

Hon. Say, does Ætius
Know Attila's requeſt?

Val. Does Ætius know it?
Muſt I conſult with Ætius? To what end
Appeal to him?

Hon. To mortify his pride;
To let him find his aid leſs needful here;
To let him ſee Honoria's hand alone
Can ſave the Roman ſtate.

Val. This ſhall he know:
Mean time may I to Attila return
Your full conſent?

Hon.

Hon. No—let me firſt behold
Your life in ſafety.—Find the hidden traitor:
Let Ætius ſpeak, and then, without diſguiſe,
Honoria will reveal her ſoul's dear purpoſe.

While thus for thee with fears oppreſs'd
I feel my trembling heart;
Ah! think, can e'er Honoria's breaſt
Receive love's gentle dart?

Can the ſoft flame of amorous bliſs
With me its influence prove,
If, when my breaſt is loſt to peace,
I then begin to love? [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS.

Val. Conduct the priſoner hither—[*to an attendant.*] Midſt my doubts,
From thee I ſeek for counſel. May I hope
This tie with Attila will tend in part
To my ſecurity?

Max. It rather tends
To expoſe to greater dangers: he but ſeeks
To lull your vigilance, this well-feign'd friendſhip
Will draw him nearer to you; he, with Ætius
May plan ſome fatal ſcheme. This late attempt
Makes

Makes all too clear; and well thou know'st that
Ætius
Left every paſſage free for Attila,
When Attila eſcap'd; yet duty bade him
Conduct to thee his priſoner: this he fail'd,
And yet the power was his.

Val. 'Tis all too true.

SCENE XIII.

Enter FULVIA.

Fulv. Auguſtus, eaſe my terror. Is the traitor
Diſcover'd yet? Say, is your life in ſafety?

Val. Can then my ſafety be ſo dear to Fulvia?

Fulv. And can you doubt it? I behold in Cæſar
A lover to whoſe fate my own muſt ſoon
Be join'd (O death to feign) [*aſide.*] in Hymen's
bands.

Max. What do I hear? Does not her ſecret heart
Belie her lips' profeſſion? [*aſide.*

Val. If my danger
Awaken gentle pity in thy breaſt,
I prize my ſafety leſs. May I then hope
Thy faith unſhaken?

Fulv. Whilſt I live, ſhall Cæſar
Still ſhare my tendereſt thoughts. O pardon,
Ætius! [*aſide.*

Max.

Max. I'm loſt in wonder. [*aſide.*

Val. Did not Ætius' treaſon
Claim all our thoughts, thy hand had long ere this
Been join'd to mine; but dear his life ſhall anſwer
This outrage to my love.

Fulv. A crime like his
Demands your juſt revenge: but who, meanwhile,
Shall guard you from the people's headlong rage?
They dote on Ætius: O! take heed, Auguſtus,
I ſhudder at the thought.

Val. 'Tis that retards
My vengeance.

Max. Now I underſtand thee, Fulvia. [*aſide.*

Fulv. Say, he were innocent, in him you loſe
Your great ſupport: behold your life expos'd
To treaſon's ſecret aims: behold your name
Hated of all—I tremble but to think it.

Val. Grant Heaven he were not guilty! but he comes,
And comes by my command.

Fulv. What do I hear! [*aſide.*

Val. Now, Fulvia, from himſelf impartial learn,
What Ætius is.

Fulv. Permit me to depart. [*going.*
The criminal, who meets his judge alone,
More freely will confeſs.

Val. No, Fulvia, ſtay.

Max. Ætius approaches.

Fulv. Heavens!

Val. Now, Fulvia, take
Thy ſeat by Cæſar's ſide.

Fulv. By Cæſar's ſide!
And ſhall a ſubject then preſume——

Val. Remember
The maid who holds a monarch in her chains,
No longer is a ſubject.

Fulv. Yet, permit me——

Val. No more—be ſeated—from this hour begin
To make the throne familiar.

Fulv. I obey. [*ſits on the right hand of* Val.
O cruel trial!

SCENE XIV.

Enter ÆTIUS.

Æt. Heavens! what do I ſee!
[*entering he ſees* Fulvia, *and ſtops.*
In Fulvia ſuch inconſtancy!

Fulv. Be firm
My breaking heart! [*aſide.*

Val. Leader, approach.

Æt. Who now

Is

Is judge of Ætius? Does my fate depend
On Cæsar or on Fulvia?

Val. I and Fulvia,
Are but one judge: for since by nuptial ties
I call her mine, she reigns a sovereign here.

Æt. O faithless woman! [*aside.*

Fulv. Could I but assure him
That Fulvia now dissembles! [*aside.*

Val. Ætius, hear,
And learn awhile to curb the native pride
That can no more avail thee. Secret treason
Is aim'd at me, and each in thee believes
The treason's author: all bespeaks thy guilt:
Thy proud refusal of Honoria's hand;
Thy insolence in conquest; thy permission
Of Attila's escape; thy jealousy;
Thy rash presumptuous love; thy open threats,
Of which thou know'st myself so late was witness.
Think how to clear thy fame, or merit pardon.

Max. Now, fate, betray me not. [*aside.*

Æt. Cæsar, 'tis true
The charge is specious. Where's the assassin hid,
Whose hand assail'd thee? Who accuses Ætius
As author of the treason? Cæsar, thou,
Thou art the accuser of the guilt of Ætius,
At once the judge and witness.

Fulv. Heavens! he's lost.

Val. And ſhall I bear ſuch inſolence?

Æt. Howe'er
The crime is true, why is it charg'd on me?
Becauſe I have refus'd to wed Honoria?
And have I thus with toil preſerv'd for Cæſar
His liberty, that he ſhould now forbid me
To own my heart's affection? Am I guilty
From Attila's late flight? And ſhould I then
Have made him priſoner, that all Europe freed
From fear of him, who bound their arms to ours,
Might join their force againſt imperial Rome?
Seek out ſome other warrior. I am guilty
Becauſe I know myſelf, and freely ſpeak,
What conſcious worth approves.—The ignoble mind
Shrinks from itſelf, nor dares review its deeds.

Fulv. O might I yet retire! [*aſide.*

Val. This raſh defence
Adds to thy former guilt—Haſt thou ought elſe
To plead in thy behalf?

Æt. Let this ſuffice:
For what remains, let Cæſar aſk no more.

Val. What canſt thou further ſay?

Æt. That he whoſe arm
Defends the ungrateful, foſters tyranny;
That valour in the ſubject ſtill excites
Envy in him who reigns; that Cæſar ſcorns

To owe his all to Ætius; that he fears
In me that treafon, which he knows too well
The deed, that robs me of my love, deferves.

Val. Doft thou infult me thus! prefumptuous man!

Fulv. O! Heavens! [*afide.*

Val. I yet can punifh thee——

Fulv. Ah! Cæfar,
If you love Fulvia, let her now depart,
My prefence but difturbs you. [*rifes.*

Val. Yet remain;
Thou fee'ft my juft refentment. Sit, and mark
How proofs fhall yet confound this ftubborn traitor.

Æt. O faithlefs woman! [*afide.*

Fulv. Could I but affure him
My cruelty is feign'd! [*afide, fits again.*

Max. All yet goes well. [*afide.*

Val. Ætius, be innocent of every crime;
And let Auguftus, envious of thy glory,
Invent this calumny; yet from thy heart
Declare without referve, (at leaft in this
Be Ætius his own judge,) is not the fubject,
Who dares in love contend with him who reigns,
A rebel to his prince?

Æt. And is not he
Who dares in love invade another's right,
A tyrant to his fubject?

Val. Think'ſt thou then
That Fulvia loves thee ?

Fulv. O my breaking heart ! [*aſide.*

Val. Relieve him, deareſt Fulvia, from the vain
And fond deception : ſay if Valentinian
Was thy firſt love, and ever ſtill remains
Sole partner of thy heart.

Fulv. What Cæſar ſpeaks,
That Fulvia muſt confirm.

Æt. O ! perjur'd woman !
This ſtroke indeed has baffled all my firmneſs.

Val. See how thy hopes deceive thee. [*to* Æt.

Æt. Do not triumph,
Nor truſt the faith of an inconſtant woman ;
To her I leave my vengeance ;—yes, I feel
A ſecret hope, that Cæſar, for my wrongs,
Will prove the faith of Fulvia.

Fulv. Muſt I ſtill
Conceal my anguiſh ! [*aſide.*

Max. Fulvia, yet be conſtant. [*aſide.*

Æt. Scarce Ætius knows himſelf ; before her preſence
My heart is rent. O ! never, Maximus,
Since firſt I breath'd this air, my ſoul has felt
Such pangs of warring paſſion ! [*to* Max.

Fulv. 'Tis too much ;
I cannot bear the thought—— [*going, weeps.*

Val.

Val. What do'ſt thou, Fulvia?

Fulv. I muſt retire—ſuch trial far outweighs
My ſex's conſtancy.

Val. Yet ſtay, and puniſh
This rival's inſolence.

Fulv. In pity, Cæſar,
Permit me to retire.

Val. It muſt not be,
Once more, for Cæſar's ſake, declare thy love
Is only mine, that I am all to Fulvia,
And that ſhe ſees with joy the pangs of Ætius.

Fulv. But ſay 'twere falſe, and Ætius all my happineſs.

Val. What ſay'ſt thou?

Max. Ha!

Æt. I breathe again.

Fulv. How long
Muſt I diſſemble? Yes, to appeaſe your anger,
Cæſar, I veil'd my thoughts: I hop'd to ſave
The guiltleſs Ætius—'twas for him alone
I bore theſe ſtruggles—know the love of Cæſar
Ne'er touch'd this faithful boſom; if my lips
Could ſpeak to you of love, believe them not,
Auguſtus, they deceiv'd you.

Æt. Joyful ſounds!

Val. Where am I! Did I hear thee right? Ingrate!

Pre-

Presumptuous Fulvia?

Æt. Now, whose hopes deceive him! [*to* Val.

Val. Rash man! ungrateful Fulvia! Guards! remove
That traitor from my presence: plunge him deep
In some most horrid dungeon, there reserv'd
For my revenge. [*rises.*

Æt. Thy rage is Ætius' glory.
What bliss can equal mine? for this I yield
The palms of every conquest: I despise
Thy boast of empire: nothing now remains
To crown my vows; not Attila subdu'd
Gave equal transport to this hour of triumph.

With joy I now receive my chains,
With joy I meet death's sharpest pains,
Thy bosom still its truth maintains. [*to* Fulv.
Thy fortune yields to mine. [*to* Val.
Dear idol of my heart, adieu! [*to* Fulv.
With pity now thy Ætius view;
Think how my error past I rue,
That injur'd love like thine.

[*Exit, guarded.*

SCENE XV.

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS, FULVIA.

Val. Ungrateful woman! have I e'er deserv'd
From thee such recompense? Behold, my friend,
What

What faith thy daughter guards for Valentinian.

Max. Unworthy girl! where didſt thou learn deceit?
Thus doſt thou imitate thy father's truth?
Haſt thou from my example——

Fulv. Ceaſe, my father,
Ah! tempt me not too far, the reins are looſe,
And if thou urgeſt ſtill—theſe lips——

Max. Be ſilent:
Thy blood ſhall elſe——

Val. Hold, Maximus, my vengeance
Shall find a ſurer way; ſince ſhe deteſts me,
Since I'm ſo hateful to her, I will wed her,
And marriage be her puniſhment.

Fulv. O! never——
Baniſh that thought.

Val. Ha! know'ſt thou not my power?

Fulv. I know thy power may take this hated life,
But ſeeks in vain to ſhake my ſtedfaſt ſoul:
My ſufferings long have baniſh'd every fear.

No force can move this conſtant breaſt,
When, hope, no longer here a gueſt,
With every fear is loſt.
Such now is Fulvia's wretched ſtate,
She ſcorns alike thy threats, thy hate,
And dreads thy pity moſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE XVI.

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS.

Max. Now to diſſemble. [*aſide.*] Never to my ſhame,
Auguſtus, ſhall ſhe live—This hand, even now,
Shall pierce her faithleſs heart. [*going.*

Val. O! hold, my friend,
If Fulvia dies, I ſhall not long ſurvive:
Even yet ſhe may repent.

Max. Thy will, great Sir,
Reluctant I obey, though juſtice bids me
Exact the puniſhment.

Val. Why, Maximus,
Why differs thus thy daughter's ſoul from thine?

Max. While ſhame in every feature glows,
Nor calm, nor peace this boſom knows;
Methinks the indignant world ſurveys
A daughter, who her faith betrays,
And cry, that from a father's art,
She learn'd to act the treacherous part. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE XVII.

VALENTINIAN *alone*.

Val. Ah! whither would ye lead me now, disdain,
Love, jealousy, and all the cares of empire!
At once I feel myself a foe, a lover,
Incens'd and yet irresolute—Meantime
I pardon not nor punish. Well I know
Honour should drive this Fulvia from my heart.
From her my evils spring: but ah! I dare not
Attempt the conquest, such an unknown power
Weighs down my soul, and even endears my chains!

Ah! What avails imperial sway
While, still to rebel thoughts a prey
I feed those tyrants in my breast,
The passions that destroy my rest.

But though my hapless state I own,
I blame not Fate nor Love,
'Tis from my fault I feel alone
The cruel pangs I prove. [*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A hall of a priſon, ſeveral paſſages leading to different dungeons. Guards at the entrance of the dungeons.

Enter HONORIA.

[*entering, to a guard.*] Let Ætius be conducted
hither—See
The imperial ſignet ſpeaks the will of Cæſar.
—His danger gives new ardour to my paſſion,
And pity for his ſuffering fans the flame
That glows within me, till the united force
Of love and ſoft compaſſion in my breaſt
Is but a ſole affection. See he comes!
With what a haughty mien and firm deportment!
He muſt be innocent, or never, never,
Can outward looks beſpeak the ſecret heart.

SCENE II.

Enter ÆTIUS *in chains, from one of the dungeons, guards attending.*

Æt. [*advancing to* Hon.] Theſe are thy brother's gifts. [*ſhews his chains.*
Couldſt thou, Honoria,
Have e'er believ'd what now thy eyes behold?

A few

A few ſhort moments change the fate of Ætius:
At ſetting ſun thou ſaw'ſt me crown'd with laurels,
And ſeeſt me, with the dawning day, in chains.

Hon. Ætius, each mortal born muſt feel the force
Of Fortune's ſway. Thou art not leader, firſt
To prove her fickle change. It reſts with thee
To amend her late injuſtice: at my ſuit,
Cæſar forgets his wrath; he loves thee, Ætius,
Forgives the paſt, and claims thee for his friend.

Æt. Can it be poſſible?

Hon. Yes: Cæſar aſks
This ſole return; ſecure his future peace:
Diſcloſe the ſecret plan of impious treaſon,
And thou art free. What leſs can Cæſar aſk?

Æt. Little indeed he ſeeks—He wills that Ætius
Accuſe himſelf through fear: my innocence
Muſt be the ſacrifice to raiſe his pride,
And make him ſeem more generous; well he knows
My loyal truth, and bluſhes thus to wrong me:
Hence would he wiſh to find me criminal,
Or ſee my death.

Hon. Let not thy haughty ſpirit
Thus juſtify his anger: if thou art innocent,
With modeſt, calm demeanour, plead thy cauſe,
Take from him every power to find thee guilty,
Nor leave to Cæſar courage to condemn thee.

Æt. I have not yet, Honoria. learnt ſuch baſe-
neſs

To ſave a wretched life.

Hon. Thou runn'ſt on death.

Æt. Then let me die: death is not ſure the worſt
Of human ills, which frees us from the converſe
Of wicked men.

Hon. Thou ſhouldſt conſider, Ætius,
Thou yet haſt liv'd but little for thy country.

Æt. We muſt not meaſure life by years, but deeds;
The baſe, Honoria, uſeleſs to mankind,
And worthleſs to themſelves, who never felt
The godlike flame of glory, though they drag
An age of being, cannot boaſt they live.
But thoſe, who tread the paths, which I have trod,
Though ſhort their date of life have liv'd enough.

Hon. If thy own ſafety cannot move thee, Ætius,
Think of my peace——

Æt. What ſay'ſt thou?

Hon. Yes——I love thee——
I can no more diſſemble—when I fear
The loſs of Ætius, I forget my wrongs,
And pride of rank but little guards my weakneſs.

Æt. And is Honoria one that counſels Ætius
To learn humility? By ſuch diſtinction
She but inflames his pride. O! could I bend
My ſoul to love, as I admire, thy virtue—
Then ſuffer me to die, the heart that feels

Another

Another wound, would live to thee ungrateful.

Hon. Live, though ingrate—take from me every hope,
Defpife me ftill, be cruel ftill—but live:
Or if thou hateft life, as dear to me;
Yet feek a death more worthy of thy courage,
And die a conqueror, wielding glorious arms,
Envied, not pitied by the gazing world.

Æt. In prifon, or in battle, Ætius knows
To give a great example how to die:
Even here my fate fhall kindle virtuous envy.

Mark if this vifage guilt difplays,
Then fay what thoughts my death fhall raife,
What breaft fhall feel for Ætius' pains.
A noble mind, in fuffering prov'd,
Serenely firm, can bear unmov'd,
When undeferv'd, reproach and chains.
[*Exit to the dungeon, guarded.*

Hon. Heavens! what undaunted courage! to the laft
He meets his fate with triumph! how I tremble!

SCENE III.

Enter VALENTINIAN.

Val. My fifter, haft thou aught obtain'd from Ætius?

Does he relent?

Hon. O no! he's ſtill unſhaken.

Val. This I foreſaw: then let him bear the forfeit;
'Twere now beneath my dignity to ſave him.

Hon. And yet I cannot think him criminal:
Such firmneſs argues ſure a mind unſpotted.

Val. It rather proves his guilt; the traitor truſts
In popular opinion——he ſhall die.

Hon. Think better, Cæſar, Ætius dead may prove
A foe more to be fear'd than Ætius living.

Val. What would'ſt thou counſel then?

Hon. Seek out ſome way
To bend his ſtubborn temper; try by mildneſs
To wreſt his ſecret from him.

Val. Say, what means
Have I not prov'd?

Hon. The only certain means.
Ætius I ſee in love is vulnerable:
You muſt aſſail him there: he dotes on Fulvia;
Make him this ſacrifice; reſign her to him.

Val. How eaſy 'tis to give to others counſel
Which pains not the adviſer.

Hon. Sir, my counſel
Holds forth my own example: know I love
No leſs than thee: with thee I loſe my all!

Thy

Thy heart is Fulvia's, and I ſigh for Ætius.

Val. Doſt thou love Ætius?

Hon. O! too well I love him:
Judge if I gave thee then ſo lightly counſel.

Val. Hard is the taſk my ſiſter now enjoins.

Hon. Thy courage and thy virtue both united
Shall ſhame thy fortune. Let a woman teach
Auguſtus fortitude.

Val. O Heaven!

Hon. Be now
The victor o'er thyſelf, and let thy ſubjects
Learn hence the heart of Cæſar.

Val. 'Tis enough:
Send Fulvia hither—this ſhall too be tried.
O! didſt thou know the ſtruggle of my ſoul,
How hard the conteſt!

Hon. From my own too well
I feel thy ſufferings: yet ſubmit to bear them:
'Tis ſome relief to know, that not alone
We feel theſe pangs, in which another ſhares.

Thou ſigh'ſt for an ungrateful maid:
Behold my love alike repaid.
We both, alas! one fortune prove,
Both find an equal foe in love.

If I was born to curelefs pains,
And if for thee no hope remains,
Let both an equal courage fhow,
As both have felt an equal woe. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

VALENTINIAN *alone.*

Call Varus to me ftraight. [*to an attendant without.*] If he refufe
To yield to this excefs of clemency,
He fhall not live a moment.

Enter VARUS.

Varus. Cæfar.

Val. Hear me;
Difpofe thy truftieft foldiers near conceal'd
In the dark dungeon's entrance; and when Ætius
Shall quit this place, if thou behold'ft him fingly,
And iffue unaccompanied by Cæfar,
Let him be flain.

Varus. I fhall obey: but know'ft thou
What tumult has been rais'd by Ætius' feizure?

Val. I know it all—for this has Maximus
Provided well.

Varus. 'Tis true—but yet I fear—

Val. No more—obey my will, and take good heed

The deed be ſecret, doſt thou underſtand me?

Varus. I underſtand thee well. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

VALENTINIAN *alone*

[*to the guards at the dungeon.*] Bring once again
The priſoner hither. Hence my juſt reſentment!
Deep in my heart be now my hatred buried,
Nor let my looks betray the war within.

With ſtorms beneath its treacherous breaſt,
Oft ocean ſeems compos'd to reſt,
While zephyr breathes in gentle gales
And univerſal calm prevails.
But if that fiery ſoul again
Reject my grace with proud diſdain,
I give my juſt revenge the rein.

SCENE VI.

Enter MAXIMUS.

Max. All tumult is appeas'd, and Cæſar now
May haſten, at his will, the fate of Ætius:
Rome will applaud, and all thy friends expect it.

Val. What mean'ſt thou, Maximus? 'twill then be ſaid

That Valentinian is a rude barbarian,
Impious, unjuſt—it fits us now to follow
Another bright example.

Max. Wherefore! ſay——

Val. Peace: Ætius comes.

SCENE VII.

Enter ÆTIUS *in chains.*

Max. What counſel thus has mov'd him? [*aſide.*

Æt. Call'd from my dungeon, here I came, prepar'd
To meet a puniſhment unmerited,
But find a greater—I behold Auguſtus.

Val. [*aſide.*] Unheard-of boldneſs!—Ætius, let us ſpeak
No more of hatred.—See me now thy friend:
My rigour I deteſt and come reſolv'd——

Æt. I know it well—the reſt I'm not to learn.
Honoria has prevented thee: enough:
If thou haſt nothing further to impart,
I ſhall regain my priſon—but even now
I commun'd with Honoria.

Val. Yes ſhe knew not
What Valentinian means to offer Ætius.

Æt. I heard it all: ſhe nam'd my liberty,

The

The former friendſhip and the love of Cæſar,
Thy purpos'd gifts.

Val. Yet ſhe conceal'd the greateſt.

SCENE VIII.

Enter FULVIA.

Behold that gift. [*pointing to* Fulv.

Æt. Fulvia!

Max. What can this mean!
My ſoul is chill'd. [*aſide.*

Fulv. Would Cæſar aught with Fulvia?

Val. [*to her.*] Attend in ſilence. [*to* Æt.] Such a profferr'd bleſſing
Excites thy wonder: it exceeds belief:
But all thy fears are vain: my word is given,
And thus confirm'd. Ætius, receive her hand.

Æt. What ſacrifice is aſk'd from me to enſure
The dear poſſeſſion here?

Val. I aſk but little:
Through love thou art guilty; and who lives a lover,
With eaſe forgives ſuch guilt: I aſk but this;
Truth undiſguis'd: reveal thy whole deſign;
Let me entreat thee: let not Cæſar ſtill
Be girt with conſtant fears.

Æt. My love, farewell! [*to* Fulvia.

Lead

Lead once more to my prifon.

Val. Shall I then
Endure fuch infolence? [*afide.*

Fulv. Alas!

Val. Yet hear me—— [*to* Ætius.
And wilt thou thus, ftill obftinate in filence,
Forfake that Fulvia, prov'd to thee fo faithful?
Speak, Ætius!—Yet the traitor anfwers not.
[*afide.*

Max. What danger threatens! [*afide.*

Val. Doft thou hear me, Ætius?
Know'ft thou to thee I fpeak? Are words of mine
Such as a criminal like thee fhould fcorn?

Æt. In fpeaking thus, thou canft not fpeak to Ætius.

Val. [*afide.*] 'Tis now refolv'd—Guards—

Fulv. [*to* Val.] Let your anger firft
Be turn'd on me.

Val. [*to* Fulv.] Canft thou not yet be filent?—
Releafe the prifoner. [*his chains are taken off.*

Æt. Ha!

Fulv. What do I fee!

Max. O Heavens!

Val. At length I know thy innocence:
Such firmnefs to reject a fpoufe belov'd,
Dwells not with him that's guilty—I repent
My rigour, Ætius; but fucceeding gifts

Shall

Shall heal the unjuſt offence of paſt ſuſpicion—
Go—Fulvia is thy own—and thou art free.

Fulv. O happy change!

Æt. Now, now, indeed my ſoul
Firſt feels confuſion—Who could e'er have hop'd
Such virtues in a rival and a monarch?
Thus to reſign the treaſure of his ſoul,
Thus to forget——

Val. Haſte then—Impatient Rome
Expects thy preſence: bleſs her longing ſight;
Baniſh her fears: there will be time enough
For fair exchange of mutual love and friendſhip.

Æt. I bluſh to recollect my late demeanour—
A gift like this, Auguſtus——

Val. Ætius, go
And learn henceforth the heart of Valentinian.

Æt. Since Cæſar gives me life, this hand
Shall Cæſar's ſway maintain
O'er gelid Scythia's freezing land,
Or Æthiop's parch'd domain.

To bid for thee freſh laurels bloom
Again my labours ſee:
The war's ſtern perils I'll reſume,
To bleed or die for thee. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

VALENTINIAN, FULVIA, MAXIMUS.

Val. Go then and take thy fate. [*aside.*

Max. My hopes are loſt! [*aside.*

Fulv. Moſt generous prince! on thee may righteous Heaven
Return that happineſs thou giv'ſt to Fulvia!
Thy goodneſs ever ſhall be treaſur'd here;
Yet, ah! permit me on this ſacred hand
To ſeal my grateful vows.

Val. No, Fulvia—ſtay,
Be firſt my gift complete: thou know'ſt not yet
How far it leaves thy every vow behind,
How far exceeds thy hopes.

Max. What doſt thou, Cæſar?
This mercy now miſleads thee.

Val. Thou ſhalt ſee
That mercy not miſleads, nor Cæſar errs;
All cares and fears ſhall end.

Max. What peace can follow
If Ætius be releas'd?

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter VARUS.

Val. Varus, is now
My will obey'd?

Varus. Cæſar, thy will's obey'd,
Ætius is dead.

Fulv. What ſay'ſt thou! Ætius dead!

Varus. My faithful ſoldiers in the paſs ſurpris'd him,
Nor had he time for fear, his breaſt transfix'd
Receiv'd the weapon's point—he groan'd and fell!

Max. O unexpected chance! [*aſide.*

Fulv. O! Heavens! I faint——
[*leans againſt the ſcene.*

Val. Haſte, hide from every eye his bloody veſtments,
And let the death of Ætius be conceal'd
From each that owns his cauſe.

Varus. It ſhall be done. [*Exit.*

Val. And ſtill is Fulvia ſilent? 'Tis thy time
To ſpeak—and wherefore doſt thou now forbear
To praiſe this generous prince?

Fulv. Inhuman tyrant!
I cannot ſpeak—unhappy, wretched Ætius!

Max. Permit her, Cæſar, for awhile to indulge
The firſt impulſe of grief.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Enter HONORIA.

Hon. Most gladsome tidings
I bring to Cæsar's ear.

Val. What says Honoria?
Her cheerful looks betoken happiness.

Hon. Ætius is innocent.

Val. How! innocent!

Hon. Æmilius has confess'd.—I found the traitor
Conceal'd in my apartment, parting life
Scarce breathing on his lips.

Max. Distracting chance! [*aside.*

Val. In thy apartment?

Hon. Yes: wounded by thee,
He there had lurk'd the live-long night conceal'd:
From him I learn'd the innocence of Ætius:
The dying, Cæsar, never can deceive us.

Val. But did he not reveal the wretch whose guilt
Urg'd him to Cæsar's death?

Hon. He said, the guilty
Was one most dear to Cæsar, one by him
Injur'd in love.

Val.

Val. His name?

Hon. He strove to ſpeak it,
Collecting on his lips his fleeting ſoul,
But buried with a ſigh the name within him.

Val. O inauſpicious fate!

Max. O dangerous trial! [*aſide.*

Fulv. Now, tyrant, ſpeak—ſay was my conſort guilty?
Or juſtly puniſh'd? What avails to me
Thy vain regret for Ætius innocent?
Who, cruel man, ſhall now reſtore his life?

Hon. What ſay'ſt thou, Fulvia? Ætius dead!

Fulv. He's dead!
Ah! princeſs, fly thy barbarous brother's ſight;
A ruthleſs ſavage, that delights in blood,
In guiltleſs blood—let him be ſhunn'd by each;
He mocks at all remorſe—he knows no horror
For ſuch a deed; forgets his fame, his honour;
Thy life, Honoria, is not ſafe.

Hon. Inhuman!
And could'ſt thou then——

Val. Alas! forbear, Honoria,
Inſult me not—I know, I own my crime;
But ah! I merit pity more than blame.
Yet counſel now my fears: all preſent here
Are deareſt to my heart; in which of theſe
Shall I explore the traitor? When, alas!

I know

I know not which of theſe I e'er have wrong'd?

Hon. Not wrong'd!—Then let thy thoughts recall the paſt,
Remember Maximus his ſpouſe: remember
Thy love that laid its ſnares for female honour.

Max. What means to ſave me now! [*aſide.*

Val. And muſt I think
That mindleſs of my favours ſince conferr'd,
His ſoul ſtill broods relentleſs o'er a vain
And youthful tranſport?

Hon. Know'ſt thou not the offender
Forgets the offence he gave, the offended never?

Fulv. What danger threats my father! [*aſide.*

Val. Ah! too truly
Thou ſpeak'ſt, but ſay, in this extreme, Honoria,
What courſe remains?

Hon. Com'ſt thou to me for counſel?
Since thou alone haſt brought this evil on thee,
Be it thine alone, O tyrant! now to heal it.
[*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS, FULVIA.

Max. Cæſar, thou ill repay'ſt my loyal truth,
If thou ſuſpect'ſt it now.

Val. Honoria's words

Have

Have rouz'd me from my lethargy: the occasion
Calls on thee, Maximus, to clear thy honour;
Since ſtill the criminal remains conceal'd,
In thee I muſt believe him.

Max. Wherefore, Cæſar?
What deed of mine? Muſt then Honoria fix
The guilt of Maximus?—Is this thy juſtice?

Fulv. Unhappy father!

Val. Certain are my fears.
Æmilius, dying, nam'd the traitor one
Dear to my heart; one whom I wrong'd in love:
All this too plainly, Maximus, [illegible]
Refers, to thee alone—If thou [illegible] guiltleſs,
Produce the proofs; meanwhile my ſafety bids
Secure thy perſon——

Fulv. [*aſide.*] Gracious powers! aſſiſt me.

Val. What other boſom could have nurs'd ſuch treaſon?
Ho, guards!

Fulv. [*to* Val.] Barbarian, hear—'tis I am guilty:
I to Æmilius gave the deathful charge;
I am that hapleſs one ſo dear to Cæſar;
I, cruel man, am one you wrong'd in love,
When late you profferr'd Ætius to Honoria.
Had not the ſtars been adverſe to my wiſhes,
Vengeance had now been mine, my ſpouſe had reign'd,
The world and Rome no longer then had groan'd
Beneath

Beneath a tyrant's heart and powerless hand:
Delusive hopes and unpropitious stars!

Max. [*aside.*] O! pious fraud!

Val. My soul is lost with wonder!

Fulv. [*aside.*] Save but my father, perish all mankind.

Val. [*to* Fulv.] Could'st thou contrive, pursue so black a treason,
And canst thou own it too?

Fulv. The guiltless Ætius
Dies for my crime, and shall I suffer too
My father innocent to die for Fulvia?

Val. Then Maximus at least is true?

Max. Augustus,
I now am criminal—Since impious she
Has in oblivion steep'd her sacred faith,
The father's guilty in the daughter's crime.
Punish—secure thy safety with my death:
That partial love, which every bosom feels
For its own offspring, may some future day
Corrupt a father's truth.

Val. Fate, as thou wilt
Dispose me now, I yield me to thy mercy:
I'm weary of suspense: if life demand
Such anxious cares, it is not worth my keeping—
In these extremes of doubt I find new courage,
And resolution strengthens from despair.

Where'er I turn intruding fear
Would ſhew ſome unthought danger near:
This painful being let me cloſe,
And with it end the ſufferer's woes.

'Tis better ſure at once to die
Than thus to drag mortality,
When hope and peace alike muſt end;
My miſtreſs loſt and loſt my friend. [*Exit.*

SCENE XIII.

MAXIMUS, FULVIA.

Max. At length he's gone. By thee I live, my daughter,
By thee I breathe—How did I ſtruggle late
To hide my tender feelings! Let me now,
O let me claſp thee to my eager boſom,
My hope, my dear ſupport, my life's preſerver!
[*would embrace her.*

Fulv. Away, inhuman father! [*drawing back.*

Max. Why, my daughter,
Why doſt thou ſhun me thus?

Fulv. All, all my ſufferings
I date from thee—Suffice it, that to ſave thee
I have accus'd myſelf: O! hence, nor call
To my remembrance what for thee I've loſt,
What by thy guilt I am, and what thou art.

Max.

Max. And would'ſt thou ſtill forbid a grateful father
To pay love's faithful tribute—come—

[*would embrace her.*

Fulv. In pity
Leave me at peace—If thou would'ſt prove thee grateful,
Unſheath thy ſword, my father, kill me, kill me:
With tears a daughter begs this recompenſe,
Begs from a parent whom ſhe has preſerv'd.

Max. No more with cauſeleſs anguiſh grieve,
Thoſe guſhing drops reſtrain;
By thee ſecur'd I life receive,
And thou by me ſhalt reign.

For thee a tyrant's blood ſhall flow;
A kingdom ſhall return
The great reward for every woe
We unreveng'd have borne. [*Exit.*

SCENE XIV.

FULVIA *alone.*

Wretch, that I am! Is this the air of Tiber
That Fulvia breathes? Or rove I through the paths
Of Thebes and Argos? Or from Grecian ſhores,
Fertile in impious deeds, domeſtic furies,
From Cadmus' or Atrides' fatal race,
Have viſited theſe climes; while there a ſtern
Ungrateful

Ungrateful monarch fills my ſoul with horror,
A barbarous father here, with treacherous guilt,
Freezes the ſprings of life; and ever preſent
A guiltleſs huſband ſkims before my ſight!
O fatal images! O dire remembrance!
Diſtracting thoughts, yet ſtill I breathe and live!

In anguiſh while my tongue complains,
My heart is torn with racking pains,
Through every part the frenzy flies.
I call on Heaven to end my woe,
Unpitying Heaven with-holds the blow,
Nor ſends the forky bolt below,
But to my prayer the bolt denies. [*Exit.*

SCENE XV.

The capitol. A crowd of people.

MAXIMUS *without his mantle, Conſpirators.*

Tremble, O Rome! the dread of Attila,
The unconquer'd chief, thy great deliverer falls,
And falls by whom? The envy of Auguſtus
Has murder'd Ætius: ſuch rewards as theſe
A tyrant's hand beſtows. What hope is ours
From him whoſe rage oppreſſes worth like this?
Romans, revenge your hero: call to mind
Your ancient glory; from a ſhameful yoke

Releaſe your country; from impending danger
Defend your fame, yourſelves, your wives and children. [*going*.

SCENE XVI.

Enter VARUS.

Varus. Hold, Maximus, what more than rebel madneſs
Inflames thee thus?

Max. Ceaſe, Varus, or conſent
To aid my purpoſe—All who love their country
Unſheath the ſword and follow—Lo! the place
[*pointing to the capitol, all draw their ſwords*.
Shall give to Rome her freedom and dominion.
[*Exit with the reſt towards the capitol*.

SCENE XVII.

VARUS *alone*.

O! impious man; he leads to death the guiltleſs,
Then calls on Rome to avenge his own miſdeeds.
Go then—but ſuch deſigns ſhall fatal prove
To him whoſe heart conceiv'd them—Traitor, go!
—But hark! what ſudden tumult fills my ears.
[*trumpets and alarms*.

From

From yonder capitol afar
Is heard the clashing din of war,
A thousand soldiers' shouts in air
Their mingled clamours blend.
What now remains? O! let me prove
Whate'er the generous breast can move,
Of social truth or loyal love,
The subject or the friend. [*Exit.*

SCENE XVIII.

The imperial guards are seen descending from the capitol fighting with the conspirators. The skirmish over, VALENTINIAN *appears without his mantle, defending himself with his drawn sword against two of the conspirators.*

Enter MAXIMUS *with his sword drawn.*

Val. Ah! traitors!—[*sees* Max.] Welcome, friend, thou com'st in time
To give thy sovereign aid. [*to* Max.

Max. [*to his party.*] Forbear—'tis mine
To take the tyrant's life.

SCENE XIX.

Enter FULVIA.

Fulv. What means my father?

Max. To punish tyranny.

Val. Is this the faith
Of Maximus?

Max. Enough have I dissembled:
What though Æmilius ill perform'd my bidding,
Thou by this hand shalt perish.

Val. Impious traitor!

Fulv. That sword shall never reach the breast of Cæsar
Till first a father takes his daughter's life.

Max. Augustus, perish!

SCENE XX.

Enter ÆTIUS, VARUS, *with swords drawn, and soldiers.*

Æt. } *Varus.* } No, Augustus, live!

Fulv. Ætius!

Val. What do I see!

Max. Unlook'd-for chance!

[*throws away his sword.*

SCENE

SCENE LAST.

Enter HONORIA.

Hon. Is Cæsar safe?

Val. Behold by whom he lives. [*points to* Æt.

Hon. [*to* Æt.] What God, O chief, preserv'd thy life?

Æt. The zeal
And piety of Varus.

Val. How!

Varus. I feign'd
His death completed—I deceiv'd thee, Cæsar,
But sav'd in Ætius thy deliverer.

Fulv. O fair deceit!

Æt. Heaven justly has decreed you
To owe your days, O Cæsar, to the hand
You deem'd unfaithful—Live—for Ætius seeks
No nobler triumph, and if still your mind
Harbours the smallest doubt of Ætius' loyalty,
Behold him once again a yielded prisoner.

Val. Exalted hero! 'tis thyself alone
Can equal worth like thine: clasp'd to my breast,
Receive this pledge of penitence and love.
Behold thy bride. Honoria shall prepare
To be the spouse of Attila: I know
She gladly will resign thy generous hand

To

To conſtant Fulvia.

Hon. To ſuch matchleſs truth
This ſacrifice is little.

Æt. Happy hour!

Fulv. Tranſporting pleaſure!

Æt. At our prayers, Auguſtus,
Grant Varus pardon, Maximus his life.

Val. To ſuch a plead of nothing is denied.

CHORUS

In life's uncertain track 'tis given
The mind of erring man to ſtray,
But Innocence, the ſtar from Heaven,
Directs through ſhades our doubtful way.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

THE UNINHABITED ISLAND:

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

CONSTANTIA, Wife to GERNANDO.

SYLVIA, her younger Sister.

HENRIQUES, Friend to GERNANDO.

GERNANDO, Husband to CONSTANTIA.

SCENE in a small Island.

THE UNINHABITED ISLAND.

SCENE I.

A pleaſant part of a ſmall and uninhabited Iſland with a proſpect of the ſea: ſeveral trees of a foreign growth, rude caves and grottoes, with ſhrubs and flowers. On the forepart of the ſtage, to the right hand, is a great rock on which is an unfiniſhed inſcription in European characters.

CONSTANTIA *alone, wildly apparelled with ſkins, leaves and flowers, with the hilt and broken part of a ſword in her hand, appears employed in finiſhing the Inſcription.*

What taſk ſo arduous, but unwearied toil
At length effects! Hard is this ſtubborn rock,
Rude is this inſtrument, and weak the hand
That inexperienc'd guides it: yet behold
My long laborious work how near complete.
Grant me to finiſh this! then, gracious Heaven!
Releaſe me from a life replete with ſorrows.
Should Fortune e'er, in future times, tranſport
Some traveller to tread theſe ſhores unknown,
This rock at leaſt ſhall from oblivion's power
Preſerve my ſufferings, and record my ſtory.

 [*reads.*]

[*reads.*] "CONSTANTIA, BY GERNANDO'S GUILE BETRAY'D,
"FORSAKEN HERE, ON THIS FAR-DISTANT COAST,
"CLOS'D THE SAD REMNANT OF HER WRETCHED DAYS.
"WHOE'ER THOU ART, THAT READ'ST THESE MOURNFUL LINES,
"IF SAVAGE FIERCENESS DWELL NOT IN THY BREAST,
"REVENGE OR PITY——
——"my diſtaſtrous fate."
Theſe words alone are wanting: let me then
Conclude what yet remains to crown my toil.
[*returns to her work.*

SCENE II.

Enter SYLVIA, *in haſte.*

Syl. My ſiſter, my Conſtantia! [*with joy.*

Conſ. What imports
Thy breathleſs haſte, and whence my Sylvia's tranſport?

Syl. O! my lov'd ſiſter! I am wild with joy!

Conſ. But ſay the cauſe.

Syl. My dear, my lovely fawn,
So many days deplor'd and ſought in vain,
Is now return'd.

Conſ.

Conſ. And hence thy mighty rapture?

Syl. And think'ſt thou this ſo little? Well thou know'ſt
My fawn's my care, my darling and my friend:
She loves her Sylvia: when I ſpeak, methinks
She hears me with a more than brutal ſenſe.
She ſleeps upon my boſom, courts my kiſſes.
And ſtill attends me whereſo'er I go.
Her had I loſt, her have I found again,
And think'ſt thou this ſo ſmall a cauſe of joy?

Conſ. O! happy innocence!

Returns to her work.

Syl. Shall I, my ſiſter,
For ever hear thy ſighs and ſee thy tears?

Conſ. And can I ever dry theſe weeping eyes?
Full thirteen times has ſpring renew'd its courſe,
Since thus abandon'd, and ſecluded far
From human race, depriv'd of every comfort,
O Heaven! without one glimmering hope again
To view my loſt, my dear paternal ſhores,
Here have I dwell'd and dragg'd a dying life:
And would'ſt thou, Sylvia, have me yet unmov'd?

Syl. But what have we to aſk to make us happy?
Are we not ſovereigns here? This pleaſing iſle
Our peaceful kingdom, and the foreſt herds
Our gentle ſubjects? Earth and ſea produce
Supplies for us: the friendly trees afford

A grate-

A grateful ſhelter from the burning heat;
And hollow caves defend us from the cold:
Our will is uncontroll'd by force or law:
If this ſuffice not, ſay what more remains
To make us bleſt?

Conſ. Alas! thou canſt not miſs
The good thou ne'er haſt known. When firſt we reach'd
Theſe lonely ſhores, thy lips could ſcarcely utter
Imperfect ſounds, thy young ideas then
Unform'd and unconnected: thy remembrance
Preſerves no trace of what we once have been,
No object knows but what this iſle affords.
I, who was then, as thou art now, remember
(O! cruel recollection!) what I was,
And, with my preſent ſtate, compare the paſt.

Syl. Oft have I heard you boaſt the wealth, the wiſdom,
The arts, the manners and delights of Europe;
And yet permit me to declare my thoughts,
This peaceful life for me has greater charms.

Conſ. Think not deſcription, Sylvia, will inform thee
Of what from ſight thou only canſt conceive.

Syl. And yet theſe boaſted lands are fill'd with man—
With man, whoſe ſpecies is our deadly foe;
And have you not a thouſand times declar'd——

Conſ.

Conſ. True, I have told thee oft; but ne'er enough
Of that deteſted race. Yes, men are cruel,
Perfidious, impious, treacherous, more than ſavage,
Strangers to ties of ſoft humanity; [*weeps.*
Love, faith and pity dwell not in their breaſt.

Syl. Then here from them at leaſt we live ſecure;
And yet—you weep—O! if you love your Sylvia,
Forbear this grief. What can I do to eaſe you?
Do you deſire my fawn? Dry up thoſe tears—
My fawn ſhall then be yours. [*takes her hand.*

Conſ. Alas! my Sylvia,
Conſtantia has too juſt a cauſe for tears.
[*embracing her.*

If I, who by my treacherous ſpouſe
Here baniſh'd from mankind remain,
If I'm forbid to weep my woes,
O Heaven! what wretch muſt then complain?

But who ſhall dare condemn my grief,
With every anguiſh here oppreſs'd,
And even denied the poor relief
Of pity from a friendly breaſt? [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A ſhip appears at a diſtance under ſail.

SYLVIA *alone.*

How obſtinate her plaints! Her conſtant ſorrow
Afflicts my tender heart: fain would I ſooth her;
But prayers, advice and chidings all are vain;
And ſtranger ſtill, whene'er I offer comfort,
Her tears increaſe and I'm compell'd to weep:
Yet let me ſtill purſue her——

[*going ſhe ſees the ſhip.*

Heavens! what means
Yon towering bulk, that riſes o'er the ſea?
'Tis not a rock—a rock remains unmov'd:
And can ſo vaſt a monſter cut the flood
With ſuch a rapid motion? See, behind
The parted waves are white; its ſpeedy courſe
Outſtrips the gazing eye, while on its back
It bears huge wings, and ſwims at once and flies.
Conſtantia ſhall inſtruct me; ſhe can tell
If yonder form is not ſome wondrous being
That holds its dwelling in the faithleſs deep.
At leaſt ſhe knows——

[Gernando *and* Henriques *are ſeen to leave the ſhip, deſcend into the boat and land.*]

Ye powers! what do I ſee!

O! who

O! who are theſe that now have reach'd the ſhore?
What ſhall I do, and whither turn for aid?
My breaſt is chill'd with fear, I ſcarce have ſtrength
To fly, or hide me from the approaching danger.
[*hides herſelf.*

SCENE IV.

GERNANDO, HENRIQUES, *in Indian habits*; SYLVIA *apart.*

Hen. Is this the land, Gernando, we have ſought?

Ger. Even this, my friend; its well-known image here,
Remains engraven by the hand of Love:
My beating heart confirms it for the ſame.

Syl. [*looking out.*] Might I but view their face—

Hen. Perchance, my friend,
We yet may be deceiv'd.

Ger. No, my Henriques,
This is the fatal place, I well remember
Each craggy rock. Behold the cave, where laid
In gentle ſleep, with Sylvia in her arms,
I left my wife, the treaſure of my ſoul!
I left her, never to behold her more.
'Twas there the pirate-band aſſail'd me firſt;
I here receiv'd my wound; there from my hand
The weapon dropp'd. O! let us haſte, my friend,

For each delay is criminal. Do thou
Yon' quarter visit, this to search be mine.
This island stretches but to small extent,
Nor can we wander far. My heart, alas!
Has scarce a hope to find Constantia here.
Yet fate at least one comfort shall afford;
That precious earth which holds her breathless corse,
Shall form Gernando's tomb. [*Exit*.

SCENE V.

HENRIQUES, SYLVIA *apart*.

Syl. To their discourse
In vain I've listen'd.

Hen. Hapless is the fortune
Of poor Gernando; scarce his hand receives
His lovely bride, when call'd to distant climes
He trusts himself and all he prizes most,
Amidst the faithless deep; then landing here
To seek refreshment for his tender partner
O'er-spent and wearied by the tossing surge,
While sleep seals up her sense, by ruffian force
Is hurried hence to distant lands unknown,
Where many years he sighs a wretched captive,
And hears no tidings of the fair he mourns.

Syl. At length he turns—how pleasing is his mien!

Hen. Compaſſion pleads for him in every breaſt,
And gratitude in mine. To him I owe
Freedom, the firſt the nobleſt gift of Heaven.
'Twere cruelty in others not to mourn
His fate, in me 'twere baſe ingratitude.
The heart that feels not for another's woe,
Is ſhunn'd by all; but moſt the ungrateful mind
Is juſtly held in univerſal horror.

The tender tree, though not indu'd
With gentle ſenſe of human woes,
Is grateful to the parent flood
From which its genial moiſture flows.

For this he yields a kind return,
And thick in verdant leaves array'd,
When ſcorching beams of Phœbus burn,
Defends the ſtream with friendly ſhade.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

SYLVIA *alone.*

What have I ſeen? It cannot ſure be man;
Its looks would then betray its native fierceneſs.
Men all are ſtern and treacherous, and their aſpect
Muſt bear ſome ſemblance of the wicked heart.
Nor is't a woman, for the garb it wears
Is faſhion'd not like mine or my Conſtantia's.
Whate'er it be, it has a pleaſing form:

My ſiſter ſhall reſolve me—Ha! my feet
Refuſe to move, O Heaven! why do I ſigh?
What means my beating heart? Can it be fear?
No—were it fear I ſhould not find this pleaſure;
Far different is the paſſion which I feel,
This nameleſs ſomething fluttering in my breaſt.

New joys I find and yet complain
Amidſt a ſweet and pleaſing pain;
Thoſe looks, alas! but vainly pleaſe;
What gives me pleaſure gives not eaſe.

I run a thouſand fancies o'er,
Delightful hopes unknown before!
And yet I know not whence I ſigh,
Or what my diſtant hopes imply. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

GERNANDO *alone, appearing fatigued.*

Alas! my mind preſag'd her fate too well.
Vain are my toils: in vain I ſeek and call
Her much-lov'd name: theſe eyes perceive not yet
The ſmalleſt track of her my ſoul adores.
But where's my friend? Perhaps more fortunate—
What ho! Henriques!—Let me ſeek him—Heaven's
I can no further—wearineſs and grief

Weigh

Weigh down my ſtrength—here on this friendly rock
I'll reſt awhile and wait for his return——

[*drawing near, ſees the inſcription.*

What ſee I ? European characters!
Almighty powers ! behold my name inſcrib'd !
Whence this inſcription, from what hand unknown ?
[*reads.*] "CONSTANTIA, BY GERNANDO'S GUILE BETRAY'D,
"FORSAKEN HERE, ON THIS FAR-DISTANT COAST
"CLOS'D THE SAD REMNANT OF HER WRETCHED DAYS."
—O ! Heavens! I faint——

[*leans againſt the rock.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter HENRIQUES.

Hen. Speak comfort, my Gernando;
Yet know'ſt thou aught of poor Conſtantia's fate ?

Ger. Conſtantia's dead.

Hen. What ſays my friend ?

Ger. Read there. [*points to the inſcription.*

Hen. [*reads the firſt part of the inſcription to himſelf, then exclaims.*] Unhappy fate !
[*reads the remainder aloud.*] "ON THIS FAR-DISTANT COAST

"CLOS'D THE SAD REMNANT OF HER WRETCHED DAYS.
"WHOE'ER THOU ART, THAT READ'ST THESE MOURNFUL LINES,
"IF SAVAGE FIERCENESS DWELL NOT IN THY BREAST,
"REVENGE OR PITY——"

There the ſentence ſtands
Unfiniſh'd.

Ger. There her vital ſpirits fail'd.
[*falls in an agony on the rock.*

Hen. O! tragic iſſue of diſaſtrous love!
Yes, weep Gernando, for thy tears are juſt.
Mine too ſhall flow in ſympathy with thine,
Even rocks ſhall feel thy grief. But yet, my friend,
'Midſt all thy woes one comfort ſtill remains,
(Nor think that comfort little) no remorſe
Preys on thy ſoul: thou haſt fulfill'd each duty
Which love, or faith, or reaſon could require;
But Heaven was pleas'd to render vain thy cares.
No more remains, but with a pious mind
To bend ſubmiſſive to this awful ſtroke,
And fly, as wiſdom bids, theſe fatal ſhores.

Ger. Forſake theſe ſhores! And whither muſt I turn?
Where doſt thou think I more ſhall find repoſe?
O no!—here Heaven has fix'd my laſt abode:
Here on this ſpot——

Hen.

Hen. What means my friend?

Ger. While life
Informs my breaſt, I'll breath the vital air
Conſtantia breath'd: each object here ſhall feed
My faithful grief: each moment I'll return
And kiſs this rock; here live in lingering pain
With her dear name for ever on my lips,
And dying here, complete my cruel fate.

Hen. O! my Gernando, what haſt thou reſolv'd?
Would'ſt thou abjure thy country and thy friends,
Thy father worn with years——

Ger. To ſee me thus,
Would bow his reverend head to earth with ſorrow.
Then go, my friend, give comfort to his age;
Be thou for me a ſon; and if he ſeek
To know my fortune, ſpare a parent's ear,
Soften the tale, and ſpeak but half my ſufferings.

Hen. And canſt thou hope that e'er—

Ger. My friend, farewell.

Attempt not, while my ſorrows flow,
With empty words, to ſooth my woe:
No mortal ſhall my anguiſh ſhare;
I aſk no partner but deſpair.

In theſe abodes, ah! what relief
Would kind compaſſion yield to grief?
A friend would but increaſe my pain,
And ſwell the grief he felt in vain. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

HENRIQUES *alone.*

We muſt not yet oppoſe his rage of ſorrow,
But let his paſſions by degrees ſubſide;
Then, ſhould he ſtill perſiſt in his deſign,
Force muſt be us'd to bear him hence—What ho!
Some ſeamen ſure attend with yonder bark:
Come forth, my friends. [*two ſeamen enter.*
Hear and obſerve my purpoſe.
We muſt by force remove Gernando hence,
Who, loſt in grief, refuſes to depart.
You know where midſt yon rocks the limpid ſtream
Winds its ſmooth courſe: that place, o'ergrown with wood,
Seems form'd for ambuſh; there, 'till he appears,
Conceal'd await; then inſtant ruſhing forth,
Seize and convey him to your ſhip.—Away!
[*Exeunt ſeamen.*

SCENE X.

Enter SYLVIA.

Syl. [*entering.*] Where is Conſtantia? Still I've ſought in vain:
For I have much to tell her.

Hen. [*turning to* Syl.] Sure I dream!
What wonder ſtrikes my ſight! Stay, beauteous nymph.

Syl. O Heavens! art thou return'd?
[*about to fly.*

Hen. Why would'ſt thou fly?
O! hear me but a moment.

Syl. Say, what would'ſt thou?
[*from the ſide of the ſcene.*

Hen. But gaze upon thee; ſpeak a few ſhort words,
No more.

Syl. Then, ere thou ſpeak'ſt, give me thy promiſe
To come not near me.

Hen. Fear not, lovely maid,
I promiſe this. [*retiring further off.*
What graceful innocence
Through all her frame!

Syl. How gentle are its looks! [*going nearer.*

Hen. But what's in me to cauſe ſuch mighty terror?
I am no aſp, nor ſavage beaſt of prey:
A man can ſurely not affright thee thus.

Syl. [*diſturbed.*] Art thou a man?

Hen. I am.

Syl. [*flying.*] O! ſave me! ſave me!

Hen.

Hen. [*ſtaying her.*] Yet ſtay.

Syl. [*kneels.*] O! ſpare me——never have I wrong'd you:
Then be not cruel to me.

Hen. [*raiſing her.*] Riſe, my fair-one,
Compoſe thy thoughts; this cauſeleſs fear diſtracts me.

Syl. [*aſide.*] Sure my heart whiſpers I may truſt his faith.

Hen. O! if thou art gentle, as thy form beſpeaks thee,
Say when and where did poor Conſtantia die?

Syl. Conſtantia? Heaven be prais'd, Conſtantia lives.

Hen. She lives!—O lovely Sylvia!—Yes, this place,
Thy tender years, all tell me thou art Sylvia.
Fly to Conſtantia, while I haſte as ſwift
To ſeek Gernando.

Syl. Haſt thou then with thee
That cruel, that ingrate?

Hen. Call him unhappy,
But not ingrate or cruel—O! delay not,
'Twere barbarous to defer, but for a moment,
The tender raptures of this faithful pair.

Syl. Together let us go.

Hen. No, that would aſk

A longer

A longer time than ſuits our preſent purpoſe.
Seek thou Conſtantia, bring her to this place,
And with Gernando hither I'll return. [*going.*

Syl. Yet ſtay awhile—What is thy name?

Hen. Henriques.

Syl. [*tenderly.*] Then hear, Henriques, tarry not too long.

Hen. What means this haſte, my fair?

Syl. Alas! I know not:
I feel a ſudden damp at thy departure,
And feel, at thy return, as ſudden joy.

Hen. And, witneſs Heaven, I could for ever hear thee,
Gaze on thy ſweets, and dwell with thee for ever.
[*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

SYLVIA *alone.*

What can this mean? He's gone, but ſtill remains
Before my eyes: he's gone, but ſtill my thoughts
Purſue where'er he goes. Why am I thus
Diſturb'd, yet know not where this paſſion tends?

What is this, alas! I prove,
Pain or pleafure at my heart?
If 'tis pain that thus can move,
O how pleafing is the fmart.

'Tis a pain that lulls to reft,
Every other thought difarms,
Yet awakens in my breaft
New defires and foft alarms. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

CONSTANTIA *alone.*

Time o'er me flies with pitying wings,
But Time to me no comfort brings:
Though trees and rocks with years decay,
My forrows ne'er fhall pafs away.

Still here I live, and mourn in vain
A life of flow-confuming pain.
O! let me yield at once my breath,
And lay me gently down in death.
[*feats herfelf in a melancholy pofture on the trunk of a tree, repeating the firft part of the air.*

While abfence hence, in thoughtlefs innocence
My Sylvia wanders, let this hand refume
Its melancholy labour. [*returns to her work.*

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

Enter GERNANDO.

Ger. [*not ſeeing* Conſ.] While my friend
Leaves me alone to grief, here let me turn
And kiſs this precious rock— [*ſees* Conſ.
But ha! what would
Yon female form, and whence? What can this mean?

Conſ. [*not ſeeing him.*] Perchance, Conſtantia, all thy toil is vain,
And what thou here haſt wrought ſhall ne'er be known.

Ger. Conſtantia! O, ye powers! my wife!
[*embracing her.*

Conſ. [*turning, ſhe knows him.*] Ah! traitor!
I can no more— [*falls in a ſwoon upon the rock.*

Ger. My life!—She hears me not!—
O Heaven! her ſenſes fail—Some cooling ſtream—
Where ſhall I find—Not diſtant hence I view'd
A cryſtal rivulet—but muſt I leave
My treaſure thus alone?—Yes, one ſhort moment
Will bring me back impatient to her ſight.
[*Exit haſtily.*

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

CONSTANTIA *in a swoon.*

Enter HENRIQUES.

Hen. [*entering.*] My friend, who knows not yet his happiness,
Conceals himself from me—Where shall I turn
To trace his steps?—But see! on yonder rock
Some nymph reposes—'Tis not Sylvia—Heavens!
'Tis then Constantia—What a mortal paleness
O'erspreads her languid face!

Conf. [*coming to herself.*] Ah me!

Hen. Constantia?

Conf. [*without looking at him.*] O! leave me—leave me.

Hen. Banish this despair,
And live to crown thy consort's faithful love.

Conf. Hence, traitor! let me, let me die in peace.

Hen. A traitor!—sure thou know'st me not.

Conf. [*sees him.*] Ye powers!
Where is Gernando? Art thou not the same?
Did I but dream before, or dream I now?

Hen. Thou didst not dream before, nor dream'st thou now.

Thou haſt indeed beheld thy own Gernando,
And now thou ſee'ſt his friend.

Conſ. And could he then
Return again to his forſaken wife,
To whom his cruelty——

Hen. Alas! thy huſband
Forſook not thee; but hence, by ruffian force,
Was hurried from his lov'd Conſtantia's arms.

Conſ. Say, when was this?

Hen. When laid in yonder grot
Thy ſenſe was loſt in ſleep.

Conſ. What foes unknown?

Hen. A band of pirates, with barbarian rage,
Aſſail'd him here; awhile his valour ſtood
Againſt their fury, till his hand receiv'd
A luckleſs wound and dropp'd the ſword; then ſoon,
Oppreſs'd by numbers, he remain'd their priſoner.

Conſ. But wherefore all this time——

Hen. 'Till now detain'd
In cruel bonds, his thoughts alone were free,
And theſe have never ſtray'd from his Conſtantia.

Conſ. O Heavens! how have I wrong'd thee, my Gernando!

Hen. At length behold to liberty reſtor'd,
Gernando comes; behold him all thy own:

Again

Again he comes, a tender faithful husband,
To give thee back thy peace, to calm thy sorrows,
To live and die with thee.

Conſ. Where art thou then ?
Where art thou, my Gernando ? [*going to the left.*

SCENE XV.

Enter SYLVIA.

Syl. Hold Conſtantia,
In vain thou ſeek'ſt for thy Gernando there
For even but now, in tender care for thee,
Haſtening to yonder ſtream, a ſudden force
Aſſail'd him and prevented his return.
[*pointing to the right.*

Conſ. Ye powers ! Aſſail'd ? By whom and why ?

Hen. Forgive me :
The fault is mine. Gernando thought thee dead,
And vow'd to dwell for ever here ; and hence
I gave command to bear him off by force.

Conſ. Haſte, let us ſet him free: [*going.*

Syl. Conſtantia, ſtay ;
Already have I told them all the ſtory.

Conſ. Muſt I ſtill wait ? Have I not waited long,
So many years endur'd of tedious ſorrow ?

'Tis

'Tis time at length to find a happy period
To all my woes.

[*turning to go, is received into the arms of* Gernando, *who enters at the instant.*]

SCENE LAST.

GERNANDO, CONSTANTIA, HENRIQUES, SYLVIA

Ger. Here, in these faithful arms,
Receive the bliss thou seek'st.

Conf. And can it be?

Ger. Do I not dream?

Conf. Do I then hold Gernando?

Ger. Do I embrace my wife, my dear Constantia?

Hen. These tears, caresses, and imperfect accents
Dissolve my soul in tender sympathy.

Syl. [*goes to* Hen.] Tell me, Henriques, wherefore are you thoughtful?
Gernando sure is kinder far than you:
Mark how with gentle speech he sooths Constantia,
While you, in sullen silence seem to stand,
Without one word for Sylvia.

Hen. Could I hope
That I were dear to thee——

Syl. If dear to me?
Yes, dearer than my fawn. [*joyful and tenderly.*

Hen. Then give me, fair one,

Thy plighted hand and be Henriques' wife.

Syl. Your wife! O no; that were indeed a folly:
So might I, left on ſome far-diſtant iſle,
Drag on my days in mournful ſolitude.

Conſ. No, Sylvia, my Gernando left me not;
Thou ſhalt know all. Men are not, as I ſaid,
Faithleſs and cruel.

Syl. When I knew Henriques,
I thought not ſo.

Conſ. Unjuſtly I accus'd them,
But now, convinc'd, retract my former error.

Syl. And I retract whate'er I ſaid before.

[*gives her hand to* Hen.

CHORUS.

When lowering clouds the ſkies o'er-ſpread,
Let Hope exalt her cheerful head,
And all the threats of Fate deſpiſe.
Fortune ſhall give her malice o'er,
And Conſtancy's triumphant power
At length above her ſufferings riſe.

END OF THE UNINHABITED ISLAND.

THE
TRIUMPH OF GLORY.

THE
TRIUMPH OF GLORY.

THE Son of Thetis languiſh'd out his hours
In exile ſweet, 'midſt Scyros' ſlothful bowers,
The ſlave of LOVE; of LOVE, who proudly view'd
So great a priſoner to his ſway ſubdu'd;
To keep him ſtill his own he every art beſtow'd,
And hourly ſome new charms in Deidamia ſhow'd:
He fram'd, in every movement of the fair,
Each word ſhe ſpoke,
Each ſimple, unaffected look,
Freſh toils that might Achilles' heart enſnare.
The dwelling teem'd with all that could the ſenſe allure,
And fix his reign ſecure.
Throughout the ſplendid walls around
Soft ſighs and gentle voices ſound;
And languid ſtrains, that pity move,
And whiſpers of proteſting love.
In ſilent groves, the friends to ſtol'n delight,
Seducing zephyrs play:
The feather'd ſongſters tune their wanton lay;

 'Twixt

'Twixt rock and rock the waters take
Their limpid courſe, and murmuring break
While earth and Heav'n, all, all to love invite
In female veſture, heedleſs of his praiſe,
The enamour'd Hero waſtes his days:
Nor arms nor battle here employ'd his care,
Nor ſpoils nor triumphs gain'd in war;
But ſweet addreſſes, joy inciting;
Faint repulſes, oft inviting;
Contention, urg'd in ſportive mood;
The promiſe given and renew'd;
Complaining, pardon and offence,
And flattery, that blinds the ſenſe:
A thouſand toys, by lovers ſerious deem'd,
But childiſh follies by the world eſteem'd.

"With thee alone, to live or die,
"My hope is now repos'd;"
Full oft he ſaid, while, with a ſigh,
His melting words were clos'd.

"For ever thine, in thee alone"
(He cried) "my ſoul can reſt,"
While round the fair his arms were thrown,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt.

But GLORY (who beheld with jealous eyes
How LOVE from him uſurp'd the prize,
A heart, long-time to him decreed by Fate,)
Achilles ſeeks, reproves his abject ſtate;

Hi

His ſpirit dead to honour's charms,
And ſets before his view Ulyſſes ſheath'd in arms.
As from a trance Achilles wakes,
Rous'd with the ſtern rebuke and gleaming ſteel, he burns
With conſcious anger, while by turns
The fluſhing colour dyes, and now his cheek forſakes:
Swift from his limbs he tears the weeds of ſhame,
For arms he calls—With ſword and ſhield
He now departs to ſeek the field,
And heal each paſt diſgrace that ſtain'd a noble name.
But lo! where Deidamia fair,
Loſt in love and wild deſpair,
Breathleſs, ſighing,
Fainting, dying,
Purſues his flight, and vainly tries
To vent thoſe fond complaints her faltering tongue denies.
Yet could her words have found their way,
The conquering dame had won her lover's ſtay.
"Ah! princeſs," (he the weeping maid addreſs'd,)
"Unjuſt the tranſports that diſtract thy breaſt.
"If thou would'ſt have me bear a ſoul ſo baſe,
"A loſs like mine were eaſy to replace:
"Would'ſt thou in me a hero view,
"Let me a hero's ſteps purſue.

 "Farewell!

"Farewell!—to me for ever ſhalt thou prove"—
This firm farewell of parting love
Her gentle ſpirit ill could bear:
A tremor ſeiz'd the hapleſs fair;
Through all her veins a ſudden chillneſs flies,
And mute and motionleſs ſhe lies!
What ſhall Achilles now? While GLORY there beſtows
Laurels and palms, here LOVE his Deidamia ſhows
All pale and ſenſeleſs: THAT his heart proclaims
Irreſolute and weak, and THIS as cruel blames.
The hero and the lover both contend,
And both his agonizing boſom rend:
The lover weeps; the hero burns;
He now departs, and now returns:
His feet, as changing paſſions ſway,
Reluctant this or that obey;
At length one generous effort made,
And all his virtue ſummon'd to his aid,
He curbs the pitying thoughts that fain would riſe,
Awhile he ſilent ſtands, debates, reſolves and flies.

'Tis true, that sorrowing ſtill he flies,
But GLORY at his ſide attends;
GLORY, that tears of ſorrow dries,
And LOVE beneath his empire bends.

Capricious thus his rule below
The winged archer God maintains;
Who meets him falls beneath the foe,
While he who flies the conqueſt gains.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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